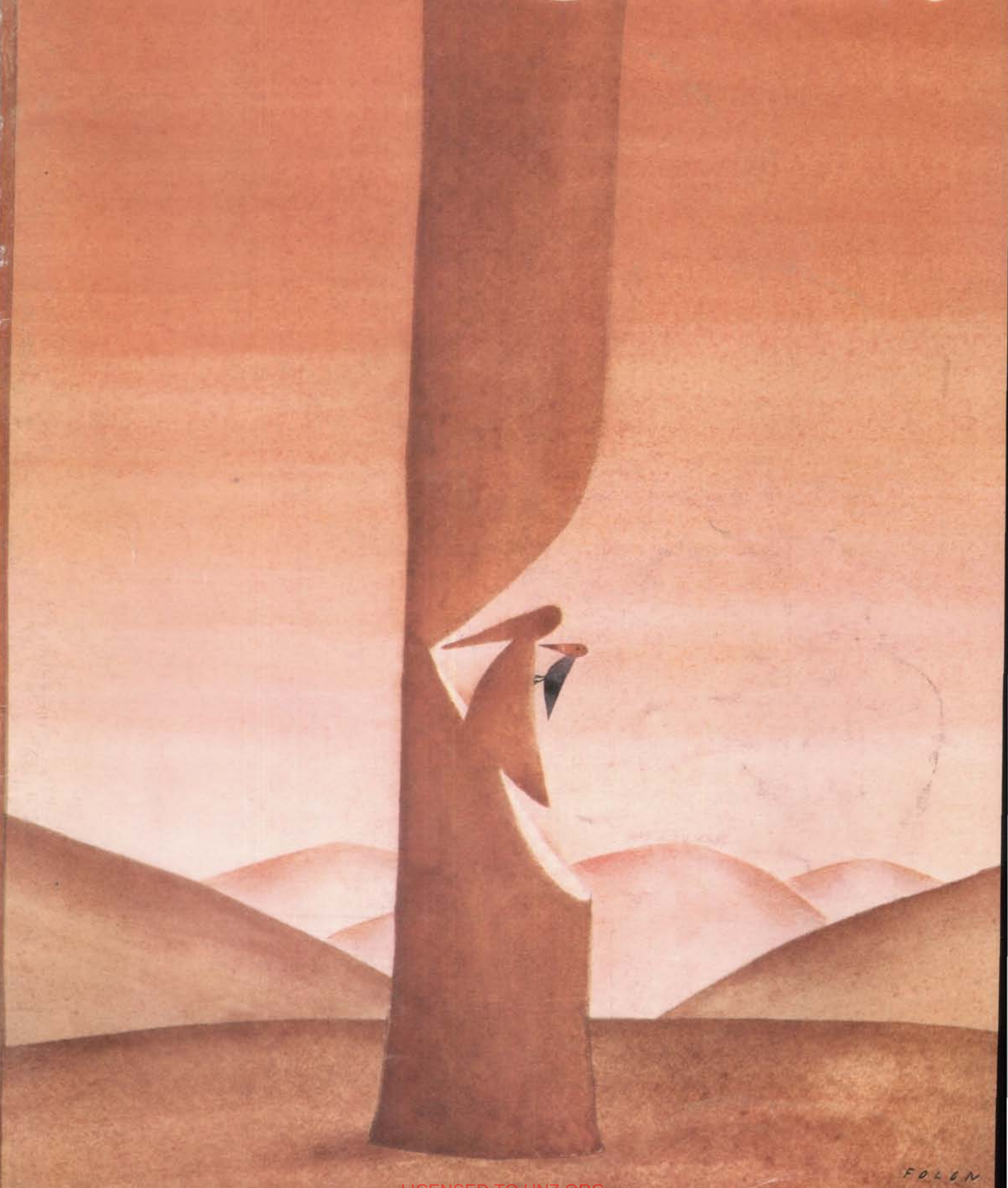
April 11, 1970

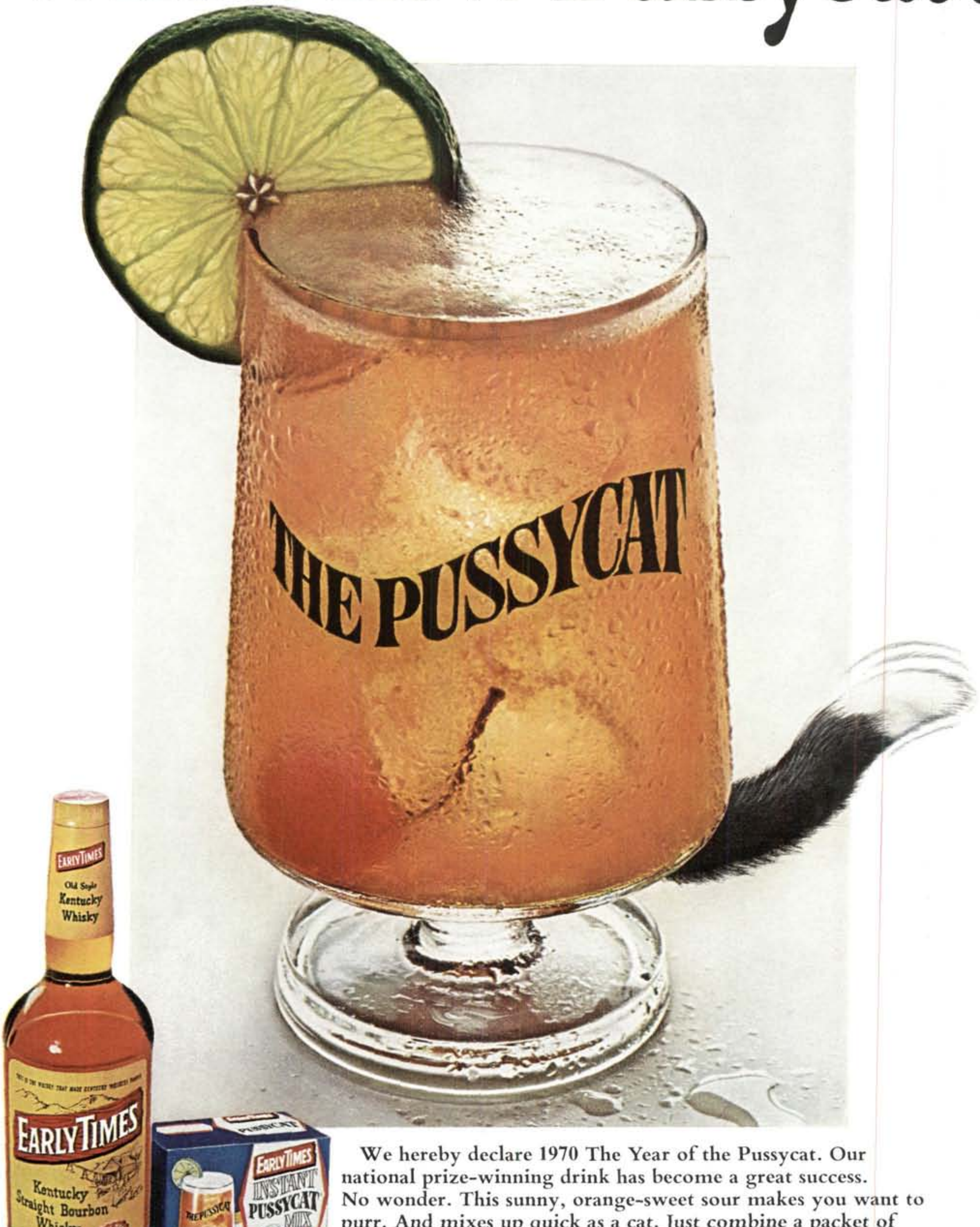
Price 50 cents

VERNIER RADCLIFFE MEMORIAL LIBRARY
LOMA LINDA UNIVERSITY
LOMA LINDA, CALIF.
JUN 25 1970

THE NEW YORKER



What's new Pussycat?

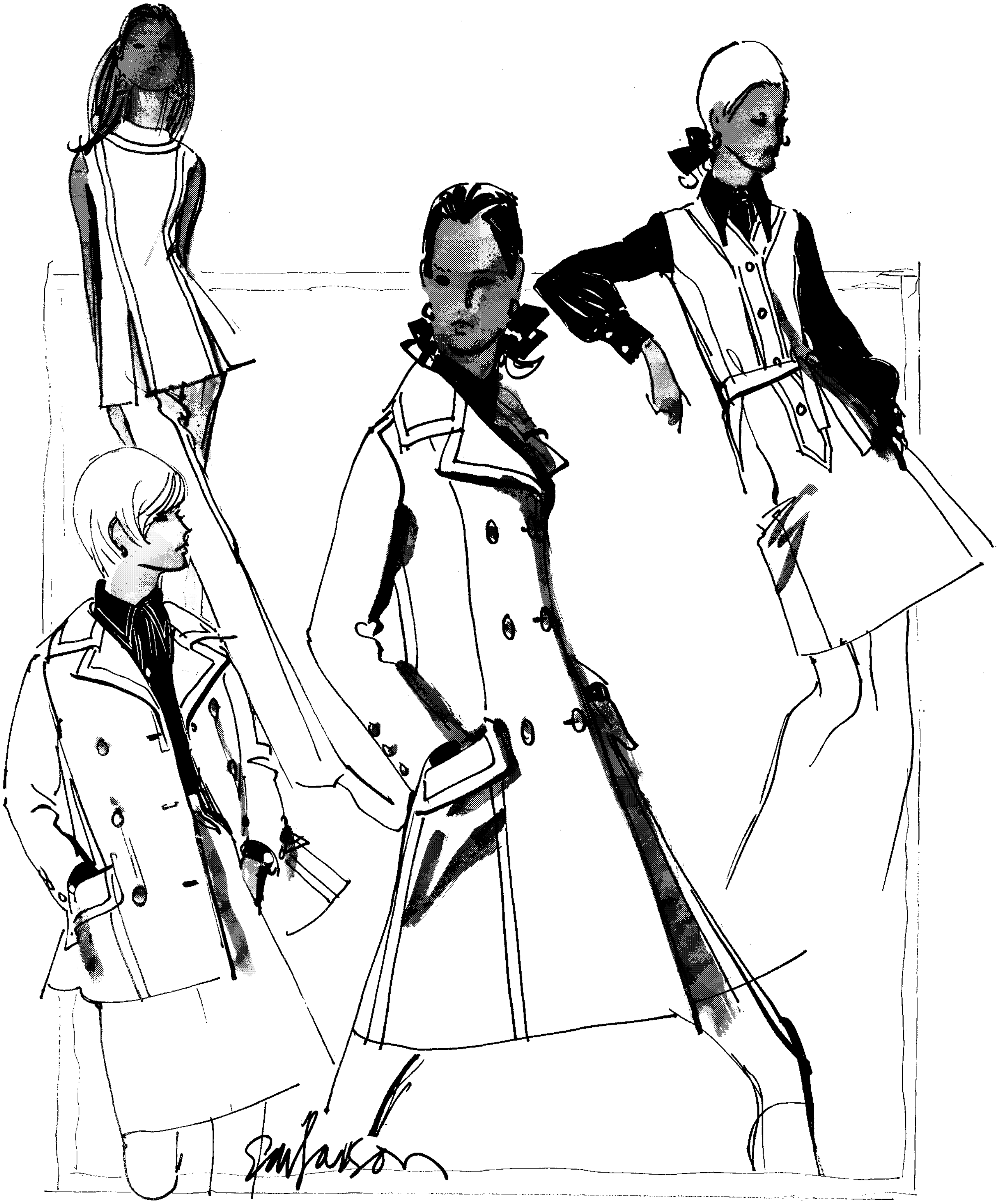

THE PUSSYCAT
EARLY TIMES
Old Style Kentucky Whisky
EARLY TIMES
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
EARLY TIMES
INSTANT PUSSYCAT MIX

We hereby declare 1970 The Year of the Pussycat. Our national prize-winning drink has become a great success. No wonder. This sunny, orange-sweet sour makes you want to purr. And mixes up quick as a cat. Just combine a packet of "Instant Pussycat Mix," water and Early Times. Ask for Instant Pussycat Mix at your favorite food or liquor store.

To get a set of 4—10½ oz. Pussycat glasses and 4 packets of Instant Pussycat Mix,* send $2.95 to: Early Times Pussycat Glasses, P.O. Box 378, Maple Plain, Minn. 55395

*Offer valid only where legal—limited time only.

86 Proof—Early Times Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky., ©ETDC 1970



Our Jo... she's you all over

Because we knew just what you wanted, we had it made for you. First the trim, traditional coat. Then a whole wardrobe of Jo-things, all done with the precisely-right tailoring. This spring's Jo's are a soft wool hopsacking in white, navy, beige, sky blue or pale purple. The coats, 6 to 20, Big Jo, $80, Little Jo, $55. Jo dress, 6 to 20, $45. Jo Skirt, 8 to 18, $20. Jo Pants, $35,and Tunic, $25, 8 to 16. Jo Blouse, in black, white or ivory Dacron® polyester knit, 8 to 18, $20. Please add $1.20 beyond our delivery area. Coats and Suits, Third Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

And I Met a Man—A three-character play by Lawrence Weinberg. Previews through Thursday, April 9. Opens officially on Friday, April 10, at 7:15. (Lincoln Square Theatre Cabaret, Empire Hotel, Broadway at 63rd St. 541-7430. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Borstal Boy—*An eloquent, touching adaptation*, by Frank McMahon, of Brendan Behan's account of his life in an English reform school. Wonderfully acted by Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes, of the Abbey Theatre. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Brotherhood and **Day of Absence**—A pair of one-acters by Douglas Turner Ward, one of the shrewdest and best of all our playwrights. The first is a blunt and harsh practical joke about a black couple who come for cocktails to the suburban house of a white couple. The second is a revival of Mr. Ward's sharp, witty satire about a day in a small Southern town when all the blacks decide not to turn up for work. The performances are very good indeed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 26.)

Butterflies Are Free—Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner are excellent in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Candida—Celeste Holm in a limited engagement of the Shaw comedy. The director is Lawrence Carra. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Child's Play—A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. Written by Robert Marasco, directed by Joseph Hardy, and ably acted by Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—A revival of the Howard Richardson-William Berney play. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr. Kooning—Two comedies by Stanley Eveling, imported from London. With Catherine Burns and Kevin O'Connor. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—Sada Thompson in a play by Paul Zindel. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Harvey—A model revival of a silly but endearing old comedy, starring James Stewart and Helen Hayes. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 2.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. It is splendidly acted by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Marcel Marceau—The French mime in a three-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Final performances Sunday, April 26.)

Nature of the Crime—A serious and occasionally perplexing drama about the trials and the actual trial of a young atomic scientist who is caught burning some papers in his office. The script by Larry Cohen is sometimes effective and sometimes not, but Tony Lo Bianco, in the leading role, is consistently good. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Nest—A play by Tina Howe. Opens Thursday, April 9. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2080. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paris Is Out!—Molly Picon and Sam Levene in "Abie's Irish Rose," only without Rose. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Place for Polly—Marian Mercer and Cathryn Damon in a comedy by Lonnie Coleman. Ronny Graham directed. Previews Saturday, April 11, through Friday, April 17. Opens officially on Saturday, April 18. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly at 8:40; *opening-night curtain at 7:30.* Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Private Lives—Noël Coward's comedy is well on its way to immortality, and the present production, with Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, is a worthy seventieth-birthday present to the Master. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sam Shepard's **operation sidewinder** is a noisy play about good guys and bad guys, ingeniously produced, and with songs by the Holy Modal Rounders. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 25.). . . ¶ At the Forum, in the same building—**landscape** and **silence**, two one-acters by Harold Pinter, each of them an invasion of the privacy of its characters, who speak their thoughts aloud but rarely get in touch with one another. The scripts, needless to say, are

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31
"THE JOKE" . . . . *Isaac Bashevis Singer* 36
"BRIEF REUNION" (POEM) . . . . *Robert Graves* 40
"EXILES" (PART I) . . . . *Michael J. Arlen* 45
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 81
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 82
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 89
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 92
A REPORTER AT LARGE (INDIAN JOURNAL) . . . . *Ved Mehta* 94
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 161
BOOKS . . . . *Robert Coles* 166
BRIEFLY NOTED 170

COVER: *Jean-Michel Folon*

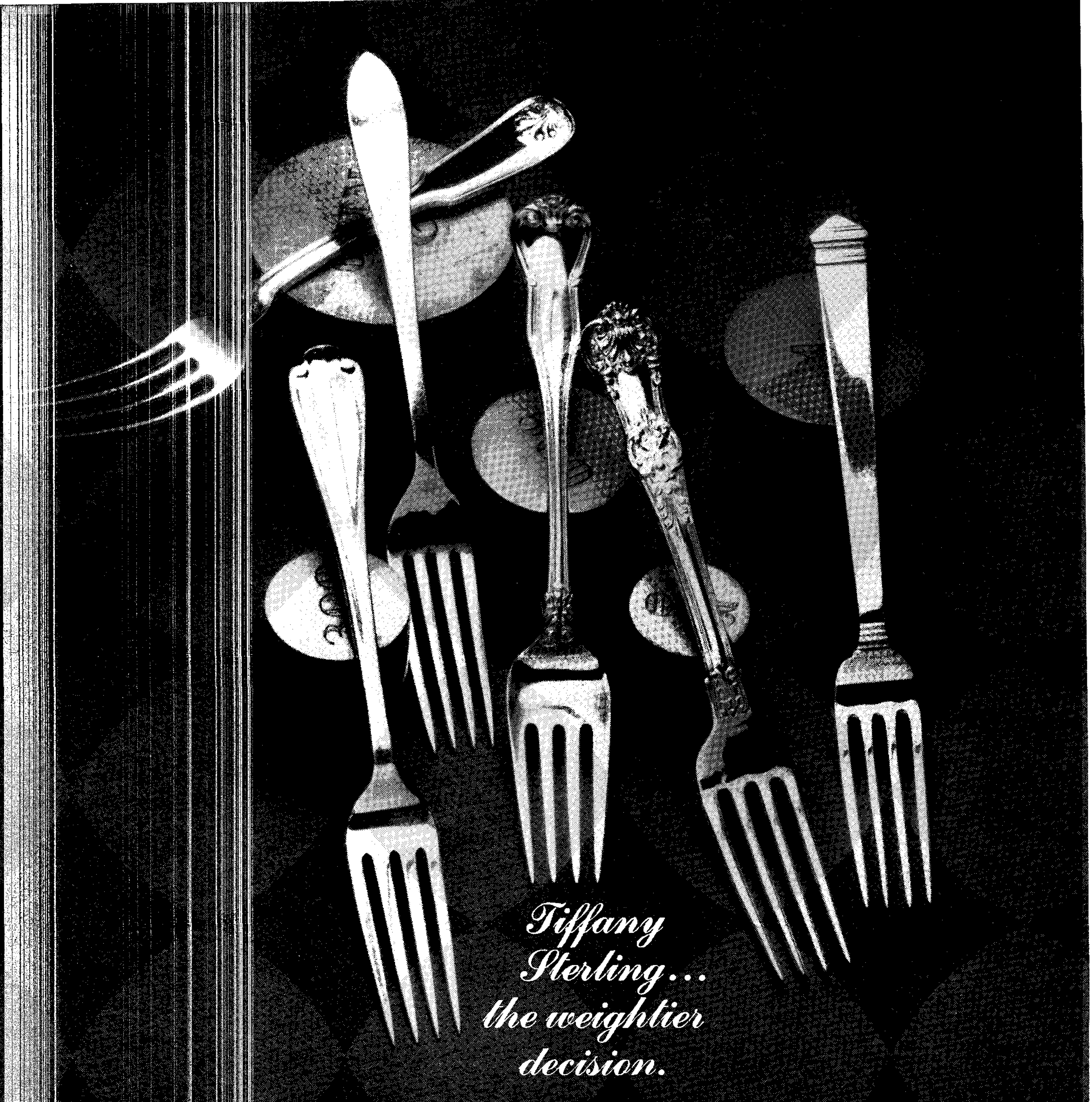
DRAWINGS: *Frank Modell, J. B. Handelsman, Alan Dunn, Joseph Mirachi, William Steig, Edward Koren, Charles Saxon, Stan Hunt, Mischa Richter, Henry Martin, Lee Lorenz, Ed Fisher, Donald Reilly*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 8, April 11, 1970. *Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as* second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

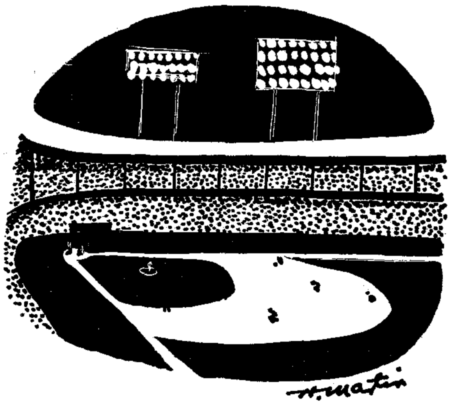


TIFFANY STERLING AT THESE STORES:
ALABAMA KLEIN & SON, INC., Montgomery; CLAUDE MOORE, Mobile **ARIZONA** GRUNEWALD & ADAMS, Phoenix, Tucson **CALIFORNIA** TIFFANY & CO., Beverly Hills, San Francisco **CONNECTICUT** ROBERT A. BENEDICT, Westport; M. A. GREEN, Waterbury; THE GUILFORD SILVERSMITHS, Guilford; LUX, BOND, [illegible] & STEVENS, Hartford; W. D. WEBB, Greenwich; WAKEFIELD HOUSE, Stamford; THE WHITNEY SHOP, New Canaan **DELAWARE** J. E. CALDWELL CO., Wilmington **DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA** GALT & BRO., INC., Washington; MARTIN'S, Washington; CHAS. SCHWARTZ & SON, Washington **FLORIDA** CARROLL'S, Coral Gables, Ft. Lauderdale; LEBAR JEWELERS, Sarasota; CHARLES L. WELLS, Jacksonville **GEORGIA** DESBOUILLONS, INC., Savannah; TIFFANY & CO., Atlanta **IDAHO** ANGLETON, Boise **ILLINOIS** JONES BROS., Pekin; TIFFANY & CO., Chicago **INDIANA** L. S. AYRES & CO., Indianapolis, Lafayette, Greenwood, Fort Wayne **KENTUCKY** FULLER & WILDER, Lexington; C. H. R. LYON, INC., Louisville **LOUISIANA** COLEMAN E. ADLER & SONS, INC., New Orleans; NAVARRA GALLERIES, INC., Lake Charles **MAINE** CARTER BROS. CO., Portland **MARYLAND** A. H. FETTING CO., Baltimore, Towson **MASSACHUSETTS** BIGELOW, KENNARD CO., Boston; RICHARD DANA, INC., Wellesley; HORIZONS, Osterville; LONG'S JEWELERS, Boston, Chestnut Hill, Peabody, Braintree, Burlington **MICHIGAN** LOSEY'S, Midland; SIEGEL JEWELERS, Grand Rapids; CHARLES W. WARREN & CO., Detroit **MISSOURI** JACCARD'S, Kansas City **NEW HAMPSHIRE** DESJARDINS & CO., Manchester **NEW JERSEY** BRIELLE CHINA & GIFTS, Brielle; J. E. CALDWELL CO., Moorestown Mall; HAMILTON JEWELERS, Trenton; HENKE'S, Montclair; LAVAKE JEWELERS, Princeton; SCOTT'S, Plainfield; WILBUR'S, Red Bank **NEW YORK** MAURICE B. GRAUBART & SONS, Schenectady; MALLISON JEWELERS, Painted Post; PITT PETRI, INC., Buffalo; SWERTFAGER'S GREELEY HOUSE, Chappaqua, Rye; SCHNEIDER'S JEWELRY, Kingston; W. B. WILCOX, Utica **NORTH CAROLINA** ELIZABETH BRUNS, Charlotte **OHIO** ARGO & LEHNE, Columbus; H. M. BAILEY, INC., Cleveland; THE BROER-FREEMAN COMPANY, Toledo; A. B. CLOSSON, JR. CO., Cincinnati; THE DANFORD-LOWELL CO., Cleveland **OKLAHOMA** HIGHTOWER, Oklahoma City; LE MARQUIS, INC., Tulsa **OREGON** ZELL BROTHERS, Portland **PENNSYLVANIA** J. E. CALDWELL CO., Philadelphia, Haverford, Plymouth Meeting; WILLIAM H. DILLER, INC., West Reading; HARDY & HAYES, Pittsburgh; FRED H. STRAUB, Abington **SOUTH CAROLINA** SMITHWICK JEWELERS, INC., Greenville **TENNESSEE** FISCHER-EVANS JEWELERS, Chattanooga; ANDREW MORTON, INC., Knoxville **TEXAS** HALTOM'S, Fort Worth; Arlington; HANLEY-WOOD, INC., San Antonio; TIFFANY & CO., Houston **VIRGINIA** KELLER & GEORGE, Charlottesville; SCHWARZSCHILD BROTHERS, Richmond **WASHINGTON** FRIEDLANDER & SONS, Seattle, Tacoma Mall, Everett, Bremerton, Longview **WISCONSIN** GEORGE WATTS & SON, INC., Milwaukee **PUERTO RICO** JOYERIA RIVIERA, San Juan

TIFFANY & CO.

LEFT TO RIGHT: FLEMISH, FANEUIL, SHELL & THREAD, PROVENCE, ENGLISH KING, AND HAMPTON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

good, but the performances, with a couple of exceptions, are not. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45, and Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45. Closes Saturday, April 25.)

Sheep on the Runway—Art Buchwald's helter-skelter comedy about a mythical Himalayan kingdom that has the misfortune to be noticed by Washington. With a splendid cast headed by David Burns and Martin Gabel. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Moves on Tuesday, April 14, to the Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq., 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Le Tréteau de Paris—A five-week repertory of eight plays, in French. Obaldia's **LE GRAND VIZIR** and **LE COSMONAUTE AGRICOLE**: Wednesday, April 8, at 2:30 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, April 9-10, at 8:30; Saturday, April 11, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, April 12, at 3; and Tuesday, April 14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Pinget's **LETTRE MORTE** and **ARCHITRUC**: Wednesday, April 15, at 2:30 (preview) and 7 (opening); Thursday and Friday, April 16-17, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 18, at 8:30. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 541-8586.)

Two Times One—A double bill: "The Last Straw," a two-character play by Charles Dizenzo, with Oliver Clark and Val Bisoglio, and "Duet for Solo Voice," by David Scott Milton, with Herb Edelman as its single character. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 11.)

The Unseen Hand and **Forensic and the Navigators**—The first of these short plays in the modern, far-out manner is an edged comedy about a spaceman and three leftovers from the Old West, and it is original and funny. The second also has its entertaining moments, but it ends with clouds of smoke billowing over the audience, and it can be skipped with no great loss. Sam Shepard is the dramatist, and he also doubles as drummer in a rock trio that performs during intermission. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White House Murder Case—Jules Feiffer's satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT**: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BOYS IN THE BAND**: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE CONCEPT**: A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Wednesdays, except April 8, through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **FORTY CARATS**: June Allyson and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY**: Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PLAZA SUITE**: Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A loud and joyous descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." Lauren Bacall is wonderful, and so are many of her associates, among them Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Billy Noname—A musical that deals with the black man's life and struggle in this country over the past thirty years. In spite of the seriousness of the theme, there is much gaiety in the show, and there are a lot of attractive performances. Johnny Brandon wrote the good songs. With Donny Burks, Alan Weeks, and Hattie Winston. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's 1954 musical, starring Judy Carne. Directed by Gus Schirmer. Previews Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, and Monday, April 13. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 14. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—Katharine Hepburn single-handedly saves the day in this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cry for Us All—A musical based on William Alfred's play "Hogan's Goat." Mitch Leigh is the composer, and Mr. Alfred collaborated with Albert Marre (who also directed) on the libretto, and with Phyllis Robinson on the lyrics. Joan Diener, Robert Weede, and Steve Arlen head the cast. Opens Wednesday, April 8. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Look to the Lilies—Shirley Booth and Al Freeman, Jr., go to waste in some sentimental nonsense about a group of German nuns in the New Mexico desert. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Minnie's Boys—A thoroughly inept account of how the Marx Brothers grew up and became famous. Lewis J. Stadlen makes a fine Groucho; the rest is, or ought to be, silence. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

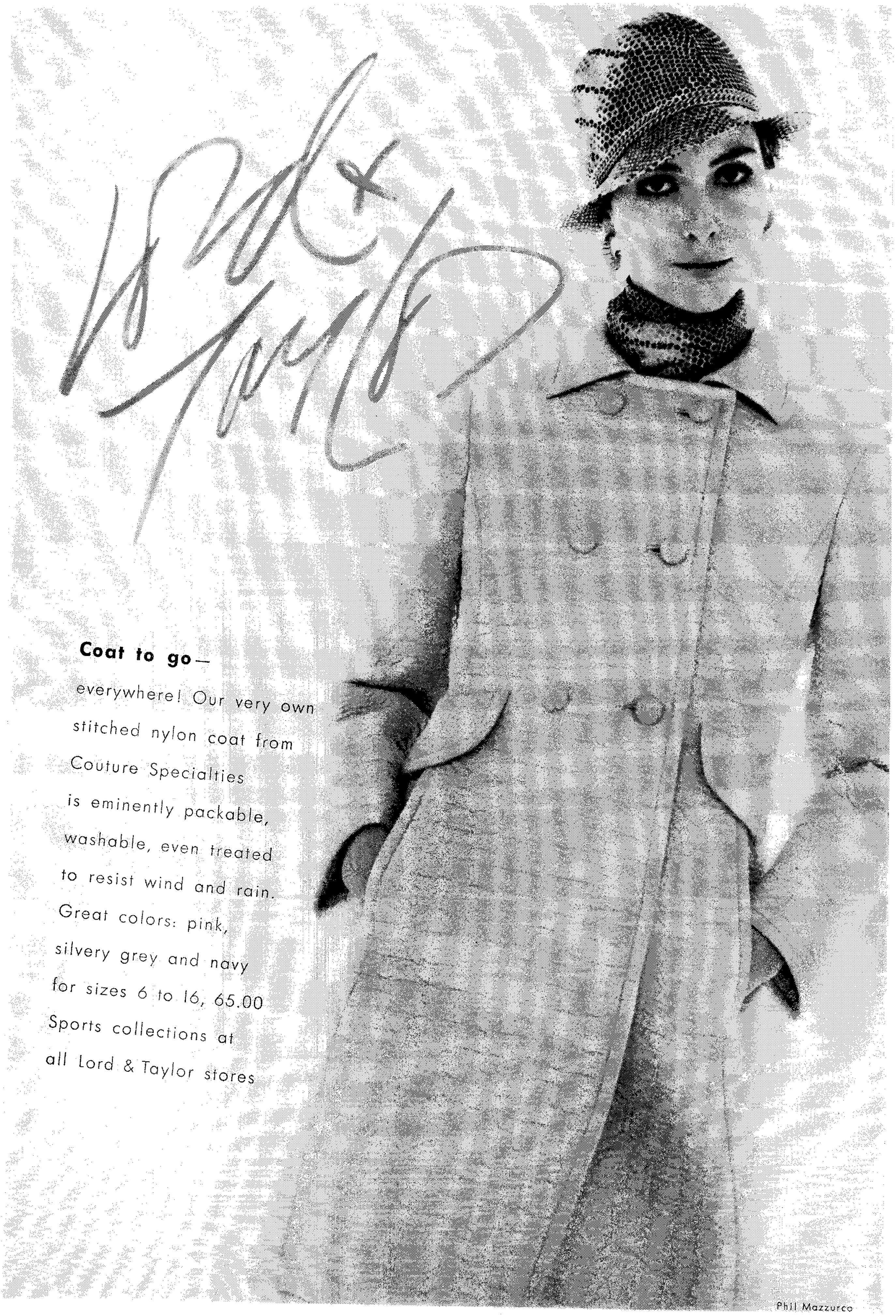
Purlie—An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

Stomp—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of the songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, April 19.)

This Was Burlesque—Miss Ann Corio and her young ladies bump and grind and twirl tassels, but there is no life in the show, in spite of the venerable presence of Steve Mills and a few other comedians. (Hudson West, 361 W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS**: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **DAMES AT SEA**: A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: —Yes, what is it? Buck Mulligan answered. I don't remember anything. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke. A light wind passed his brow, fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring silver points of anxiety in his eyes. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!**: Stephen, depressed by his own voice, said:—Do you remember the first day I went to your house after my mother's death? (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Incidentally, Ethel Merman is now Dolly.). . . **HAIR**: A host of hirsute young folk hellbent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 12, at 7:30.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA**:



Coat to go—

everywhere! Our very own stitched nylon coat from Couture Specialties is eminently packable, washable, even treated to resist wind and rain. Great colors: pink, silvery grey and navy for sizes 6 to 16, 65.00 Sports collections at all Lord & Taylor stores

Phil Mazzurco

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Somegoro Ichikawa plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Ichikawa at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PROMISES, PROMISES**: Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **1776**: A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN**: Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

AMERICAN BALLET COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Friday, April 10, at 8:30: "Intermezzo," "Meadowlark," and "Early Songs." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 8:30: "Intermezzo," "Caprichos," and "Early Songs." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 12, at 2: "Meadowlark," "Games," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 12, at 7:30: "Intermezzo," "Meadowlark," and "Early Songs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

ALVIN AILEY DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 26—Wednesday, April 15, at 8, and Friday, April 17, at 8:30: "Toccata," "Hermit Songs," "Icarus," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Prodigal Prince." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 2: "Toccata," "Journey," "Metallics," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 8:30: "Dance for Six," "Masekela Langage," and "Prodigal Prince." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—The animals and the clowns emerge two by two all evening long from this enormous Ark. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. The performances on Saturday and Sunday, April 11-12, will be cancelled because of hockey playoffs. Closes Sunday, May 10. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

MAGIC SHOW—The annual event put on by the Society of American Magicians. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, April 11, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Folks, both long- and short-haired, sit on wooden benches and sip coffee. John Denver and Nancy Michaels sing separate varieties of folk songs. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are anomalous, with visitors taking the regulars' places.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come, and frequently return, to sit and talk and copiously dine. From eleven to three, subdued jazz comes from Joe Beck's agile electric guitar, backed up by another musician's agile bass. Dinner is served until one.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from *eleven until one, generally on piano and bass.* No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Zoot Sims quartet, a repository of jazz sounds from the past fifteen years or so, plays nightly and Friday through Sunday, April 10-12, Al Cohn will join in. The group will be relieved on Tuesday, April 14, by the Roy Eldridge quartet. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, under slow siege, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played by a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Call it the World's Greatest Jazz Band (as does its owner) or call it Generation Gap; either way, it's heady work on behalf of tradition. The players: Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Bud Freeman, Gus Johnson, Jr., Lou McGarity, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, and Kai Winding. When they fall silent, Bobby Hackett leads Vic Dickenson, Jack Lesberg, Dave McKenna, and Cliff Leeman onstage. Their music goes from seven-thirty to one, every night but Sunday, and so does the dancing, and, beginning on Monday, April 13, it will commence at five, for tea dancing. Dinner and supper to the fullest extent. Sundays, from two-thirty to five-thirty, Bill Berry and his New York Band, sixteen strong (Dave Frishberg, Sol Gubin, and Bob Dougherty are likewise involved), will play another tea dance.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by an outfit known as the Tony Williams Lifetime. On Tuesday, April 14, it will be replaced by Gary Burton's quartet, a *rara avis* as skillful as it is contemporaneous. Closed Mondays.

UNCLE JOHN'S STRAW HAT, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—Taft Jordan and His Mob will play an eight-to-eleven session on Sunday, April 12. The Mob: Boe McCain, Nat Pierce, Gene Ramey, and Jo Jones. Music of one sort or another can be heard Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the Chico Hamilton quartet plays for drinking and dining until Tuesday, April 14, when the Ray Alexander-Johnny Knapp quartet will take over. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, the Freddie Hubbard quintet will alternate with the remarkable Elvin Jones, who is doing a solo drum act. Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, a lady who has travelled far and sung much, Miriam Makeba, will be onstage. Shows from ten Fridays, and from nine-thirty Saturdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Thursday through Saturday, April 9-11, the Herbie Hancock sextet is on the stand. Thursday through Saturday, April 16-18, Bill Evans' refulgent trio will trade sets with the George Benson trio. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Mondays through Wednesdays) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursdays through Sundays).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Tiny and ornate. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The clientele looks satisfied. Dancing to records from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort.

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—*Ce n'est pas français, mais ce n'est pas mauvais.* It's above a restaurant named Sam's, and the trappings are reminiscent of "Casablanca." The record-spinner has multifarious selections to choose from. Activity until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to 45s from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Dancing, to live and recorded sounds, starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Ches Bonetrees plays through Sunday, April 12, and T.I.M.E. begins on Wednesday, April 15. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Service, food, and ambience all foster a serene enjoyment. The recorded music allows various kinds of dancing, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper. No music Sundays.

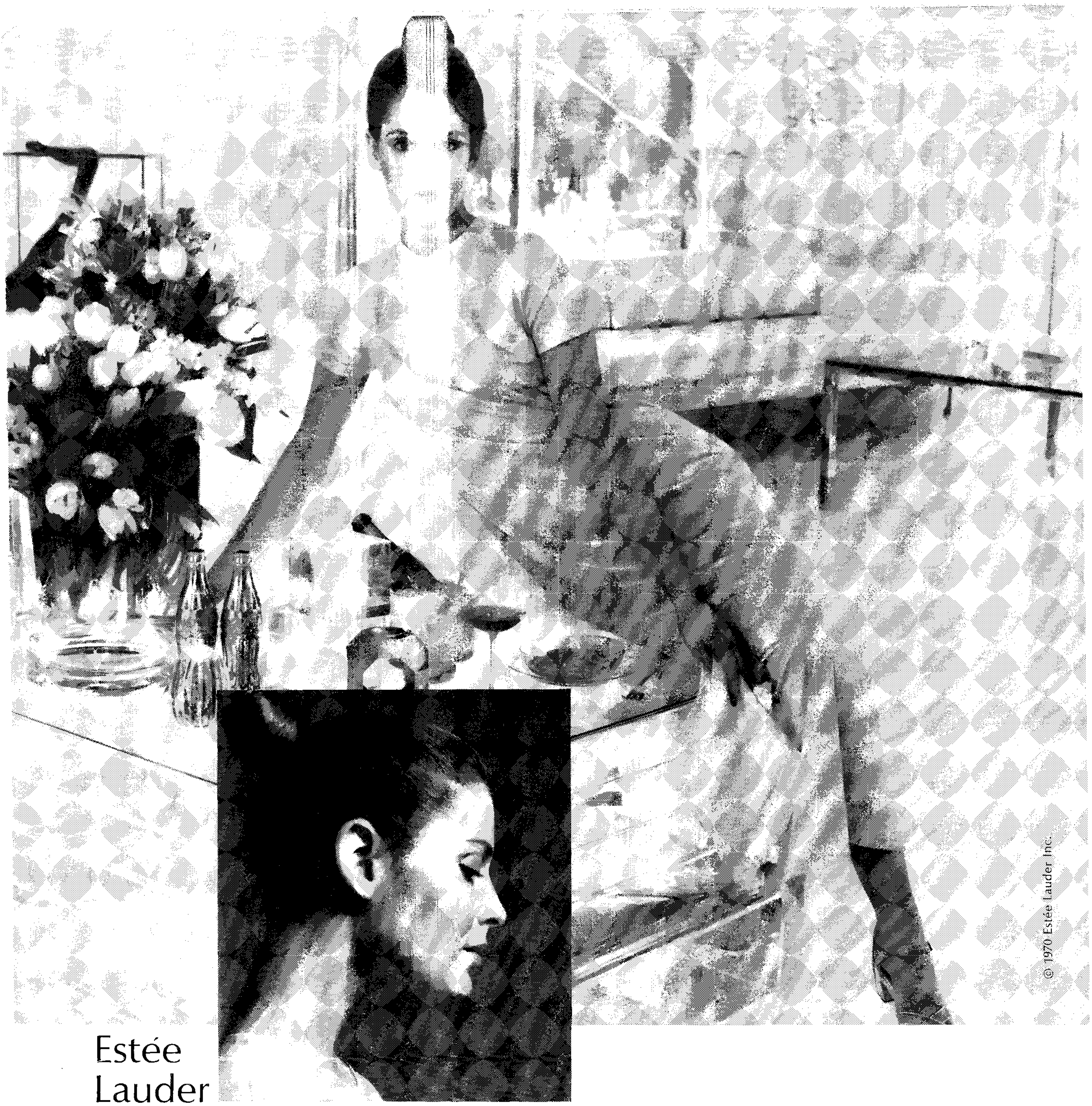
L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

LATER AT ACT I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Above the garish square, an ornamented place to dance to records as well as to solidly swinging live groups. The waitresses are apt to get carried away by the music, but don't knock it. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

SALVATION TOO, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Windows look out on the Park, a mirrored ball strews light-flecks on the floor, and the tables look like animals. A lot of energetic dancing to records, from ten until three or four each night. Late dinners are served. Reservations are recommended.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Manhattan-on-the-Nile might look something like this, with Egyptian statuary and lots of what passes for hip diversion. Some of the latter comes from loud recorded music, some from a bunch of singers and instrumentalists called Hagood Hardy & the Montage. On Monday, April 13, Linda Price & the Pipers will arrive. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until



© 1970 Estée Lauder Inc.

Estée
Lauder
sees your face wearing "Little Nothings" this spring—
her tender new fashion in makeup.

Tender Lip Tint—Estée Lauder's newest lipstick formula merges fresh low-intensity colors with high-intensity gloss. In eleven spring-tender shades.

Tender Cheek Tint—A skim-on, lighter-than-air cheek color to give your skin the shine and texture of a glowing real-life blush. In three naturalist shades.

Tender Makeup Base—Estée Lauder's famous foundation that helps complexions look born-beautiful with the sheerest possible coverage. In three new gentled shades.

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

three on Saturday. The music is reliable discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, Sarojopi does. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records continue without surcease, and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big. The walls are mirrored.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Not *all* the perfumes of Arabia, but enough of them, and of the indigenous architecture, to make the latest restoration of the once imperial palace a pleasurable one. Lester Lanin's varsity is on the bandstand from about nine o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, whose band is in the restaurant, has never believed in getting far away from Park Avenue, and the denizens here feel the same way. All quiet Sundays and Mondays, though.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A small Las Vegas, and an acceptable one. Song and music, as in all Vegas lounges, but the mainspring is Rodney Dangerfield, whose commentary on the life we all lead and the people we lead it with is the truth and nothing but the truth, and not always couth. He is in evidence two or three times an evening, except on Sundays. Nourishment at all hours.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Brevity is not the soul of Shelley Berman's wit; in its stead there is a skill with words that leads at careful pace to wonderful dénouements and that ranks him with Nichols & May, Lenny Bruce, and Ronny Graham. Nine-thirty or ten is his earliest, and Saturday, April 11, is his very last. On Monday, April 13, the team of Stiller & Meara, or life on the Grand Concourse, will move in. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A Near East fraternity house, where Greek meets Greek, Armenian meets Greek, and like that. The main meeter and greeter—and jester, too—is Avram Grobard; his assistants play wily Oriental instruments that don't grow on trees, or do they? The one flaw in the arrangement is a rock-and-roll group, but it will finally shut its trap on Sunday, April 12. The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplattler* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. None of this, though, on Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Sergio Franchi, voice of *i pagliacci,* rings out loud, clear, and jovial in the Royal Box during dinner and supper. The dance music is made by the orchestra of Lee Evans—an organization perfect at minding its p's and cues, to say nothing of the proprieties. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Oh to be beautiful, oh to be young—well, maybe seventeen—and village queen; i.e., to be La Morucha, whose village is Andalusian, whose footwork is flamencan, whose ferocity is formidable. Her compeer is La Lupe, a Latin-American catamount and chanteuse who could rouse the rabble in any of us. Twice a night, always, is the house rule. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Pepe Preiego and the voice of Antonio Maya. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Tom Jones, the triple-jointed Welshman, accompanies his eurythmics with lyrics that are called upon to give their all, and do. Definite traces of catnip have been found in his athletics. On Thursday, April 16, the reconstituted Supremes will start singing in his stead. No nights off for anyone. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where music begins at ten, you can almost see the stars over the Nevada desert when the lights go down.

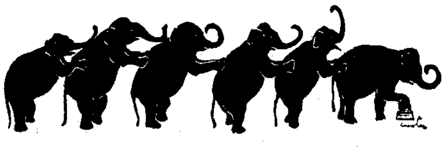
Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Sy Oliver's trumpet has called to arms a nine-man crew (Britt Woodman and Leonard Gaskin included) to air his notions about jazz. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Mills Brothers, standing foursquare against the winds of change, grind exceeding slow but exceeding fine as they deliver their cantatas in the Persian Room. They're in service at ten-fifteen on Wednesday, April 8, and during both dinner and supper thenceforward. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte glow in turn the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** George Shearing's quintet is shelling out a mixture of glorious original thinking and equally glorious Technicolor. Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio chips in with music for further listening and music for footwork, too. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Eight is the usual starting time. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—New girl (Bobbi Martin) in town, and she, too, elects to sing, which she does twice a night on this splendid altiplano. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, endowed with so many worldly goods (and no bads), runs its steady course of perpetual music (Quintero's faithful family retainers and a useful new band led by Hal Turner) except for certain interludes of song. Earl Wilson, Jr., a fair enough tenor, ends his run on Wednesday, April 15; next evening, Hildegarde, whose arias are largely cotton candy, moves in. The singing happens Tuesdays through Thursdays at dinner and Fridays and Saturdays at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Next door, in the serenity of La Boite, two Viennese cronies (Ernest Schoen on violin, Jules Kuti on piano) engage in reminiscences. No dancing, naturally. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Complete community spirit is displayed by Ella Fitzgerald and the three great men (Tommy Flanagan on piano, Ed Thigpen on drums, Frank de la Rosa on bass) who back her song recitals during dinner and supper in the Empire Room. Charles Turecamo's orchestra helps out, too, and stays around for dance music as well. On Monday, April 13, the Fitzgerald spectacular will be replaced by Peggy Lee, the Circe whose voice insinuates itself into the dream life of everyone. She sings but once, at ten, her first night out. Closed Sundays.



SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, in perfect harmony with Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his stalwart sidemen, is making hey-nonny-nonny while the moon shines on this pleasure garden. The life about which he sings is high, and so is his calorie count. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customs-house. Among the customs honored in the observance are the uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bending to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A real echo chamber when the staff, all incipient Carusos, burst into song as they distribute dinner. Fun and dandy, if noisy. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Voice and piano are the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound is from Scott Reed, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two, except Sundays. . . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (593-0058): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by a dance quartet intent indeed upon its happy work. His own particular palace is on a seven-nights-a-week schedule.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Old King Henri must have been a merry old soul, for he left behind him an entertaining play castle, as well as a couple of his fiddlers three. One of them, George Cardini, does the bowing (*no* scraping) right now in the absence of the other, Norbert Faconi. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. No nights off. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time

We do business all over the world with people who used to think we only played cowboys and Indians.

But now the world is finding out we're a bank, too.

The oldest bank in the West. And one of the nation's largest. With over $5 billion in assets. And more than 250 offices throughout California.

Today, we offer world-wide capabilities. For example, in the past year we have opened a branch office in Luxembourg, a representative office in London, affiliated with a merchant bank in Australia, made an investment in a major bank in Hong Kong, and extended our Latin American capabilities with a representative in Argentina.

So no matter where in the world you have financial business, we'll be there. Catching up with our reputation.

(Administrative Headquarters, 464 California St., San Francisco 94120, Southern California Headquarters, 415 West Fifth St., Los Angeles 90054. Member F.D.I.C.)

Wells Fargo Bank

The Ballantine's Loyalists:

Ballantine's
FINEST BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

"I take my Scotch seriously. So does Ballantine."

Bill Welter
Chicago

"Ballantine's square bottle doesn't roll over on its side. Its flavor doesn't either."

Jim Field
San Francisco

"The taste makes it."

Dick Howell
New York City

The more you know about Scotch,
the more loyal you are to Ballantine's.

Be a Ballantine's
Loyalist

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.
86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.

between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by *Rogelio Reguera,* whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The good life, the oak-panelled life, the well-fed life. On piano, and quietly, is George Feyer, reliving the days of the Hapsburgs and making them seem not bad at all. He is on point duty from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, whose arrangements for solo piano derive from original sources, is on a schedule that lasts from cocktails until midnight and that does not include Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** *in the* Westbury Hotel, *Madison* Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Joe Miles has the run of the piano in the far corner of this stately mansion, and he stays put from nine to twelve-thirty. He is absent Sundays and Mondays . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a faraway one, but still of the original Village villagey. Circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Hungarian rhapsody pours from a band (Elemer Horvath's) that must have been born and bred in Budapest; Tokay and the comestibles that go with it heap the tables. Every night, seven-thirty until three. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Those who wonder what became of Wayne Sanders after Goldie's New York shut down forever will find him here at a sometimes pensive but basically joyous piano *between five and* ten every night but Sunday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

STEPHEN ANTONAKOS—One huge neon-light work; through Thursday, April 16. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARCH AVERY—Pastoral themes and figures by the daughter of the well-known American painter; through April 19. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 6.)

WILL BARNET—New works by a veteran New York painter; through May 2. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Abstract canvases from 1955 to 1965; through April 25. (Cerberus, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BEAL—Nudes in interiors, in high-keyed colors; through May 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

CAROLINE VAN HOOK BEAN—Street scenes of New York done in 1918-19 by a classmate of Bellows and Glackens; through April 24. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

FRANK BERNARDUCCI—Paintings that experiment with the human figure; through Saturday, April 18. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARRY BERTOIA—Metal sculptures that *move and* whisper; through April 25. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BLUME—One major painting and related paintings and drawings by a noted American Surrealist; through Saturday, April 18. (Dannenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

RICHARD JEROME BOGART—Romantic landscapes; through April 23. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY BOTKIN—Abstract collages; through Saturday, April 18. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

HANS BREDER—*Geometric sculptures of glass* and metal that reflect light; through April 28. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

DAVID LEE BROWN—Mechanical constructions in stainless steel and bronze; through April 23. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CALVERT COGGESHALL—*Non-objective* paintings; through Saturday, April 18. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Recent paintings by a Surrealist-influenced American; through April 25. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

CORNEILLE—Expressionistic paintings with figurative elements by a founder of the Cobra group; starting Tuesday, April 14. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOSÉ DE CREEFT—Sixty sculptures from 1919 to the present; through May 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT DE NIRO—Expressionist figures and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 18. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—Watercolors and drawings done between 1915 and 1943 by this pioneer Abstractionist; through April 25. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JUAN DOWNEY—Constructions that affect the viewer by means of sound, light, and/or movement—sometimes audience-activated; through April 25. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Abstract landscapes by a British painter; starting Tuesday, April 14. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

JAN GELD—Landscapes with symbolic overtones; through April 25. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT GEORGE—Semi-figurative painted stones; through Wednesday, April 15. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHUCK GINNEVER—Sculptures and models shown in conjunction with works by Louis Kahn, architect; through April 29. (Cooper, 100 Prince St., between Mercer and Greene Sts. Closed Mondays.)

RUBE GOLDBERG—Caricature sculptures by the celebrated cartoonist; through Saturday, April 11. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM GROPPER—Recent works lampooning the current scene by a foremost American social satirist; through Saturday, April 18. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—More than sixty drawings and watercolors *from* the Berlin Period, 1913-31; through Saturday, April 18. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ALAN GUSSOW—Landscapes of Monhegan Island, Maine, and upstate New York; through May 2. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRACE HARTIGAN—*Oils, collages,* and drawings by a prominent second-generation Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, April 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HARVEY—Figure paintings with photographic effects intended to arouse reminiscences of the twenties and thirties; starting Tuesday, April 14. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ALFRED JENSEN—Emblematic abstractions in thick pigments; through Saturday, April 11. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

LUIS JIMENEZ—Figurative sculptures in fibre glass and epoxy; *through April 30.* (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

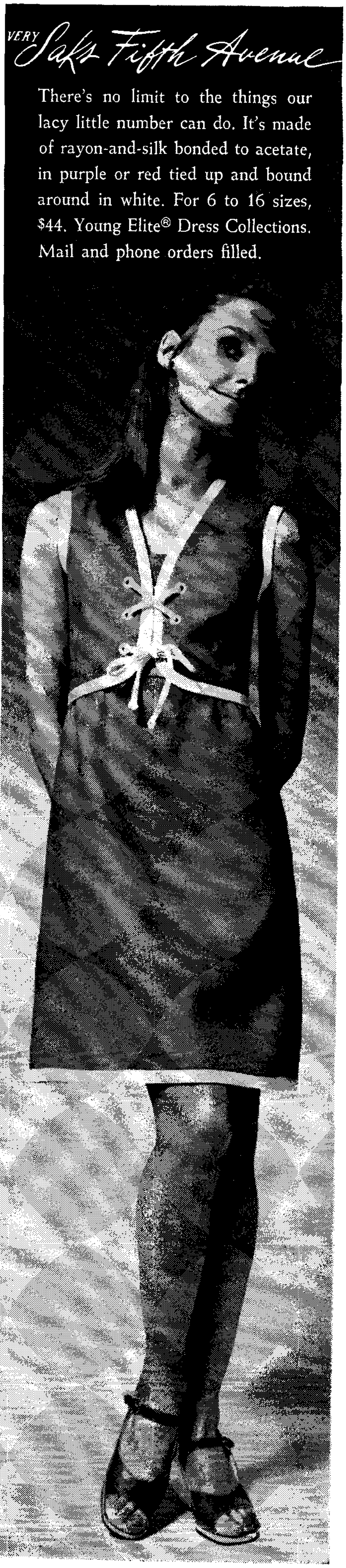
DONALD JUDD—Structures by a "serialist;" starting Saturday, April 11. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT KALLEM—Paintings of nudes; through April 23. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

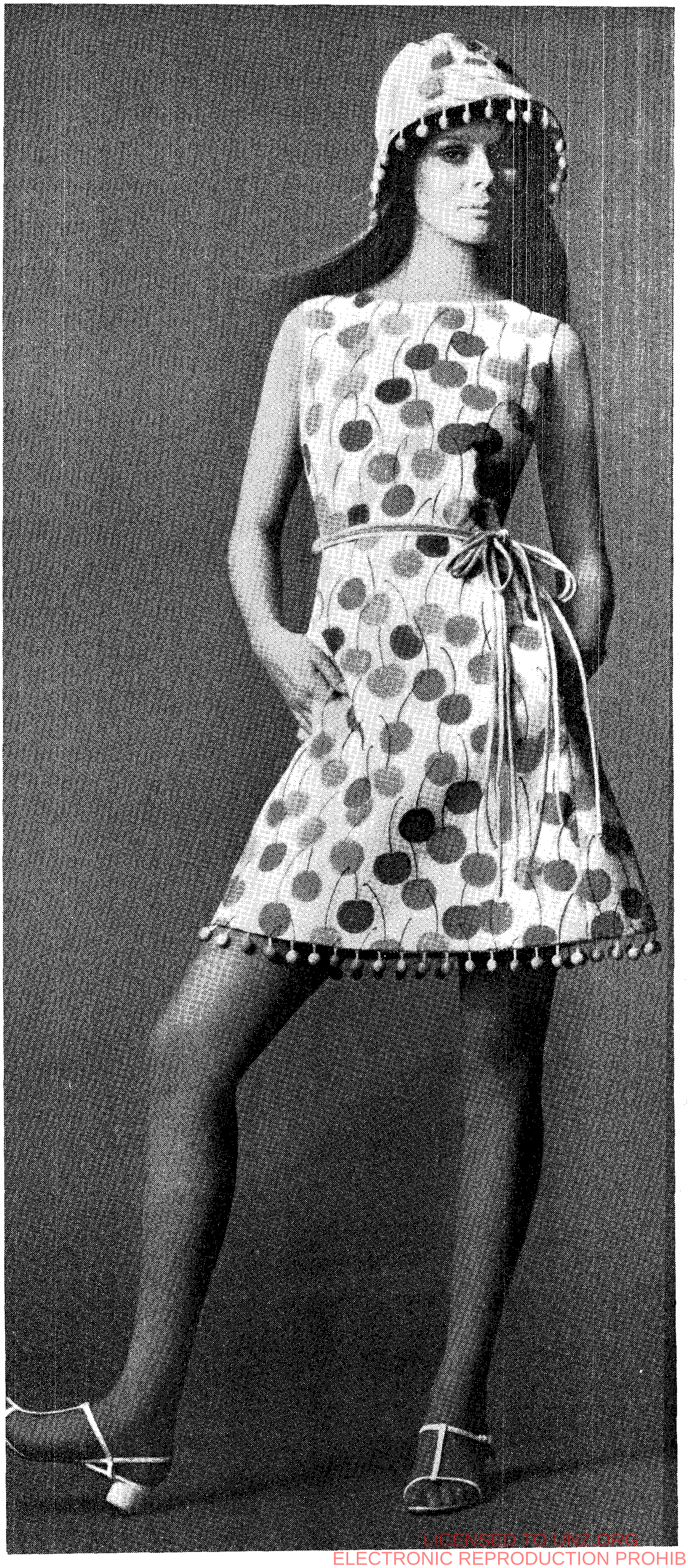
GUSTAV KLIMT (1862-1918)—Seventy drawings by the Art Nouveau master; through April 28. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MISCH KOHN—Graphics in several mediums by this leading American printmaker; through May 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL (1861-1944)—Sixty-two bronzes, plus pastels and drawings; through



There's no limit to the things our lacy little number can do. It's made of rayon-and-silk bonded to acetate, in purple or red tied up and bound around in white. For 6 to 16 sizes, $44. Young Elite® Dress Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.



JAMISON. A STUDY IN THE UNSTUDIED LOOK.

The cotton cooler with cherries.
The dress about $44, and
hat about $10, both ball-fringed.
Jamison prints geometry on the
silk pants costume. About $105.
Jamison. 498 Seventh Ave., New York

HURRY
SEND FOR

"The Unmissable Raincoat." A giant A-line plaid in white, orange and navy by Bill Blass. The only way to brighten up a rainy day. Dacron® polyester, cotton. Sizes 6-14. 75.00. Slightly higher on the West Coast. Write 691 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

Elizabeth Arden
The Only Place That Puts You Together

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, April 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Manso—*Paintings and collages; through* May 6. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irving Marantz—Abstract landscapes, many with figures in masses of bright color; through Friday, April 10. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Clement Meadmore—Two huge Abstract steel sculptures painted black; through April 23. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Mehring—Minimal paintings by a member of the "Washington, D.C., School;" through April 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Piet Mondrian—Reconstruction of a room according to a plan by this master, plus drawings; starting Saturday, April 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Moore—*Two showings of sculptures of* the sixties: Carvings in marble and travertine at Knoedler (14 E. 57th St.) and bronzes at Marlborough (41 E. 57th St.); both starting Tuesday, April 14.

Jerome Myers (1867-1940)—Drawings and watercolors by an American artist prominent during the first half of the century; starting Monday, April 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Oils and watercolors by the German Expressionist; through April 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Padovano—Chrome-plated geometric forms; through April 22. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Pettet—Four Abstract paintings in huge dimensions; through April 28. (David Whitney, 53 E. 19th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—Forty collages by a highly regarded New York artist who worked with bits of fabrics and paper; through Saturday, April 18. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Sandback—String constructions; through April 30. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ludwig Sander—Geometric color areas by a veteran New York artist; through April 23. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lenore Tawney—Symbolic juxtapositions in box assemblages and wall pieces; through Saturday, April 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Landscapes of Maine and European settings; through April 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Soroku Toyoshima—*Stamped aluminum and* stainless-steel structures; through April 25. (Katz, 38 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Felix Vallotton (1865-1925)—Fifty-five paintings, plus woodcuts, drawings, and engravings by a Swiss member of the Nabi group; through April 25. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Wesselmann—New paintings by the celebrator of the great American nude; through May 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Charles White—Paintings and drawings of themes taken from the history of the blacks in America; through Tuesday, April 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Zerbe—Figurative and Abstract paintings, collages, and constructions; starting Saturday, April 11. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **CREATIVE EAST,** 53 E. 10th St.: A memorial exhibition for Oronzo Gasparo, an artist who died last year, of works by ten painters, including such old-timers as Harold Anton, Remo Farruggio, and Alice Neel; through April 24. (Daily, 11 to 7.) . . . **EMMERICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: Art of the Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans from 800 B.C. to 400 A.D. (wall paintings, vases, sculptures, and jewelry); starting Thursday, April 9. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FEIGEN,** 27 E. 79th St.: Twenty examples of Tantric art; through April 25. . . . **NEW SCHOOL,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Seven Expressionist figurative artists; through April 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 4.). . . **O.K. HARRIS,** 465 W. Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Geometric paintings on glass by Richard Roth, kinetic sculptures by Mel Leiserowitz, and miniature paintings juxtaposing images of Pop Art by Richard Pettibone; starting Saturday, April 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, for example, Arp, de Kooning, Feininger, Pollock, Léger, González, and Salemme; through April 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs by Atget, Brassai, and others; through April 20. . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century Europeans and Americans as Afro, Beckmann, Glasco, Lanyon, and Tchelitchew; through Saturday, April 11. . . . **DORIS WIENER,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: One hundred Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through May 30. Closed Mondays. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of approximately one hundred paintings by Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Degas, Cézanne, Gauguin, and Toulouse-Lautrec (to name a few), representing a century of Impressionism; through May 9.

Note—Works by the following artists are being shown at their studios on three weekends (Friday, April 10, from 5 to 10 and Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6): Mary Abbott, 333 Park Ave. S.; Arnold Belkin, 303 E. Houston St.; Charles DuBack, 304 Bowery; Alan Kessler, 365 Canal St.; Joe Millions, 31 Walker St.; Luis Molinari-Flores, 307 W. Broadway; Georges Noël, 16 Greene St.; Paul Spina, 471 W. Broadway; May Stevens, 97 Wooster St.; and Karl W. Stücklen, 151 Canal St.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—On Monday, April 13, the museum's hundredth birthday, an immense (free) frolic will take place, spreading into most of the crannies of the old ark. Concert bands will sound off, choristers will chorus, music boxes (from the music department) will tinkle. There will be a twenty-five-foot cake in the front hall, but the man to keep your eye on is a member of the Egyptian department who will translate visitors' names into hieroglyphics. ("Eustace Tilley" looks like this: $.) As for the regular museum show, "The Year 1200," it will continue through May 10; except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty paintings by Frank Stella, dating from 1959 and covering the entire range of his work; through May 31. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty items and photographs of Art Nouveau by designer-architect Hector Guimard (1867-1942), including furniture, textiles, graphics, and industrial objects; through May 10. . . . ¶ Fifty etchings done by Joan Miró between 1965 and 1968; through April 26. . . . ¶ Drawings of architectural ideas by Theo van Doesburg, leading De Stijl painter; through June 7. . . . ¶ Works in which photographs are given the illusion of solidity through various mediums; through July 5. *(No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9;* the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, collages, sculptures, prints, drawings, photographs, and stage designs by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946), designer in many mediums, who was affiliated with the Bauhaus; through April 19. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An exhibition of twelve large sculptures by Robert Morris, prominent for his experiments with different styles and materials; through May 31. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, drawings, and prints of the Pop artist Jim Dine; through April 19. . . . ¶ Five large paintings dealing with slavery and contemporary political personages by Thomas Nast, America's leading cartoonist of the nineteenth century; through May 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; *Sundays, noon to 6.)*

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just

you
CAN
be ANYWHERE...
by LETTER!

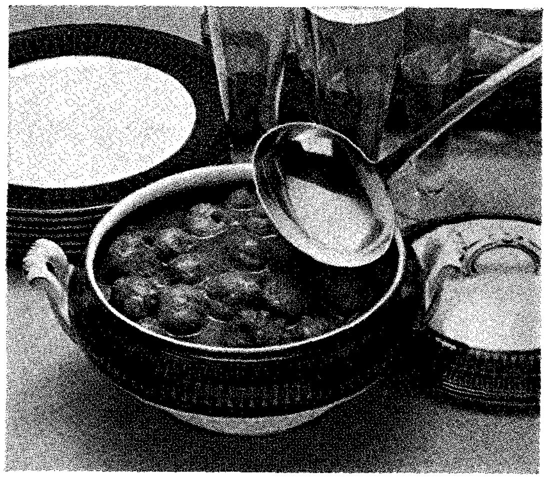
Today, visit that very special someone in Paris (France or perhaps Paris, Illinois, Texas or Tennessee) with your own distinctive letter. And because there's an Eaton letter paper that's just perfect to express your personality with a hint of a tint, a familiar-to-the-touch texture or an exciting fashion look, your presence is felt. Part of you goes with each letter.

Your letters say more on

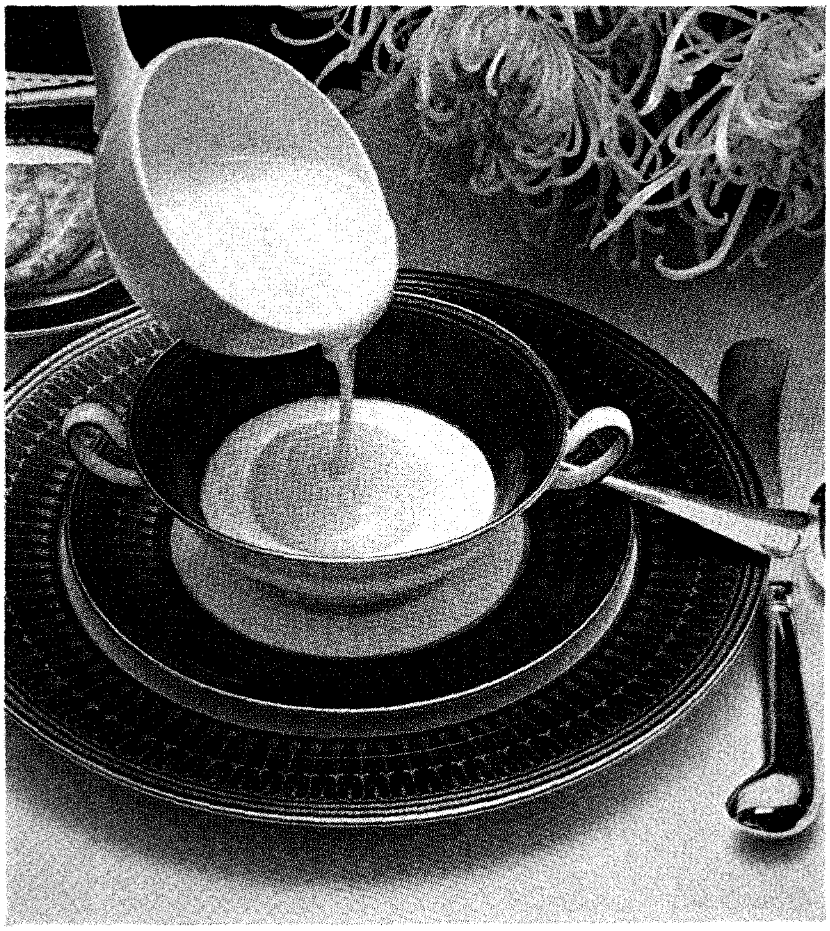
EATON'S

EATON PAPER DIVISION OF textron
PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS 01201

Letter papers, notes, envelopes in a colorful selection of classic stylings and always available open stock.



Contrary to popular belief, Spode bone china is made to be used. And used. And used. And used.



We're not afraid to put roast beef on our platters and tea in our cups.

Too many people think that fine bone china is such a delicate fragile thing that it should spend much of its life prettily displayed in a china cabinet.

This, we are happy to say is not the case with Spode.

You see, although Spode is the finest, whitest, translucent bone china that money can buy, it also happens to be extremely durable. Even safe for repeated dishwasher washings.

That's why we believe the longest period that Spode should be kept in storage is the time between washing up after lunch and setting the table for dinner.

When it comes to this kind of thing, we think we know what we're talking about. After all, nearly 200 years ago Spode invented the world's finest bone china.

Spode bone china patterns begin at $16.95 a 5 piece place setting. Royal Windsor, illustrated, is $49.95. For color booklet plus exciting material about Spode china and crystal, send 25c to Spode, Dept. NYW,
206 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10010 or
120 Wellington St. West, Toronto 1, Canada.
To find out where to buy Spode, call free (800) 243-6000. In Conn. (800) 942-0655.

Spode
CHINA CRYSTAL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Fifty major pre-Columbian objects from the Metropolitan Museum—they include stone carvings, a gold breastplate, a pendant, animals, ceramics, and textiles; through May 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one "conceptual" artists from seven different countries; starting Friday, April 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through April 19. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 8, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ina Delcampo, Joann Grillo, Franco Tagliavini, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Jeannette Pilou, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 9, at 8: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, John Alexander, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Jeannette Pilou, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 8:30: A gala performance in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Richard Tucker's Metropolitan Opera début—Act I of "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland and Mr. Tucker. Act II of "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Rosalind Elias, Mr. Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil. Act III of "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Joann Grillo, Mr. Tucker, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Monday, April 13, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Jeannette Pilou, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, Justino Díaz, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 14, at 8: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, John Alexander, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 15, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lucine Amara, Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 16, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Gabriella Tucci, Jean Madeira, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday, April 17, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Marie Collier, Nedda Casei, Richard Tucker, and Walter Cassel; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 2: "Roméo et Juliette," with Jeannette Pilou, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, Justino Díaz, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 8: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Renato Cioni, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, April 8, at 8:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Michele Molese, Michael Devlin, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 9, at 8:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, André Jobin, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Arturo Sergi, David Clatworthy, and Will Roy; and "Carmina Burana," with Elisabeth Carron, Kenneth Riegel, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 2:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Patricia Wise, Jerry Jennings, and Kenneth Riegel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Enrico DiGiuseppe, John Darrenkamp, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 12, at 1:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Louise Lebrun, Patricia Wise, Jerry Jennings, and Herbert Beattie. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 12, at 7:15: "Katerina Ismailova" (in English), with Eileen Schauler, Sandra Darling, John Stamford, Edward Pierson, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 14, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Franco Iglesias. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 15, at 8:15: "Katerina Ismailova" (in English), with Eileen Schauler, Sandra Darling, Edward Pierson, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 16, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Arturo Sergi, Edward Pierson, and Will Roy; and "Carmina Burana," with Patricia Wise, John Darrenkamp, and Kenneth Riegel. . . . ¶ Friday, April 17, at 8:15: "Manon," with Carol Neblett, Ion Piso, John Darrenkamp, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 2:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Milena Dal Piva, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Louise Lebrun, Karan Armstrong, John Stewart, and Will Roy. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 19.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—George Szell conducting an all-Beethoven program on Thursday, April 9, at 8:30; Friday, April 10, at 2; Saturday, April 11, at 8:30; and Monday, April 13, at 7:30 (all with Clifford Curzon, piano, except on Saturday, when Joseph Kalichstein will be piano soloist in place of Mr. Curzon). . . . ¶ Lorin Maazel conducting on Thursday, April 16, at 8:30; Friday, April 17, at 2; and Saturday, April 18, at 8:30 (all with Jane Marsh, soprano).

MINNESOTA ORCHESTRA—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Thomas Stacy, English horn. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 14, at 8:30.)

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Final concerts of the season here—Henry Mazer conducting an all-Richard Strauss program, with Martina Arroyo, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 8:30.). . . ¶ Lukas Foss conducting and acting as piano soloist, with Bernard Goldberg, flute, and Fritz Siegal, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, April 16, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY—Ainslee Cox conducting with Stephen Bishop, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 3, and Monday, April 13, at 8:30.). . . ¶ Leopold Stokowski and Roland Gagnon conducting a benefit concert in honor of Pablo Casals, with Beverly Sills, soprano, and Rudolf Serkin, piano. Señor Casals will conduct a hundred invited cellists in one of his own works. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 8. For tickets, call 581-1640.)

"MARÍA SABINA"—Leonardo Balada directing his own symphonic tragedy (with text by Camilo José Cela) performed by New York University Chorus and a symphony orchestra from the Manhattan School of Music. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, April 17, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting the final concerts of the season, with Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, April 18-19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

UCLA MEN'S GLEE CLUB—Donn Weiss directing.

NOW:
THE NEW SOFT, FLUID KNIT.
DESIGNED BY JEANNENE
BOOHER FOR JENNIFER.
LEMON TWIST YELLOW IN
PACKABLE ACETATE KNIT;
SIZES 6 TO 14. 60.00

Mail or phone orders to Cleveland:
add 75¢ beyond delivery area.
Ohio residents add 4½% sales tax.

Things don't happen the way they used to.
But they still happen.
TABU
Dana
Tabu. The forbidden fragrance.
Dana
perfume · cologne · spray cologne · lipstick · dusting powder · soap

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Washington University Choir and Madrigal Singers—Orland Johnson directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Oberlin College Choir—Robert Fountain directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 17, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Neva Pilgrim—Soprano, in a recital postponed from March 9. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Amadeus String Quartet—The first in a series of three all-Mozart programs, this one with Gervase de Peyer, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 10, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Robert Washburn and Meyer Kupferman, performed by Eleanor Lawrence, flute; Jerome Bunke, clarinet; Edward Zeigman, bassoon; Zita Carno, piano; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Saturday, April 11, at 2:30. A limited number of free tickets will be available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after noon on the day of the performance.)

New York Pro Musica—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of music for the Elizabethan Court. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Conducting an orchestra composed of members of the Washington National Symphony and acting as keyboard soloist in the second of two all-Bach programs (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 3.)

Pina Carmirelli—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall Monday, April 13, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of programs presenting the Beethoven cycle (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 14, a 8:30.)

Composers String Quartet—Playing the two string quartets of Elliott Carter. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano, in a benefit concert (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 16, a 8:30.)

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli—Piano, in a recital postponed from March 11. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Final concerts of the season. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St 879-5512. Friday, April 17, at 8:30, the las in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427 6000. Saturday, April 18, at 8:30, an all Beethoven program.)

Manhattan Brass Ensemble—Cecil Collins conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhatta School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., a 122nd St. Friday, April 17, at 8:30. Fre tickets can be had by writing and enclosin a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Pink Floyd—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., a 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday, April 9, an Thursday, April 16, at 8:30.

Santana, It's a Beautiful Day, and the America Dream—Fillmore East. Friday through Sunday, April 10-12, at 8 and 11:30.

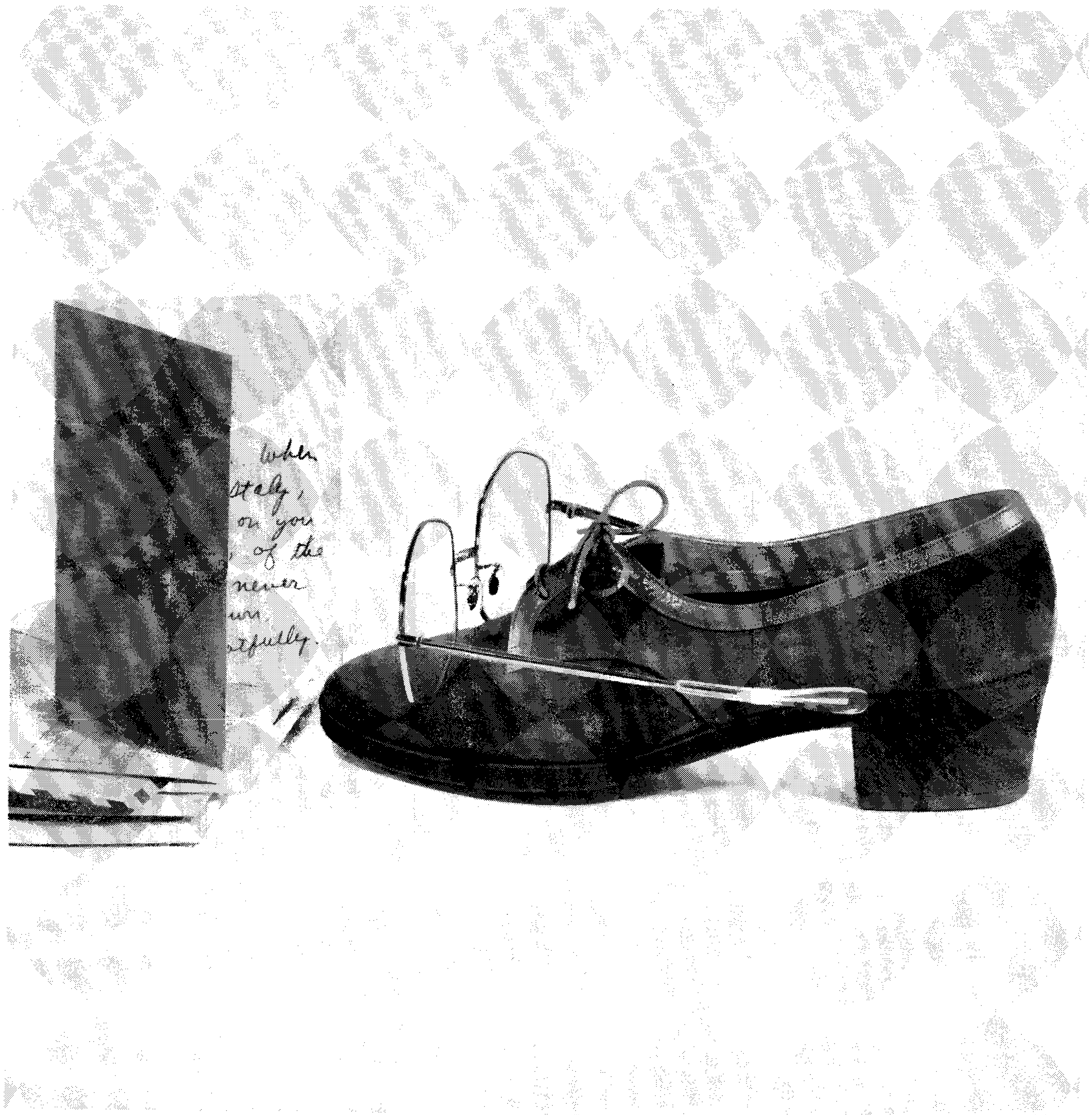
Pentangle—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 10, a 8:30.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—With Billie an DeDe Pierce. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday April 12, at 3.)

Ray Charles and His Orchestra with the Raelets Dizzy Gillespie's Quintet, and Mongo Santa maria—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday April 17-18, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, April 9, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankee vs. Cleveland, Saturday, April 11, at 2, an



the mail keeps rolling in

We have a lot of glamorous shoes, but it's our Italian Ferragamo that gets the fan mail. Every week brings another batch of letters singing its praises. Heroic feats traveling in Europe. Long hours stalking finds in antique shops. Daily faithfulness here in the U.S.A. Nothing flowery. Just sincere, honest thanks for making walking a pleasure. What's the secret? It's really fairly simple. The crepe rubber soles and soft suede construction do everything but massage your feet. We've had just one complaint. If you already have the little Ferragamo in black and cocoa biege, what then? So we've added navy. Now you can have any, or all three, in sizes AAA 6 to 11, AA 5 to 11, B 3½ to 11 and C 5 to 9. 23.00. Mail orders to P.O. Box 2968, Dallas, Texas 75221 (add .75 postage and handling, Texas residents add 4¼% sales tax).

Neiman-Marcus Dallas Ft. Worth Houston

How to spend less than $100 for luggage that looks like it costs more than $100.

Nowadays, even cheap luggage is no longer very cheap. So there goes your last reason for hesitating to come to Mark Cross, where quality luggage has never been very dear.

Take our 24″ Supersonic pullman, which is shown below. It's an $80 bag that looks like a million. The hardware—locks, buckles, rivets—is solid forged brass. We never plate inferior metals to *look* like brass. When we do plate, we use gold.

Now observe the straps, the reinforcing trim, the contoured handle (designed in sympathy with the human hand). They're leather. Honest leather. At Mark Cross, there is no substitute. And speaking of straps, ours, inside and out, are one-piece, nicely finished and lined with leather. (We never leave a raw edge.) What's more, our straps are securely *riveted* to the bag, never stapled (as in some "expensive" bags you see around).

Always listen to the zippers. Ours purr gently as they slither along leather-bound tracks, whereas zippers on less well-made luggage make an unseemly grinding noise. Equally important, the fabric. Ours is double-woven, weather-resistant canvas. Flexible enough to give a lot; sturdy enough to take a lot.

Finally, the ultimate in tact, our Incognito Luggage Tag, so nobody will know who you are unless you want him to. But get used to being noticed. People figure anybody with such posh luggage must be important.

Where else can you buy charisma for under $100?

MARK CROSS

5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C. Or phone (212) 899-8900.

How can Mark Cross offer such a handsome leather-bound bag with gold-plated brass hardware for only $80? When you've been making luggage since fancy traveling meant hopping a stagecoach you learn how to keep prices in line without compromising quality. Other Supersonic bags from $40.

New York/San Francisco/Beverly Hills/Atlanta/Bal Harbour, Fla.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday, April 12, at 1 (doubleheader).... **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Pittsburgh (first National League games here), Tuesday, April 14, and Thursday, April 16, at 2:05.... ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, April 17, at 2:05, and Saturday, April 18, at 2:15.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 18.)

HOCKEY—Stanley Cup East Division playoffs: Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday and Sunday, April 11-12.)

HUNT RACING—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 11, and Saturday, April 18.)...¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 11.)...¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 18.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 23. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 11, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 18.

TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, April 17, at 10; Saturday, April 18, at 9:30; and Sunday, April 19, at 10.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Monday, May 25.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Madame Butterfly," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 11, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) ... **NANCY COLE'S THEATRE OF THE LITTLE HAND:** "Puss and Boots" and "Salut, Guignol." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, April 11, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "The Golden Tambourine," Saturday, April 11....¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, April 12.... ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, April 18. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Afternoons at 2:30.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1....¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 3:30.) ... **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE:** "Babes in Toyland," Wednesday, April 8, and Friday, April 17....¶ "Young Abe Lincoln," Thursday, April 9....¶ "Young Jefferson," Thursday, April 16. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10.)... **SILVER BUTTON PRODUCTIONS:** "Kidnapped." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 12, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "New Challenge of the Planets." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include kids, lambs, deer, monkeys, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a variety of small animals, among them lambs, piglets, kids, and a baby llama. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are avail-

[illegible] ROBE BY ROYAL ROBES, NEW YORK

Miss Springmaid takes you out of the mild into the wilds of Kashmir.

Kashmir. Where leopards lurk behind giant flowers. It's a fantasy that's real. As close as your bedroom. And bath. With Kashmir percale sheets of Springmaid's no-iron Wondercale® blend of 50% Kodel® polyester, 50% combed cotton. And a Kashmir fringed durable-press cotton bedspread. You'll love being surrounded by the same exotic Kashmir print and coordinated solid color Springmaid towels of sheared terry. Kashmir: in untamed combinations of yellow, pink and blue. Haven't you always wanted to go a little wild? Now's your chance.

SPRINGMAID

SPRINGS MILLS, INC., 104 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018. FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU, CALL ANY HOUR, ANY DAY AT NO CHARGE: (800) 243-6000. IN CONNECTICUT, CALL: (800) 942-0655.

ESTD. 1770
LONDON, ENGLAND
WHITE SATIN
BY
SIR ROBERT BURNETT
ESTD. 1770
THE CELEBRATED
70 PROOF
26 2/3 FL.OZ.
DISTILLED
LONDON
DRY GIN
Made according to the Original Formula
Distilled and Bottled by
SIR ROBERT BURNETT & CO., LTD.
LONDON W.1. ENGLAND
LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
WHITE SATIN GIN
ESTD. 1770
LONDON, ENGLAND
WHITE SATIN
BY
SIR ROBERT BURNETT
ESTD. 1770
THE PREMIUM
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED
LONDON
DRY GIN
Distilled and Bottled according to the
Original Formula of
SIR ROBERT BURNETT & CO., LTD.
LONDON W.1. ENGLAND
by THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO.
BALTIMORE MD.
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

British, by Jove **American, by gosh**

White Satin, the gin the British first made in 1770, is now made here. In an imported British still. So you can get an imported British taste without paying import duties. By Jove, be smart. Wrap your next martini in White Satin.

WHITE SATIN GIN

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN • 90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

able, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Daniel Hoffman and Maxine Kumin reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 13, at 8:30.)

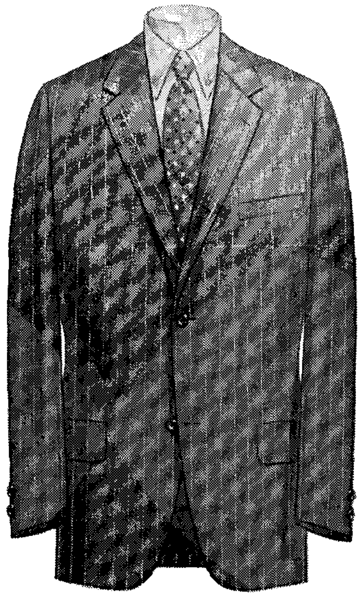
INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW—Four floors devoted to the display of new cars, representing manufacturers from England, France, West Germany, Italy, Japan, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Saturday, April 8-11, from 11 to 11, and Sunday, April 12, from 1 to 8.)

FLOWER SHOW—The April Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York on Wednesday, April 15, from 12 to 4. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S.)

NEW YORK FLEA MARKET—A hundred dealers and their wares in an outdoor setting. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, April 8-9, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, by such artists as Utrillo, Dufy, Dali, and Motherwell; from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 2: Part I of the Lucile and Robert H. Gries Collection of Chinese export porcelains. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian art, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 14, at 2: Traditional and avant-garde first editions and other books of literature, from various sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 15, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including works by Albert Bierstadt and Frederic Remington; from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, April 10.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The final programs in a series of Hungarian films: April 8 at 2 and 5:30, "Summer on the Hill" (1967); April 9 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Lady from Constantinople" (1969); April 10 at 2 and 5:30, "The Girl" (1969); April 11 at 3 and 5:30, "Current" (1964). . . . ¶ April 11 at 11:30: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg. . . . ¶ April 13 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Mare Nostrum" (1926), directed by Rex Ingram, with Alice Terry. . . . ¶ April 14 at 5:30: A film directed by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ Six programs in a series of Japanese films: April 12 at 2 and 5:30, "Sanshiro Sugata" (1943); April 13 at 8 and April 14 at 2, "I Was Born, But . . ." (1932); April 15 at 2 and 5:30, "The Heart" (1955); April 16 at 2, "The Diary of a Shinjuku Thief" (1968); April 16 at 5:30, "Boy" (1969); April 16 at 8, "Death by Hanging" (1968). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showing at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—April 8: "Black Friday" (1940), with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. . . . ¶ April 9: "Island of Lost Souls" (1933), with Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ April 10: "The Incredible Shrinking Man" (1957), with Grant Williams. . . . ¶ April 11: "Frankenstein" (1931), with Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ April 12: "Dracula" (1931), with Bela Lugosi. . . . ¶ April 15: "The Deadly Mantis" (1956), with Craig Stevens. . . . ¶ April 16: "The Black Cat" (1934), with Boris Karloff. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Six short silent films by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy. (Sundays at 2. For information about tickets, call EN 9-5110.)



OUR EXCLUSIVE
TROPICAL WEIGHT BROOKS-EASE

We believe this extraordinary all-worsted stretch material to be ideal for warm weather suits...for Brooks-Ease is not only as lightweight as most materials...but offers unique comfort with its ability to "give" at points of suit stress. Woven in Sweden exclusively for Brooks Brothers, tropical weight Brooks-Ease is tailored in our own workrooms on our good-looking 3-button model. For Spring and Summer we offer it in stripes of medium grey, charcoal or navy; solid shades of medium grey, charcoal, navy or putty; and Glenurquhart plaids of grey, brown or blue. Coat and trousers. $170

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE & 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • SCARSDALE • WASHINGTON

Fifth Avenue and Branches

One of several Ban-Lon® collectables we
have in store for you in 100% nylon. This
one—just daisy with golden baby buttons on
a fitted bodice, softest sash, easiest skirt.
Blue/green or brown/beige, 5 to 13, 42.00*
*Slightly higher on the West Coast

Peck & Peck
salutes collector's items in print.
And a certain kind of woman.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16		

The Adventurers—Rotten. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

Alice's Restaurant—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 15.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Genevieve Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 9.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon form the two couples (it's the latter one that will interest you). (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Boys in the Band—The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank-doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; April 8.)

The Damned—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Daybreak ("Le Jour Se Lève;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting April 16.)

Easy Rider—Two motorcycle riders, played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, travel east across America in a frontier myth run backward. Jack Nicholson's boozing liberal Southern lawyer is brilliant. Dennis Hopper's direction is terse and rhythmic. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 15.)

Fellini Satyricon—For Fellini, pre-Christian Rome resembles a stoned circus. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through April 16, tentative.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's extraordinary first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting April 16.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Gunga Din (1939)—An absurd trouble-in-the-colonies adventure film that does for its genre almost what "Beat the Devil" did later to the international thriller. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur threw this hokum together, "inspired" by the Rudyard Kipling poem, and William Faulkner had a hand in it, too. The stars are Cary Grant in his athletic youth, dapper Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the eternal vulgarian, Victor McLaglen; they are supported by Eduardo Ciannelli as a mad high priest and Sam Jaffe as the loyal Indian, Gunga Din. George Stevens directed this exhilarating nonsense. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; April 9-15.)

Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—John Ford's much-honored movie about the decline of a Welsh mining family is impressive in a big-Hollywood-picture way. With Maureen O'Hara, Sara Allgood, Barry Fitzgerald, and many other Irish actors; the singers, however, are really Welsh. And Roddy McDowall was such a nice little boy, and Walter Pidgeon such a gentleman and so sincere. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 9-12.)

Intimate Lighting—A charming and humane comedy about a young couple who visit an old friend of the husband's and discover how the two men's paths—once so close—have diverged. The director, Ivan Passer, is witty in small, odd ways that are peculiarly satisfying. A Czechoslovakian film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Jezebel (1938)—Bette Davis at her dazzling best—as a Southern belle who confuses perversity with coquetry. A full-scale demonstration of the talent of a star who can act. William Wyler directed. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 10-13.)

The Last Laugh (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; April 8.)

Letter from an Unknown Woman (1948)—Joan Fontaine suffers and suffers, but so *exquisitely* in this romantic evocation of late-nineteenth-century Vienna that one doesn't know whether to clobber the poor, wronged creature or to give in and weep. Max Ophuls directed this handsome version of the Stefan Zweig tearjerker. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 10-13.)

The Liberation of L. B. Jones—William Wyler's melodrama about the modern South may please blacks more than it pleases whites, and it's easy to see why. A bit player named Brenda Sykes has the most beautiful face to hit the screen since Elizabeth Taylor was a child. (Pacific East, 220 E. 59th, 688-0750; through April 9.)

Loving—An unusually intelligent film, with George Segal as an amiable failed artist who wriggles this way and that, because he doesn't like his life. Irvin Kershner directed, and it's beautifully detailed and sustained. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

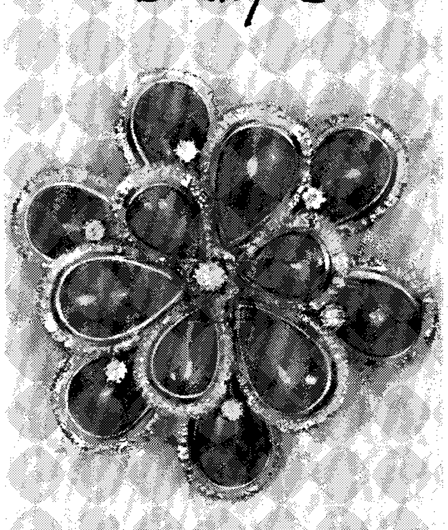
The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A witty, far-out thriller about political extremists, with some chilling moments. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, and John McGiver. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 14-16.)

M*A*S*H—The best American war comedy since sound came in. With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Midnight Cowboy—Fine performances by Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040.)

My Night at Maud's—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actu-

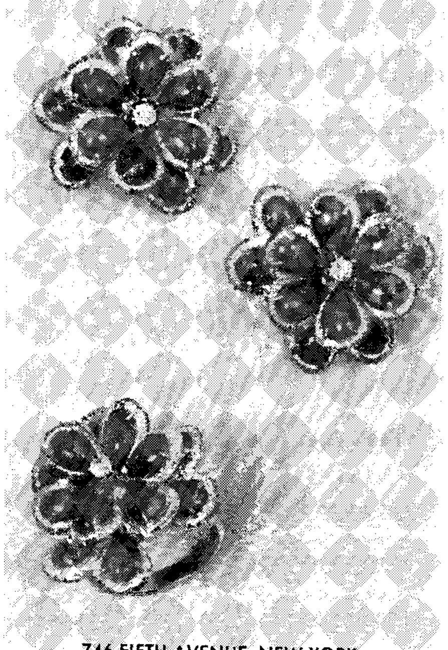
VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
"Boutique"



Coral Flowers

An unusually delicate and delightfully lovely bouquet, salmon color flowers framed in textured 18 kt. gold, each centered with a sparkling round diamond. Clip, with seven diamonds, $1,200. Earclips, $360. Ring, $180.

Jewelry designs copyrighted



746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
300 NORTH RODEO DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS
Palm Beach • Paris • Monte Carlo • Geneva

ally talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Patton—This huge epic was made in a style that might be called imperial; it's very impressive, despite the indications that it was designed to satisfy both war lovers and pacifists. It begs every question that it raises. George C. Scott is Patton; Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Quick Millions (1931)—An early gangster film, with Spencer Tracy as the man who says he is too nervous to steal and too lazy to work. He compromises by applying business methods to crime. Directed by Rowland Brown. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 8.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; through April 14.)

The Sicilian Clan—Henri Verneuil's thriller, with Jean Gabin as the head of a Mafia-family squirearchy, and Alain Delon as a murderer punk. Very efficient, with a rather evil-minded sense of humor and a strong conviction about the morality of private enterprise in crime. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Sunrise (1927)—A strange (and silent) failed masterpiece by the great German director, F. W. Murnau, who made this stylized, oddly Germanic movie in America. It got rather too self-consciously pictorial, but even in the alien milieu, Murnau's direction is frequently masterly, and there are splendid sequences. From a Sudermann story. With Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien, and with Margaret Livingston as the temptress. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 13.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—Clifford Odets' idiomatic dialogue and Alexander Mackendrick's crisp direction make something very special out of this melodrama about big city corruption. With Burt Lancaster as a columnist and Tony Curtis (amazingly good) as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent, and Barbara Nichols and Sam Levene. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 14-16.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—Ideology on horseback. Abraham Polonsky's indictment of American racism, set in a Western framework, features Robert Blake as Willie, the hunted Indian, and Robert Redford as Coop, the sheriff. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 15.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630. . . . ¶ U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through April 14.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. First showing at 4 on Saturdays and Sundays. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600.)

Unfaithfully Yours (1948)—A classic American comedy, written and directed by Preston Sturges, that got terrible reviews and failed at the box office when it first came out. Symphony conductor Rex Harrison (at the top of his form in this parody of Sir Thomas Beecham) disposes of his wife (Linda Darnell) in three different ways to the music of Rossini, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky. With Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, Barbara Lawrence, and Lionel Stander. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 9-12.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's affable film of the festival last year. Though it has the look of a documentary, it makes a powerful invisible choice—no squalor shown, no trouble. Jimi Hendrix has a fine set in which he makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Z—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras' extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Zabriskie Point—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Zoo in Budapest (1933)—Loretta Young and Gene Raymond are the lovers in a romantic little movie with a special charm. Rowland V. Lee directed. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 8.)

Note—A series of Laurel-and-Hardy films is being shown at Town Hall (113 W. 43rd, JU 2-4536). April 8 and 10, at 5:30: "Way Out West" (1937), "The Midnight Patrol" (1933), and "Them Thar Hills" (1934). . . . ¶ April 13-15 and 17, all at 5:30: "Saps at Sea" (1940), "Laughing Gravy" (1931), and "Another Fine Mess" (1930).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE DAMNED.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
Through April 12: "Destroy, She Said" (in French).
From April 13: "The Man Who Lies" (in French), Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
April 8: "Mister Freedom," Donald Pleasence, Delphine Seyrig.
April 9-15: "Boy" (in Japanese).
From April 16: To be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 14: "All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden; and "Joanna" (1968), Genevieve Waite.
From April 15: **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE;** and "Duffy" (1968), James Coburn, James Mason.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
EASY RIDER; and **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
THE ADVENTURERS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE SICILIAN CLAN (in French).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
ZABRISKIE POINT.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through April 9: **THE LIBERATION OF L. B. JONES.**
From April 10: "How to Succeed with Sex," Zack Taylor.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Monique," Sibylla Kay.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"End of the Road," Stacy Keach.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 9: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French); and "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.
From April 10: "Mississippi Mermaid" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Catherine Deneuve.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"A Boy Named Charlie Brown," a full-length cartoon.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 14: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
From April 15: To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
THE ADVENTURERS.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
LOVING.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through April 15: "Antonio das Mortes" (in Portuguese).
From April 16: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 14: "The Most Beautiful Age," a Czechoslovakian film.
From April 15: **EASY RIDER;** and **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
INTIMATE LIGHTING, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Me" (in French).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
EASY RIDER; and **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
April 8: **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** and **THE LAST LAUGH** (both silent films).
April 9-15: **GUNGA DIN;** and "Journey Into Fear" (1943), Orson Welles.
From April 16: **DAYBREAK** and **THE 400 BLOWS** (both in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 14: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
From April 15: To be announced.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
FUNNY GIRL.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.
Saturday and Sunday, April 11-12, at noon and 2: Kenneth Clark's series of films, "Civilisation." This week, "Protest & Communication" and "Grandeur and Obedience."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through April 12: "Love Is a Funny Thing" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Annie Girardot.
From April 13: "Every Bastard a King," Pier Angeli.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LOVING.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through April 16 (tentative): **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS;** and "The Crazy World of Laurel and Hardy" (1967), a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Monique," Sibylla Kay.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through April 14: **ROMEO AND JULIET.**
From April 15: "Brotherly Love," Peter O'Toole, Susannah York.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

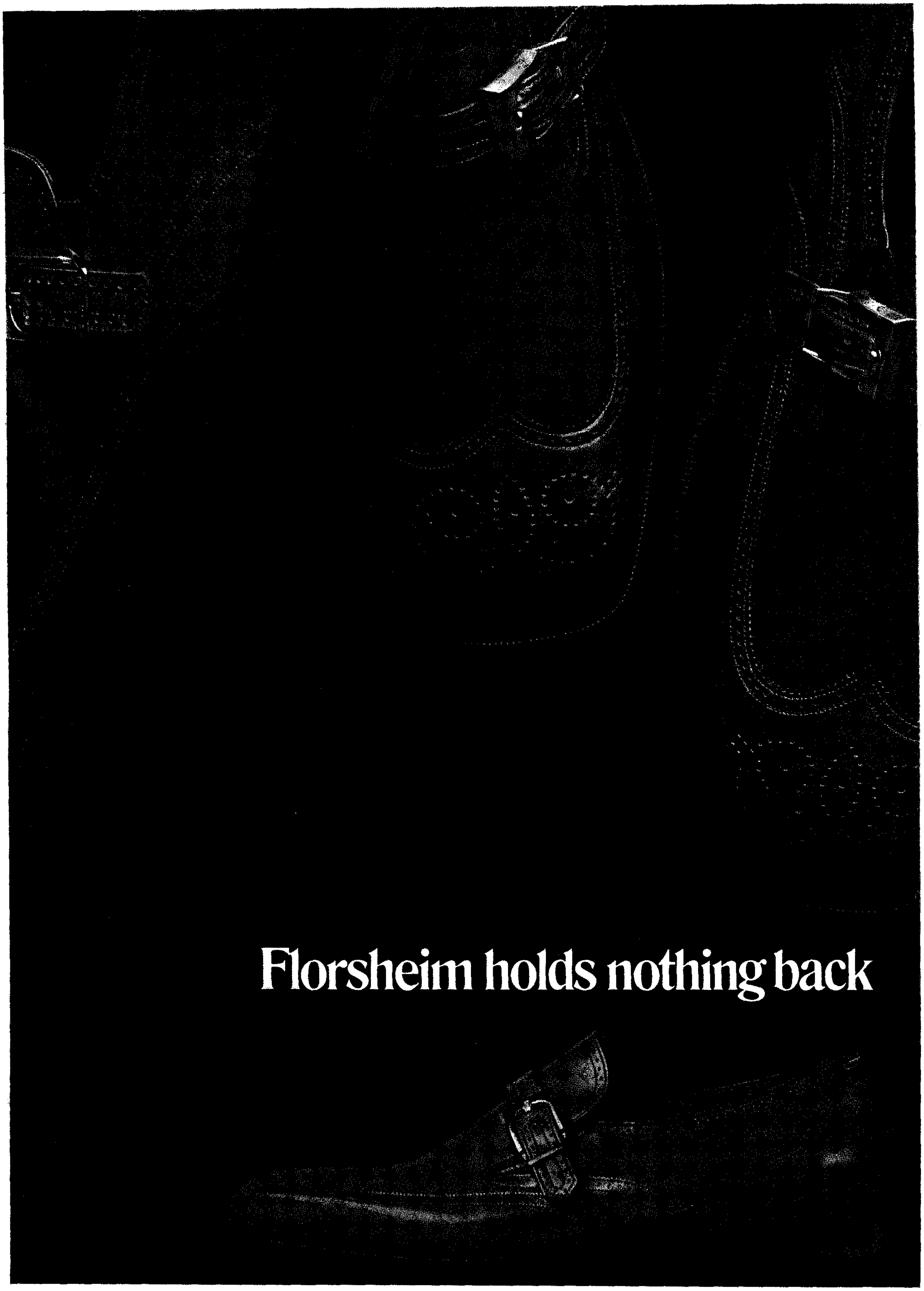
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 8: **QUICK MILLIONS;** and **ZOO IN BUDAPEST.**
April 9-12: **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY;** and **UNFAITHFULLY YOURS.**
From April 13: **SUNRISE** (silent); and "Me and My Gal" (1932), Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 14: "The Brain," David Niven, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "The Assassination Bureau" (1969), Oliver Reed.
From April 15: "Topaz," Frederick Stafford; and "3 Into 2 Won't Go" (1969), Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 9: "Arch of Triumph" (1948), Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer; and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" (1944), Lynn Bari, Francis Lederer.
April 10-13: **JEZEBEL;** and **LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN.**
April 14-16: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE;** and **SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE DAMNED.


Florsheim holds nothing back

Shown: The Corsica, 30198, custom gold brown cavello kid • Most Florsheim styles $19.95 to $29.95/Most Imperial styles $39.95.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 60606 • A DIVISION OF INTERCO INCORPORATED

©American Tourister, Warren, R.I.

"The luggage fell end over end, and smashed on the dock below..."

"They were loading it onto the ship and we saw the whole thing happen. We almost fainted."

The brutal truth about travel is, people don't take care of your suitcase the way they take care of you.

So we build an American Tourister that can take care of itself.

We pack sixteen different strong materials into every single case.

We wrap it all up with a tough stainless steel frame.

We reinforce American Touristers with fiber glass. (All over. Not just on the corners.)

And give each bag non-spring locks. The kind that don't spring open on impact.

"It seems incredible, but the locks held tight. And none of my clothes got hurt at all."

We do everything we can to make sure every American Tourister has a long, hard life.

"When I think what might have happened with a lesser bag, I feel like fainting again."

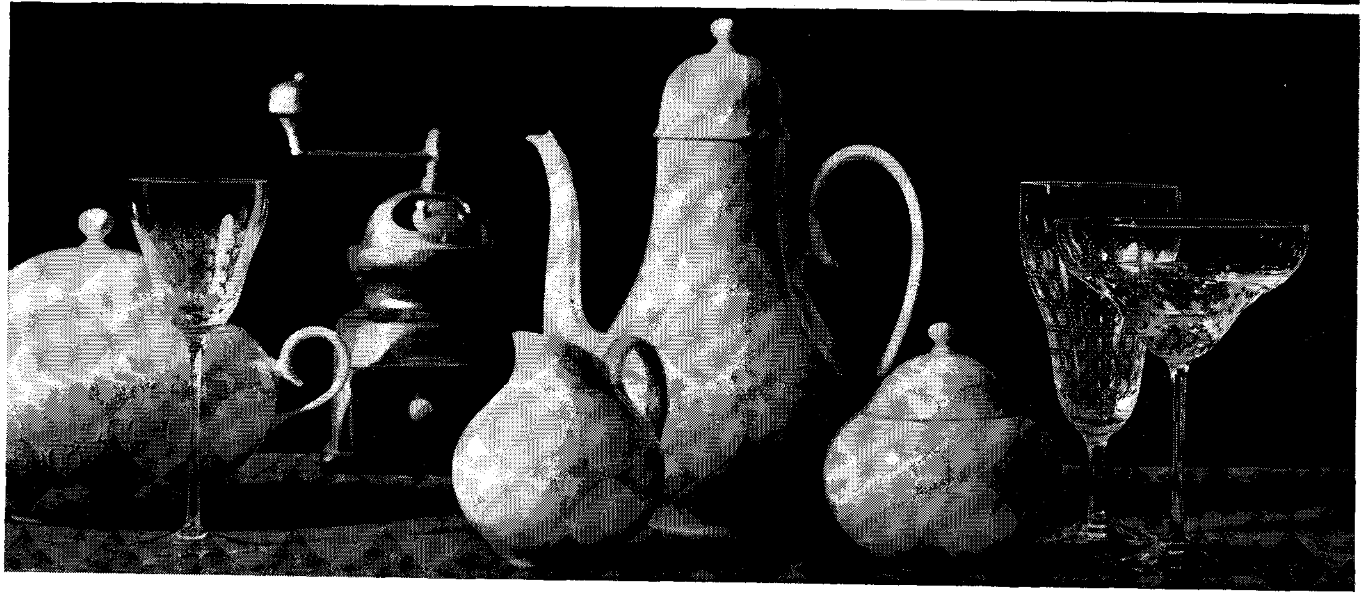
Mrs. Allyn Gerds
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

American Tourister

American Tourister

The Rosenthal Studio-Line:

Beautifully
contemporary
china, crystal
and flatware
created by
the world's most
famous designers.



Designers like Emilio Pucci of Italy, Bjørn Wiinblad of Denmark and Tapio Wirkkala of Finland. All of them artists who believe that fine design, like fine art, endures long after temporary fads are forgotten.

In order to assure you the attention, advice and service you deserve in choosing something as important as fine tableware, Rosenthal Studio-Line is sold only at selected stores which feature a special Studio-Line department. For the name of the nearest store carrying Studio-Line, write the address below.

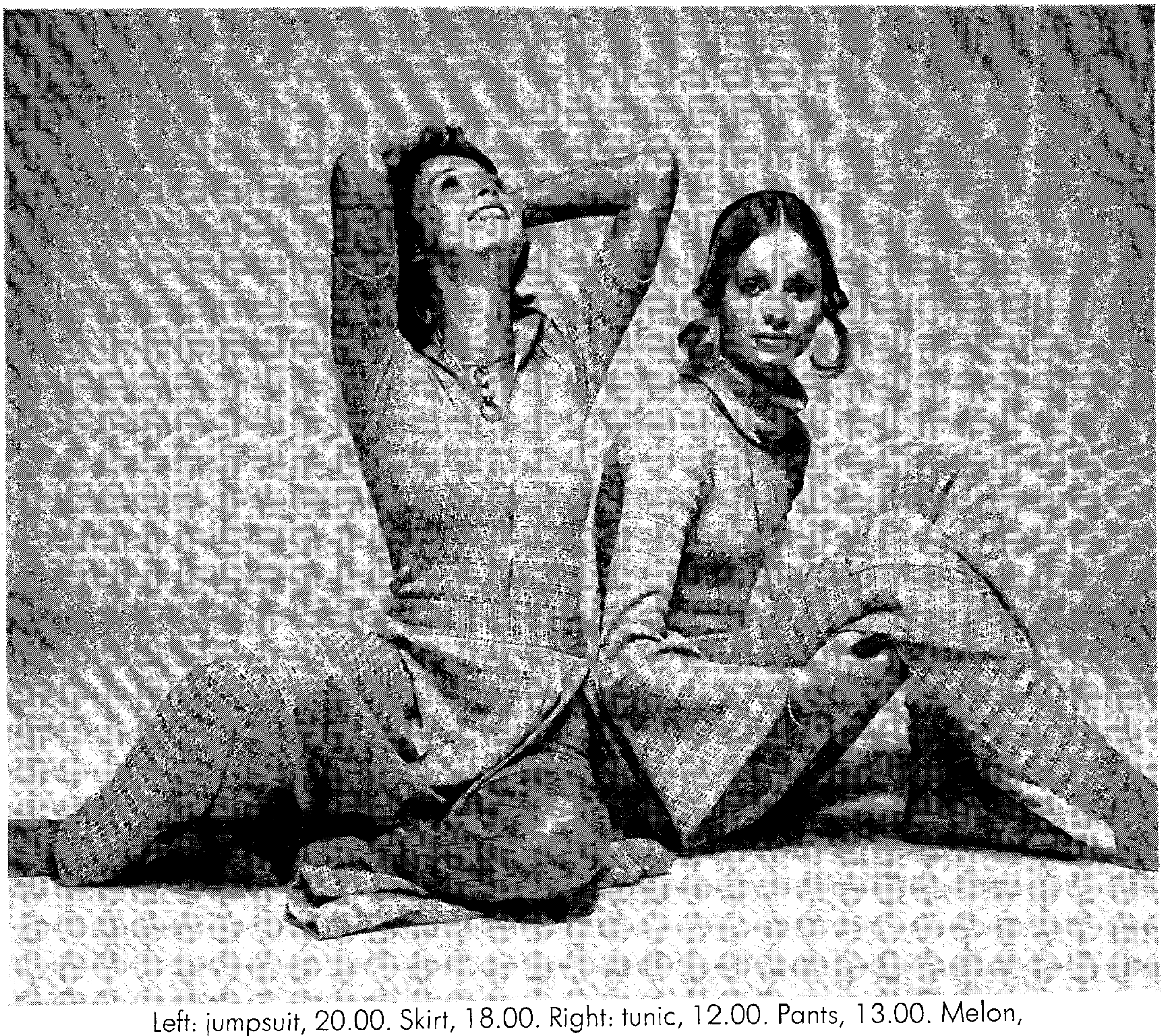
For a full color Studio-Line brochure, please enclose 50¢. Dept. N, Rosenthal U.S.A., Limited, 411 East 76th St., N.Y., N.Y. 11121. In Canada, Rosenthal China (Canada), Limited, 44 Carnforth Road, Toronto, 16, Ont.

Rosenthal
studio-line

CÔTE D'AZUR

A new shop. A new collection. A new gathering of ideas (and the way they're put together) from Europe's young Summer sunners. Everything that's sea and sand and sky and simply marvelous. Côte d'Azur, third floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

B Altman & Co



Left: jumpsuit, 20.00. Skirt, 18.00. Right: tunic, 12.00. Pants, 13.00. Melon, black and white elasticized cotton. S-M.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

On March 24th, Representative John V. Tunney, a California Democrat who seeks his party's nomination for United States senator, addressed the Wilshire Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles and made some charges about our involvement in Laos that have not, as far as we have been able to learn, previously been made. We yield the floor to the Congressman:

> We are today engaged . . . in a secret war in Laos, a tribal war in which the C.I.A. has committed the United States to support a faction of Meo tribesmen, led by General Vang Pao, whose sole objective is to dominate other factions of this opium-producing Meo tribe throughout Northern Laos. The C.I.A. has involved us in this covert operation, which is being fought around the Plain of Jars, more than one thousand miles away from the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The Administration has deliberately veiled in secrecy our deepening involvement in an opium tribal war which has the potential to engulf all of Southeast Asia in a full-fledged conflict which would have global repercussions. . . . On grounds of moral indignation, as a defender of democracy, we have unwittingly allowed ourselves to become involved in a situation which, to the Meo tribesman or Laotian warlord, has very little to do with his major cash crop—opium. For this tribal war has, as one of its prizes, an area capable of producing, on an annual basis, four to ten tons of marketable opium. This is equal to from two to six million dollars in Laotian currency. Refined as heroin and sold on the streets of Los Angeles, it would bring nearly nine hundred million dollars. . . . The clandestine yet official operations of the United States government could be aiding and abetting heroin traffic here at home.

Representative Tunney is in the middle of a hard campaign, and this is, of course, campaign oratory. It so happens, though, that his adviser on Southeast Asian affairs is Professor John T. McAlister, Jr., of the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs, at Princeton, who is the author of "Viet-Nam: The Origins of Revolution" and is probably the most eminent scholar in the Southeast Asian field. Suspecting that it was on his authority that the candidate made these extraordinary assertions, we checked with the Professor and found that this was indeed the case. He would, he said, swear to the truth of them in any forum. The next move, we should think, would be up to Senator Fulbright.

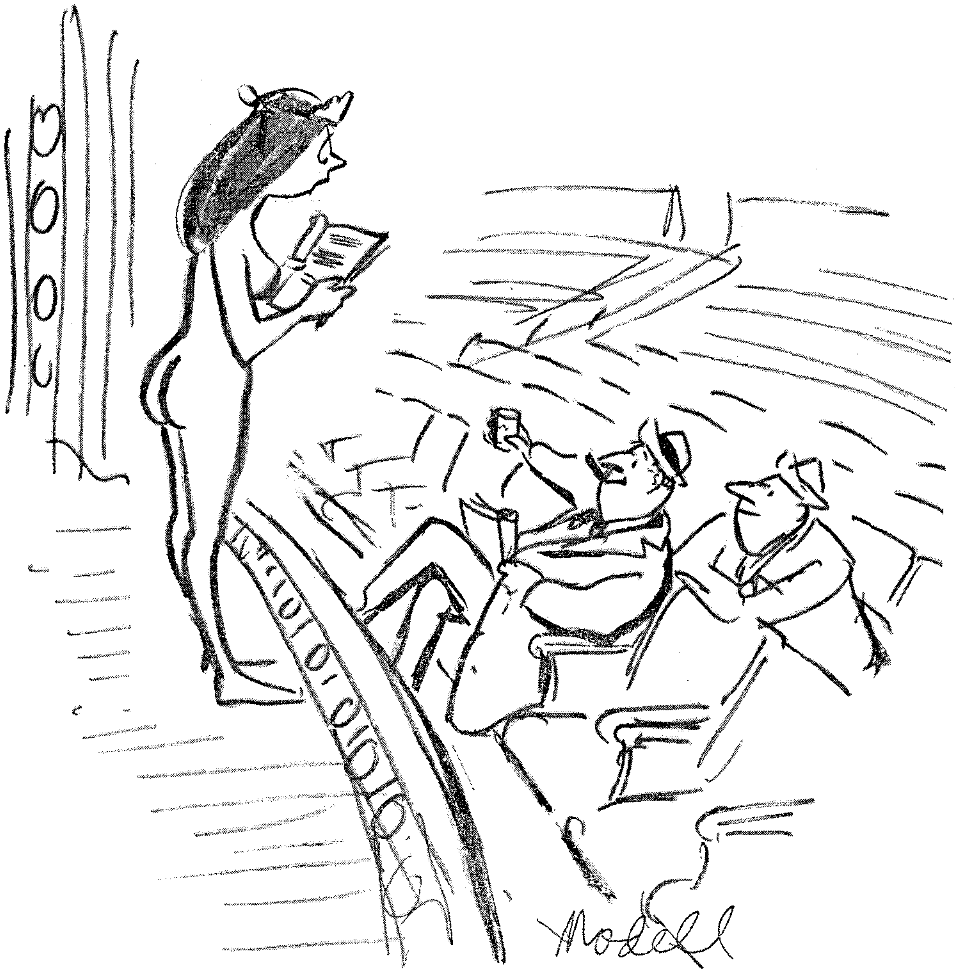
Rooms

James Parker, a curator of Western European Arts at the Metropolitan Museum, oversees a remarkable collection of period rooms that was expanded this winter by the acquisition of two handsome eighteenth-century interiors from a Paris town house and a Viennese palace. We dropped in to see Mr. Parker recently and found him wrestling with a heavy wooden railing in the Louis XV Alcove, lifting it off the floor and onto a dolly with the help of a workman in a white coat. As he seemed capable of emitting only an "Oof" or two at this point, we postponed conversation and went downstairs to await him in his office.

Shelves full of art and history books lined the office, and more books were piled on his desk. On the walls above the shelves were fragments of ornamental wood panelling from eighteenth-century rooms. The furniture consisted of a four-legged stool covered in dusty needlepoint, and two chairs that appeared to be modified Chippendale. We were looking at one of the chairs when Mr. Parker came in, dabbing his brow. "Done around 1740," he said. "The style is eighteenth-century bastard. We don't have anything very interesting in the way of office furniture. John Phillips, the chairman of the Department of Western European Arts, has a grand French chair that's a fake." Mr. Parker, a man in his middle forties, wore a gray suit, black tie, and glasses with shiny brown metal rims. After he sat down and caught his breath, we asked him why there are period rooms in museums.

"Because they are an effective way of recapturing the past. They give us a look at certain periods of history, and thereby give us some insight into our own time. They arose with the growth of public museums, in the nineteenth century. Their forerunners were the animal- and human-habitat groups in natural-history museums and the wax-museum tableaux in which figures were placed in domestic settings. In the eighteen-sixties, when domestic settings became of interest in themselves, period rooms appeared in Europe. They became popular in this country in the nineteen-twenties, when the American Wing was opened here at the Metropolitan. Our Western European rooms were opened in 1954, and today we have sixteen of them, containing furniture, paintings, porcelain, rugs, silver, tapestries, and sculpture. We also have eighteen galleries that are simply display areas and are not meant to be domestic settings."

Without further ado, Mr. Parker took us upstairs for a tour, beginning with a sixteenth-century French chapel. "The panelling in this room was installed in a New York house before the Museum got it—the Harry Payne Whitney house, which used to be at Sixty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. The room next door—an Elizabethan interior—was in the Morton F. Plant house, which was at Eighty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue. You see, fine interiors sometimes do quite a bit of travelling through private houses before they



"'You rang?' You mean that is my only line?"

reach museums. A good many of the rooms here passed through New York mansions." We paused a moment in a seventeenth-century Swiss room, and continued to an eighteenth-century bedroom from the Sagredo Palace, in Venice, which is a delight for aficionados of the baroque. Its walls are hung with green-and-gold brocatelle, and its ceiling is an effusion of stucco cupids so lightly and gracefully molded that they actually seem to be flying through the air. The room is dimly lighted, and, as we stood behind a chest-high glass barrier, we noticed several candy wrappers lying on the floor near the bed. "We put up the barrier because we found children jumping on the bed," Mr. Parker said gloomily. "It doesn't stop them from throwing things on the floor, though." He looked up at the frolicking cupids and pointed to some narrow, barely visible fractures in their stomachs. "They had to be sawed in half when the panelling and ceiling were taken apart and shipped here. While the room was being put together again, it was a scene of carnage—cupids lay everywhere in halves, a top here and a bottom there."

We strolled on to an elegant eighteenth-century English dining room designed by Robert Adam, in which a lustrous dining table was laid with gleaming silver plates and trays. A delicate barrier of silk-bound rope separated us from the table. We asked Mr. Parker if anyone had ever lifted the rope and made off with any silver.

"They can't," he said. "The silver's electrically alarmed." Summoning a uniformed guard and telling him to wait nearby, he unhooked the rope, walked to the table, and touched a tray. A loud sound, like the nasal cry of a large indignant goat, echoed through the room and into adjoining galleries. The guard immediately opened a false door in the dining room and switched off the hidden alarm as another guard came running in. Recognizing Mr. Parker, he went away, looking relieved.

The next room was another creation of Robert Adam—a drawing room from Croome Court, in Worcestershire, the countryseat of the earls of Coventry. The walls and furniture are covered with matching crimson Gobelin tapestries woven with floral garlands and mythological scenes. "Architects had to know much more in the eighteenth century than they do today. Adam designed his interiors complete with furniture, and right down to the doorknobs and escutcheon plates," Mr. Parker said.

We noted that the tapestries were in surprisingly good condition.

"They've been well cared for," he said. "Then, too, the rooms are moisture-controlled. As far as furniture is concerned, it's not the temperature that's so important but the humidity. If the air dries out, the furniture cracks. If the air is too wet, the adhesive that holds the furniture together liquefies, so pieces of veneer or gesso fall off. Ideally, the humidity should be around fifty per cent."

We meandered through the remaining rooms, stopping now and then as Mr. Parker adjusted the position of a chair or a rug. Our tour ended at the two new rooms, which were given to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman, the collectors of Old Master paintings and eighteenth-century European decorative arts. The rooms are brilliantly lighted, and their walls bear a fertile array of carved and gilded arabesques, garlands, swags, trophies, birds, and scrolls. One of the rooms came from a Paris house built for the Comtesse de Varengeville and the other from the Palais Paar, which was built in Vienna for Baron Johann Christoph von Paar, the Postmaster of the Holy Roman Empire. As we looked into the Varengeville room, Mr. Parker smiled. "A great deal of painstaking work went into installing it," he said. "The panelling had been moved in the nineteenth century to another house in Paris, and in the course of the move the ceiling was lost. We had to create a new ceiling, as well as nine new wall panels, two doorframes, two overdoor frames, and a new cornice."

We asked where workmen sufficiently skilled to do eighteenth-century woodcarving and plasterwork had been found.

"There are such men left in the world, believe it or not," Mr. Parker said. "The woodcarving was done in the workshops of Jansen and Alavoine, two interior-decorating firms in Paris. Jansen also devised the plaster ornament for the ceiling and cornice, making models from eighteenth-century designs. A Manhattan firm, Rochette & Parzini, did the plastering, using Jansen's models. There are firms here in New York that do very skilled work. The panelling in both the Varengeville and the Paar rooms was assembled and installed by the Saget-

Zeien Woodworking Corporation. The flooring, which is eighteenth-century oak arranged in square patterns known as *parquet de Versailles*, was laid by the Coughlin Flooring Company. The marble mantels were installed by the Miller-Druck Company, which has a marble yard in the Bronx."

As we walked out through an adjoining gallery, we remarked that the walls of the gallery had been excellently marbled—painted to look exactly like veined white marble.

"Yes, that was done by another New York firm—Guertler Studios," Mr. Parker said. He looked at his watch and headed back to his office. As we followed him, we passed several pieces of furniture, bearing Marie Antoinette's initials, that were standing on platforms about three inches high. "We use platforms to protect the legs of chairs from the cleaning squad and from visitors' shoes," Mr. Parker said. "But the platforms don't stop people from touching things. We had to remove some of Marie Antoinette's other pieces—her marvellous mechanical table, a *bergère*, and a fire screen—because of heavy Sunday crowds. People touch everything. One day when I was in one of the English galleries, I saw two enormous fur-coated women trying to pull up the top of a card table that had been fastened shut. I said to them, loudly and firmly, 'Put that *down*.' They were startled."

•

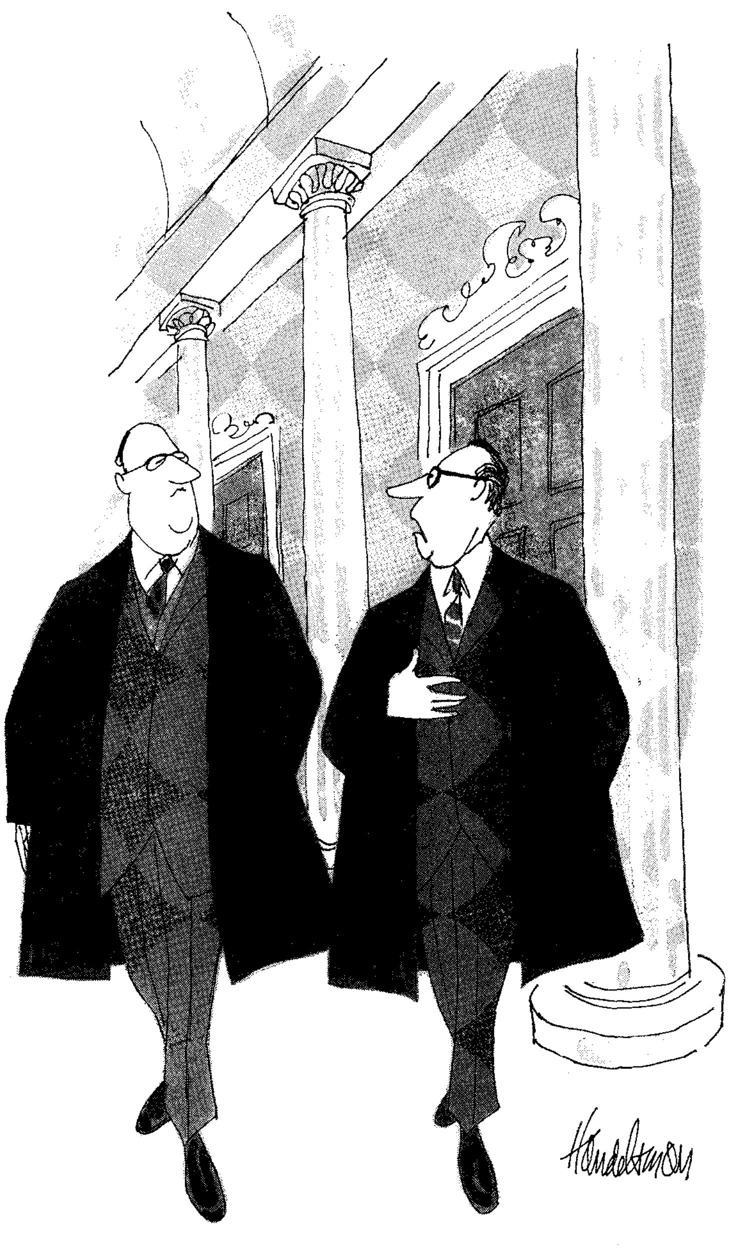
A HOT-DOG vender who is usually at Fifty-fifth Street and Lexington Avenue has a Master Charge sticker on his stand.

Timothy Mayer

"JESUS: A PASSION PLAY FOR AMERICANS" was a ninety-minute program shown on Channel 13 on Good Friday. It was a fine and original piece of work that made use of the King James Version of the Bible, modern blues music, the abandoned South End factory of the Audivox Corporation, in Boston, and the talents of some young residents of Boston and Cambridge. We talked, shortly after a screening of the show, with Timothy Mayer, the writer and director of the program. Mr. Mayer writes fine plays (produced in Boston and Cambridge) and directs them, he writes fine song lyrics (and recites them), and he likes to dress well. When we saw him, he was wearing a pin-striped suit with real buttonholes on the sleeves. He had a red carnation in his lapel, and the buttonhole was equipped with a bit of elastic to keep the carnation stem in place.

Two years ago, Mr. Mayer wrote a play with music called "Prince Erie," which celebrated the life of Jim Fisk, and which in certain ways resembles "Jesus: A Passion Play for Americans." We asked Mr. Mayer how he came to Jesus from Jim Fisk.

"Fisk was a mythic figure," he said. "He weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. He was an American capitalist. He was shot. He was a legend that hadn't yet passed into the language. Fisk seemed to suggest an archetype. Jesus is the absolute archetype. The story of the last days of his life is the major dramatic narrative of our culture. It's the West's story. It's the story to get. I did 'Jesus' mainly with my friends, in the former home of the Audivox Corporation. The environment of a stripped factory had a certain funky neutrality that was useful. I don't know if it worked on the program, but it did seem, during the four days we were down there, that we were going through the story. If you watched, you could see archetypes emerging in your friends. It was not a put-on. The show did not protect itself in that way. There was no sense of 'Maybe I mean this and maybe I don't, but whatever you think it's the other.' We weren't trying to interpret the story, we were trying to *do* it, to participate in the last week in the life of Jesus. When you do this, you use a lot of stuff from your culture, a lot of stuff from the streets. We had highway reflector signs naming each scene—'The Cleansing of the Temple,' 'Questioning of Jesus by the High Priest.' We touched all the bases."



"My record is every bit as undistinguished as yours."

•

A TENDERHEARTED lady we know applied to the Department of Parks for permission to plant a small garden of sweet marjoram and thyme in a corner of Carl Schurz Park, and was somewhat confused when she received an official form that included such queries as "Will there be a parade?," "Will there be a band?," and "Will buses be required for transportation?"

Synchrotons and Peripherals

WE looked in on the International Convention and Exhibition of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers. Fifty *thousand* engineers, wandering around the New York Hilton ballrooms and corridors and all over the Coliseum. Holding sessions on Electro-Acousto-Opto-Magneto-Elasto Interactions, on Satellite Communications, on Computer Techniques in Urban Management, on Optoelectronics (New Advances in Light-Emitting Diodes and Other Display Devices), on a Broadband Communications Network of the Next Decade (cable television), on Artwork Generation for Integrated Circuits, on Achieving MOS-Bipolar Compatibility, on Progress in the Electromagnetic Compatibility Field. Listening to the reading of papers that explained how a laser beam can be used to upconvert infrared light to visible light, how by the end of 1979 the level of integration in silicon circuits probably will show a hundredfold increase in the complexity of circuits, how new technologies for a flat-panel display of the light-emitting diode (LED) and the gaseous plasma cell show promise, and how our sixth national resource—the radio-frequency, or electromagnetic, spectrum—is threatened with pollution, owing to unnecessary radiations. Speaking a language all their own that was rather restful to listen to. We got lost for a nice long time among the five hundred and eighty-eight exhibits, on four floors, at the Coliseum, drinking Cokes and picking up samples of flat-bonded round conductor ribbon cable, of lacing tapes, of plastic control knobs (standard skirt, pointer, short skirt, standard concentric, and others), of plastic press clips, of plastic half press clips, of nylon washers, and of a lot of God knows what other stuff, all of it soothing and impressive.

◆

We ran into a number of Japanese men supervising Japanese electronics exhibits.

"We show you demonstration, yes?" said Makoto Ikegaki, speaking for himself and for Se-Ichi Takayanagi, both from Toshiba (the very big Tokyo Shibaura Electric Company), and both smiling noisily.

"Why not?" we said.

Ikegaki held up a black curtain, and Takayanagi ushered us into a darkroom. "You not see in dark, right?" Ikegaki said.

"Right," we said, because the darkroom was very dark. (But we could hear our hosts smiling.)

"My camera can see in dark," said Takayanagi, who is a nuclear physicist.

Someone switched on a light, and we saw before us a rectangular glass cage with a camera at one end pointing at a lineup of a Ruffino Chianti bottle, a Dopey the Dwarf doll, and a windup toy bear playing a drum. Our hosts giggled, switched off the light, clicked the camera, switched on the light again, and presented us with a print of the bottle-doll-bear lineup.

"Impressive," we said.

"Good for your Army and your Navy in dark night find and see enemy," Ikegaki said, and he and his companion gave more smiles.

"Don't want it," we said, stepping outside.

"Better want in peace, right?" Takayanagi said.

"Right," Ikegaki said.

Both men laughed.

The pair then handed us some handsome booklets on expensive glossy paper touting Toshiba products in color. Hydro-Electric Generating Equipment. Diesel-Electric Generating Sets. Furnace Transformers. Oil Circuit Breakers. Induction Motors. Crane Motors. Marine Motors. Steel Mill Equipment. Paper Mill Equipment. Vacuum Melting Furnaces. Diesel-Electric Locomotives. Trolley Buses. Monorail Cars. Elevators and Escalators. Electron Synchrotron. Proton Synchrotron. Cyclotron. Betatron. Linear Accelerator. Mass Spectrometers. Mass Separators. Nuclear Reactors. Manipulators for Radioactive Isotopes. Neutron Analyzer. Cosmic Ray Analyzer. Radiation-Monitoring Instruments and Systems. Radio Broadcasting Equipment. Television Broadcasting Equipment. Microwave Communication Equipment. Space Communication Equipment. Radar. Data-Transmission Equipment. Telephone Switchboards. Desk Telephones. Automatic Mail Sorters. Radios. Television Sets. Refrigerators. Room Air-Conditioners. Washing Machines. Electric Fans. Electronic Organs. Ovens, Irons, Toasters, Blenders, Heaters, Shavers. Water Coolers. Car and Bus Air-Conditioners. General Lighting Incandescent Lamps. Special Incandescent Lamps. Fluorescent Lamps. Photoconductive Cells. Transmitting Tubes. Rectifier Tubes. Receiving Tubes. Microwave Tubes. Camera Tubes. X-Ray Tubes. Silicon Controlled Rectifiers. Thermistors. Ferrite. Medical Radiation Equipment. Nuclear Medicine Apparatus. Radiation-Measuring Apparatus. Impulse Generators. Stroboscopes. Radiation Thermometers. Halogen Gas-Leak Testers. Watt-Hour Meters. Neutron Hydrometers. Typewriters. Adding Machines. Cash Registers. Nickel. Graphoils. Silicones. *Gigantic* company. Quite a list.

We took the list with us to the fourth floor, where we paused at the entrance to a screening room with two signs outside: "Industrial Film Showings" and "3—The Weather Eye." A young man wearing a convention badge identifying him as "J. W. Horner. Western Elect." told us he had personally selected twenty-eight films for screening at the convention. "I've been running films for the past three months, and I've gone damn near blind," he said. "We're very popular. 'The Weather Eye' was made by the Atomic Energy Commission. We've got 'Lasers Unlimited,' made by A.T. & T.; 'Engineering Data Processing—More Power to Engineers,' made by I.B.M.; 'Something Big in Microcircuits,' made by British Information Services; 'Reactive Displays,' made by General Motors; 'Mask Making by Computer,' made by Bell Telephone; and, naturally, 'The Eagle Has Landed,' the NASA film of the Apollo 11 mission. Everybody likes free movies."

We saw "The Weather Eye" and thought it was great. Great color. Great camerawork. Great plot. The story of the design, development, and manufacture of SNAP-19, a small, long-lived radioisotope-fuelled nuclear generator whose mission is to be the auxiliary power supply aboard a Nimbus weather satellite six hundred nautical miles above the earth. No phony baloney like "Midnight Cowboy." Best movie we've seen since "Wild Strawberries."

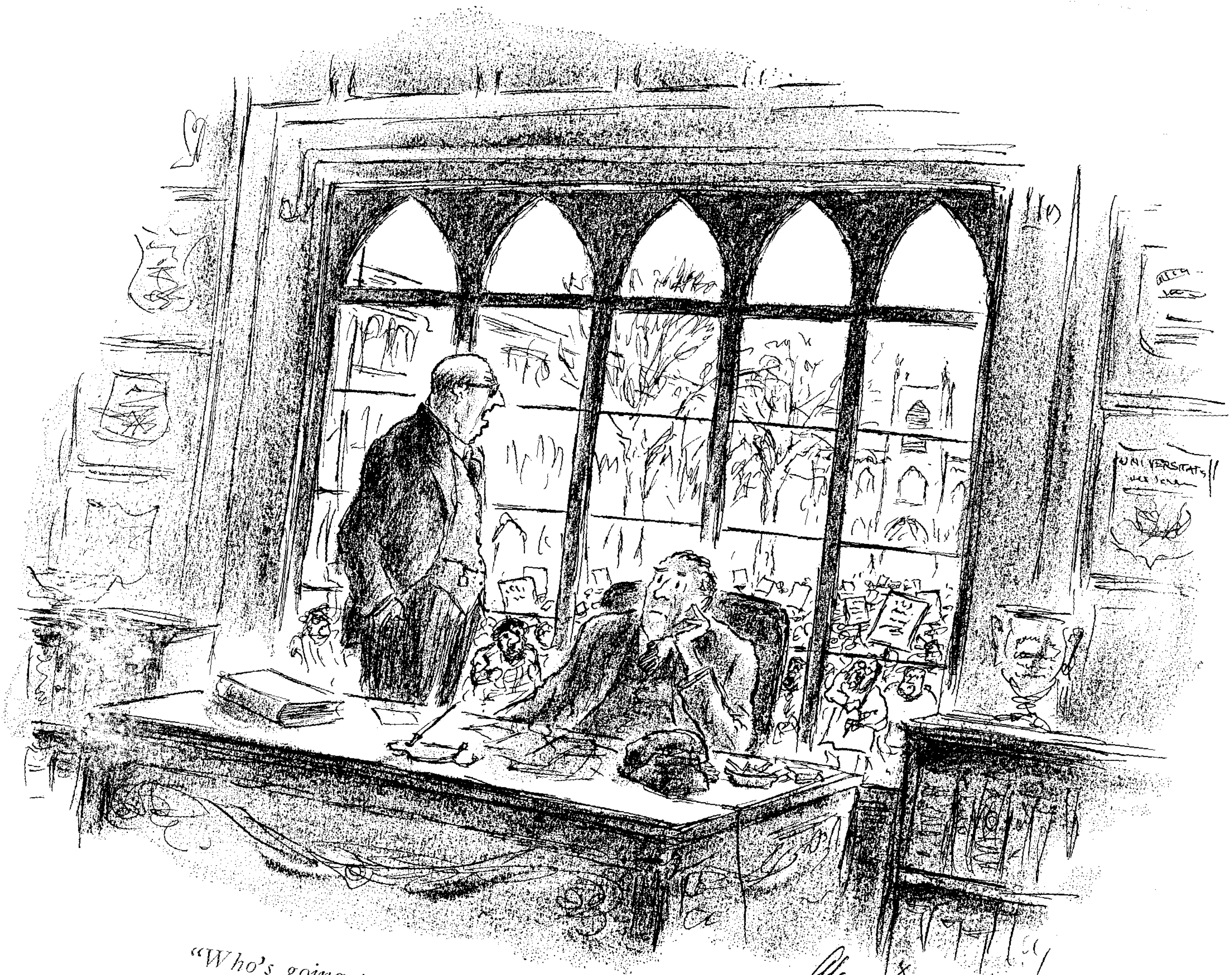
Next, we spent a little time with a young man with a brown mustache and sideburns whose badge identified him as Jim Hendershot, Vibrac Corporation, an affiliate of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, of Chelmsford, Massachusetts. He handed us a French-blue brochure labelled "Bulletin C1169—Vibrac Industrial Magnetic Particle Clutches." It developed that he was the inventor of Vibrac's clutch. He showed it to us. Cute. And small enough to clutch, he explained, in one fist.

"What does it do?" we asked.

"It's really a kind of black magic," Hendershot said. "And our clutch is the lowest in price—as low as forty dollars a clutch, if you buy several thousand."

"And the *clutch*?" we asked.

"It's a component of a computer peripheral device," he said. "The computer logic is so fast that it has to loaf at several intervals while the input and output devices—the peripherals—are



"Who's going to tell them that utopia is still in the talk stage?"

printing information. The clutches help in the speedup. Also, our clutch has a long life."

"Impressive," we said. "What's it doing with United Shoe Machinery?"

"It's part of the electronic-controls group that U.S.M. owns. U.S.M. does a five-hundred-million-dollar business. The shoe machinery is thirteen per cent of the dollar value, but it still brings in thirty per cent of the profit," he replied.

We quickly made for the more restful kind of language again. Correlation Function Computers. Lock-In Amplifiers. Portable Pyrometers. FM Deviation Meters. Cleanaire Work Stations. Pulse and Wideband Transformers. Fixed-Composition Resistors. Hot-Molded Variable Resistors. Detector Mounts. Silicon Nitride/Oxide Deposition Reactors. Environmental Test Chambers. Model 115 Coil Winders. Photomultipliers. Comparascopes. Stereozoom Microscopes. Cathode-Ray Tubes. Laminar-Flow Clean Hoods and Fume Hoods for Photo-Resist Lines and Clean-Air Requirements.

• •

Data-Conversion Modules. Relay Socket Bases. Gears. Shafting. Bearings. Fasteners. No-Slip Drive Belts. Tool Components. The Magnafax 850, which transmits and receives confirmation copies by telephone in six minutes (or less). Finally, we were drawn to a display of a couple of mechanical robots with feet made of pins and couplings, hands made of springs, and bodies made of gears. It was moving hypnotically and advertising the exhibit of P.I.C. Design Corporation (a subsidiary of Benrus), of East Rockaway, which makes precision-instrument components.

"We carry twenty-five thousand items on the *shelf*," said a young salesman named John Barry. He handed us a lovely little book telling about all twenty-five thousand items—hubless spur gears, adjustable hub clamps, mitre and bevel gears, anti-backlash gear assemblies, 64-pitch worm gears, experimental stainless springs, precision mitre gearboxes, breadboard development parts, and other things.

There was a sign in front of the robots reading "Created by Herbert Arnold and Dave Goodman."

"Meet Herbert Arnold," Mr. Barry said, introducing us to a handsome man with a full gray beard who was wearing a plaid jacket and an emerald-green turtleneck shirt.

"How did you happen to create them?" we asked, unable to take our eyes off the robots.

"Wayne Carney, vice-president of P.I.C. and a great guy, had me over to his house for dinner," Mr. Arnold began. "He owns a piece of sculpture of mine called 'Excalibur,' all made of junk. Actually, I call myself a found-objects sculptor. You might have seen my life-size bull, made of found objects, in the lobby of the New York Hilton. My bull weighed a little over a ton. Well, to make a long story short, Wayne asked me to create something for the convention."

"Do you like it?" Mr. Barry asked us.

"Love it. *Very* impressive," we said.

THE JOKE

WHY should a Polish Jew in New York publish a literary magazine in German? The magazine, *Das Wort*, was supposed to come out every three months but barely made it three times a year and sometimes only twice—a little volume of ninety-six pages. None of the German writers who appeared there were known to me. Hitler was already in power and these writers were all refugees. Manuscripts came from Paris, Switzerland, London, and even Australia. The stories were ponderous, with sentences whole pages long. No matter how I tried, I could not finish one of them. The poems had neither rhyme nor rhythm, and as far as I could judge they had no content.

The publisher, whom I'll call Liebkind Bendel, came from Galicia, had lived for years in Vienna, and had become rich here in New York on the stock market and in real estate. He had liquidated all his stocks about six months before the 1929 crash, and at a time when money was a rarity he possessed a lot of cash, with which he bought buildings.

We became acquainted because Liebkind Bendel was planning to publish a magazine like *Das Wort* in Yiddish; he wanted me to be his editor. We met many times in restaurants and cafés, and also in Liebkind Bendel's apartment on Riverside Drive. He was a tiny man with a narrow skull without a single hair, a long face, a pointed nose, a longish chin, and small, almost feminine hands and feet. His eyes were yellow, like amber. He seemed to me like a ten-year-old boy on whom someone had put the head of an adult. He wore gaudy clothes—gold brocade ties. Liebkind Bendel had many interests. He collected autographs and manuscripts, bought antiques, belonged to chess clubs, and considered himself a gourmet and a Don Juan. He liked gadgets—watches that were also calendars, fountain pens with flashlights. He bet on the horses, drank cognac, had a huge collection of erotic literature, supported an extreme right-wing party in Palestine, and was a chum of the Tammany Hall politicians. He was always working on a plan—to save humanity, to give Palestine back to the Jews, to reform family life, to turn matchmaking into a science and an art. One pet idea was a lottery for which the prize would be a beautiful girl—a Miss America or a Miss Universe.

Liebkind Bendel had a German wife, Friedel, no taller than he but broad, with black curly hair. She was the daughter of a laundress and a railroad worker in Vienna; both her parents were Aryan, but Friedel looked Jewish. For years she had been writing a dissertation on Schlegel's translation of Shakespeare. She did all the work at home and in addition was her husband's secretary. He also had a mistress, Sarah, a widow and the mother of an insane daughter. Sarah lived in Brownsville. Liebkind Bendel once introduced me to her.

Liebkind Bendel's only language was Yiddish. To those who didn't know Yiddish he spoke a lingo that combined Yiddish, German, and English. He had a talent for mangling words. It didn't take me long to realize that he had no connection with literature. The real editor of *Das Wort* was Friedel. The Yiddish version never came to be, but something attracted me to that playful little man. Perhaps it was that I could not fathom him. Every time I thought I knew him, some new whim popped up.

Liebkind Bendel often spoke about his correspondence with an old and famous Hebrew writer, Dr. Alexander Walden, a philosopher who had lived for years in Berlin. There he edited a Hebrew encyclopedia, whose early volumes appeared before the First World War. The publication of this encyclopedia dragged on for so many years that it became a joke. It was said that the last volume would appear after the coming of the Messiah and the resurrection of the dead, when the names included in it would have three dates: the day of birth, the day of death, and the day of arising from the grave.

From the beginning, the encyclopedia had been supported by a Berlin Maecenas, Dan Kniaster, now an old man in his eighties. Although Alexander Walden was supported by Dan Kniaster, he acted like a rich man. He had a large apartment around the Kurfürstendamm, owned many paintings, kept a butler. When he was young, a miracle had happened to Alexander Walden: the daughter of a Jewish multimillionaire, a relative of the Tietzes and the Warburgs, Mathilda Oppenheimer, had fallen in love with him. She lived with him only a few months and then divorced him. But the knowledge that Dr. Alexander Walden had for a time been the husband of a German heiress and wrote in German made the Hebraists stand in awe of him. Since he ignored them, they accused him of being a snob. He avoided even speaking Yiddish, though he was the son of a rabbi from a small village in Poland. He was said to be on intimate terms with Einstein, Freud, and Bergson.

Why Liebkind Bendel was eager to correspond with Dr. Alexander Walden is not clear to me to this day. Dr. Walden had the reputation of not answering letters, and Liebkind Bendel liked to show that no one could defy him. He wrote, asking Alexander Walden to contribute to *Das Wort*. His letters were ignored. He sent long cables, but still Dr. Walden kept silent. At this, Liebkind Bendel resolved to get a letter from Dr. Walden at any price.

In New York, Liebkind Bendel met a Hebrew bibliographer, Dov Ben Zev, who had become half blind from too much reading. Dov Ben Zev knew by heart almost every word Dr. Walden had written. Liebkind Bendel invited Dov Ben Zev to his apartment, had Friedel prepare a supper of blintzes and sour cream, and with the two of them worked out an elaborate scheme. A letter was sent to Dr. Walden, supposedly written by a wealthy girl in New York, a connection of the Lehmans' and the Schiffs', an heiress to many millions—Miss Eleanor Seligman-Braude. It was a letter full of love and admiration for Dr. Walden's works and personality. The knowledge of Dr. Walden's writings was Dov Ben Zev's, the classic German was Friedel's, and the flattery was Liebkind Bendel's.

Liebkind Bendel grasped correctly that in spite of his age Dr. Walden still dreamed of a new rich match. What could be better bait than an American millionairess, unmarried and deeply immersed in Dr. Walden's work? Almost immediately came an airmail handwritten letter twelve pages long. Dr. Walden answered love with love. He wanted to come to New York.

Friedel never wrote more than the one letter; she protested that the whole business was an ugly trick and would have nothing more to do with it. But Liebkind Bendel got hold of an old refugee from Germany, a Frau Inge Schuldiener, who was willing to collaborate with him. A correspondence began that lasted from 1933 to 1938.

During these years, only one thing kept Dr. Walden from arriving in New York—the fact that he suffered severely from seasickness. In 1937, Dan Kniaster, his property in Berlin about to be confiscated, his business taken over by his sons, had moved to London. He took Dr. Walden with him. On the short trip across the Channel, Dr. Walden became so sick that he had to be carried off the boat at Dover on a stretcher.

"We must try this group-therapy thing again, sometime soon."

ONE morning in the summer of 1938, I was called to the pay telephone downstairs in my rooming house at seven o'clock. I had gone to sleep late, and it took me some time to get into my bathrobe and slippers and to go down the three flights of stairs. Liebkind Bendel was calling. "Did I wake you, huh?" he screamed. "I'm in a jam. I haven't slept a wink all night. If you won't help me, I'm ruined. Liebkind Bendel is a goner. You can say Kaddish for me."

"What happened?"

"Dr. Walden is arriving by plane. Frau Schuldiener got a telegram for Eleanor from London. He sent her a thousand kisses!"

It took a few seconds for me to realize what was happening. "What do you want me to do?" I asked. "Disguise myself as an heiress?"

"Oy! Have I made a mess of things! If I weren't afraid that war would break out any day, I would run away to Europe. What shall I do? I am crazy. I should be shut up in a madhouse. Somebody has to meet him."

"Eleanor could be in California."

"But she has just assured him she was staying in the city this summer. Anyway, her address is a furnished room in the West Eighties. He will know immediately that this is not the apartment of a millionairess. He has her telephone number, and Frau Schuldiener will answer and all hell will break loose. She is a *Jaecki* and has no sense of humor."

"I doubt if even God could help you."

"What shall I do—kill myself with suicide? Until now he has been afraid to fly. Suddenly the old idiot got courage. I am ready to donate a million dollars to Rabbi Meir, the miracle worker, that his plane should fall into the ocean. But God and I are not pals. The two of us have until eight this evening."

"Please don't make me a partner in your adventures."

"You are the only one of my friends who knows about it. Last night Friedel was so angry she threatened me with divorce. That schlemiel Dov Ben Zev is in the hospital. I telephoned the Hebraists, but Dr. Walden slighted them so long they have become his bloody enemies. He didn't even make hotel reservations. He most probably expects Eleanor to lead him to the wedding canopy straight from the airport."

"Really, I cannot help you."

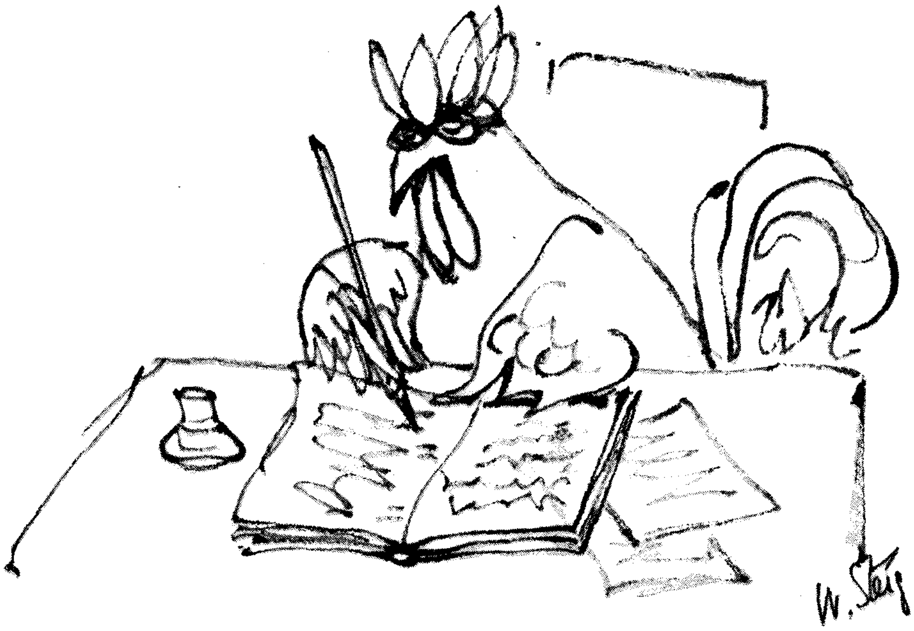
"What? At least let's have breakfast together—if I can't talk to someone, I'll lose my mind. What time do you want to eat?"

"I want to sleep, not to eat."

"Me, too. I took three pills last night. I hear that Dan Kniaster left Germany without a pfennig. He's an old has-been of eighty-five. His sons are real Prussians, assimilationists, half converted. If war breaks out, this Dr. Walden will become a burden on my neck. And how can I explain things to him? He may get a stroke."

We left it that we would meet at eleven o'clock in a restaurant on Broadway. I returned to bed but not to sleep. I half dozed, half laughed to myself, playing with a solution—not because of any loyalty to Liebkind Bendel but in the same way that I sometimes tried to solve a puzzle in a newspaper.

At the restaurant, I hardly recognized Liebkind Bendel. Even though he wore a yellow jacket, a red shirt, and a tie with golden dots, his face looked as pale as after an illness. He was twisting a long cigar between his lips and he had already ordered cognac. He sat on the edge of his chair. Before I managed to sit down, he called to me, "I've found a way out, but you must help me. Eleanor has just perished in an airplane crash. I spoke to Frau Schuldiener and she will back me up. All you have to do is wait for that old skirt-chaser at the airport and get him into a hotel. Tell him you are Eleanor's friend or nephew. I will take a room for him and pay the bill for a month in advance. After that I am not responsible. Let him



"Up betimes and crowed."

• •

go back to London to find himself a daughter of a lord."

"You could pose as Eleanor's friend as well as I."

"I can't do it. He'd cling to me like a leech. What can he get from you—your manuscripts? You will spend a few hours with him and he won't bother you anymore. If worst comes to worst, I'll pay his fare back to England. You will be saving my life and I will never forget it. Don't give him your address. Tell him you live in Chicago or Miami. There was a time when I would have given a fortune to be in his company half an hour, but I have lost the appetite. I am afraid of him. I'm sure that the minute I see him and he utters the name Eleanor I'll burst out laughing. As a matter of fact, I have been sitting here laughing to myself. The waiter thought I had gone out of my mind."

"Bendel, I cannot do it."

"Is this your last word?"

"I cannot play such a farce."

"Well, no is no. I will have to do it, then—I'll tell him that I am a distant cousin, a poor relation. She even supported me. What name should I take? Lipman Geiger. I had a partner in Vienna by that name. Wait, I must make a telephone call."

Liebkind Bendel jumped up and ran to a telephone booth. He stayed there about ten minutes. I could see him through the glass door. He was turning the pages of a notebook. He made strange grimaces. When he returned, he said, "I have gotten a hotel and all the rest of it. What did I need the whole *meshugas* for? I'm going to close down the magazine. I will go to Palestine and become a Jew. All these writers—empty heads, they have nothing to say. At fifty my grandfather woke up every night for the midnight prayers; Dr. Walden wants to seduce an heiress at sixty-five. His last letter was simply a song—the Song of Songs. And who needs his encyclopedia? That Frau Schuldiener is a fool, and in addition she plays the fool."

"Perhaps he would marry Frau Schuldiener."

"She's over seventy. Already a great-grandmother. She was once a teacher in Frankfurt . . . in Hamburg—I have forgotten where. She copied her phrases from a book of standard love letters. Perhaps what I should do is get hold of a female who could play the role of Eleanor. How about the Yiddish actresses?"

"All they can do is weep."

"Somewhere in New York there may be a true admirer of his—an old spinster who would be eager for such a match. But where do you find her? As for me, I'm tired of everything. That Friedel is educated enough but without any imagination. All she thinks about is Schlegel. Sarah is completely absorbed by her crazy daughter. They have a new custom—they send the patients home from the institutions and then they take them back again. One month she is there and the other with her mother. I sit with them and I begin to feel that I am not all there myself. Why am I telling you all this? Do me a favor and come with me to the airport. I will always remember it. Do you agree? Give me your hand. Together we'll manage somehow. Let's drink to it."

I STOOD behind the glass partition and watched the passengers arriving. Liebkind Bendel was jittery, and the smoke from his cigar almost asphyxiated me. For some reason I was sure that Dr. Walden was a tall man. But he was short, broad, and fat, with a big belly and a huge head. On that hot summer day he wore a long coat, a flowing tie, and a plush hat with a broad brim. He had a thick gray mustache and was smoking a pipe. He carried two leather valises with old-fashioned locks and side pockets. His eyes under his heavy brows were searching for someone.

Liebkind Bendel's nervousness was contagious. He smelled of liquor, he purred like a tomcat. He waved his hands and cried, "Certainly that's he. I recognize him. See how fat he has gotten—broader than he is long. An old billy goat."

When Dr. Walden came up on the escalator, Liebkind Bendel pushed me toward him. I wanted to run away, but I couldn't. Instead, I stepped forward. "Dr. Walden?"

Dr. Walden put down his suitcases, removed the pipe from between his blackish teeth, and set it, still lighted, in his pocket. "*Ja.*"

"Dr. Walden," I said, in English, "I am a friend of Miss Eleanor Seligman-Braude. There was an accident. Her plane crashed." I spoke hurriedly. I felt a dryness in my throat and palate.

I expected a scene, but he just looked at me from under his bushy brows. He cupped his ear and answered me in German. "Would you mind repeating that? I cannot understand your American English."

"A misfortune has happened—a great misfortune." Liebkind Bendel began to speak in Yiddish. "Your friend was flying from California and her plane fell down. It fell right into the sea. All passengers were killed—sixty persons."

"When? How?"

"Yesterday—seventy innocent people—mostly mothers of children." Liebkind Bendel spoke with a Galician accent and singsong. "I was her near friend and so was this young man. We had heard that you were arriving. We wanted to telegraph you, but it was already too late, so we came to greet you. It's a great honor for us, but it's heartbreaking to have to bring such terrible tidings." Liebkind Bendel waved his arms; he shook and screamed into Dr. Walden's ear as though he were deaf.

Dr. Walden took off his hat and placed it on top of his luggage. He was bald in the front, but at the back of his head he had a shock of graying blond hair. He took out a soiled handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his forehead. I had the feeling that he still did not understand. He seemed to be considering. His face sagged; he looked dusty, crumpled, unshaved. Clumps of hair protruded from his ears and nostrils. He smelled of medicine. After a while he said in German, "I expected her here in New York. Why did she go to California?"

"For business. Fräulein Seligman-Braude was a business lady. It concerned a big sum—millions—and here in America they say, 'Business before and later pleasure.' She was hurrying back to meet you. But it wasn't destined to be." Liebkind Bendel delivered this in one breath and his voice became shrill. "She told me everything. She worshipped you, Dr. Walden, but man proposes and God imposes, as they say. Eighty healthy people—young women and tiny babies—in the prime of their lives—"

"May I ask who you are?" Dr. Walden said.

"A friend, a friend. This young man is a Yiddish writer." Liebkind Bendel pointed at me. "He writes in Yiddish papers and all the rest of it—*feuilletons* and what have you. Everything in the mother language so that plain people should enjoy. We have many *landsleit* here in New York, and English is a dried-up tongue for them. They want the juiciness from the old country."

"*Ja.*"

"Dr. Walden, we have rented a hotel room for you," Liebkind Bendel said. "My sympathy to you! Really, this is tragic. What was her name—Fräulein Braude-Seligson was a wonderful woman. Gentle, with nice manners. Beautiful also. She knew Hebrew and ten other languages. Suddenly something breaks in a motor, a screw gets loose, and all this culture is finished. That is what man is—a straw, a speck of dust, a soap bubble."

I was grateful to Dr. Walden for his dignified behavior. He did not weep, he did not cry out. He raised his brows and his watery eyes, full of red veins, stared at us with astonishment and suspicion. He asked, "Where can I find the men's room? The trip has made me sick."

"Right there, right there!" Liebkind Bendel shouted. "There is no lack of toilets in America. Come with us, Dr. Walden—we just passed the washroom."

Liebkind Bendel lifted one valise, I the other, and we led Dr. Walden to the men's room. He looked questioningly at us and at his luggage. Then he entered the washroom and remained there for quite a long time.

I said, "He behaved like a fine man."

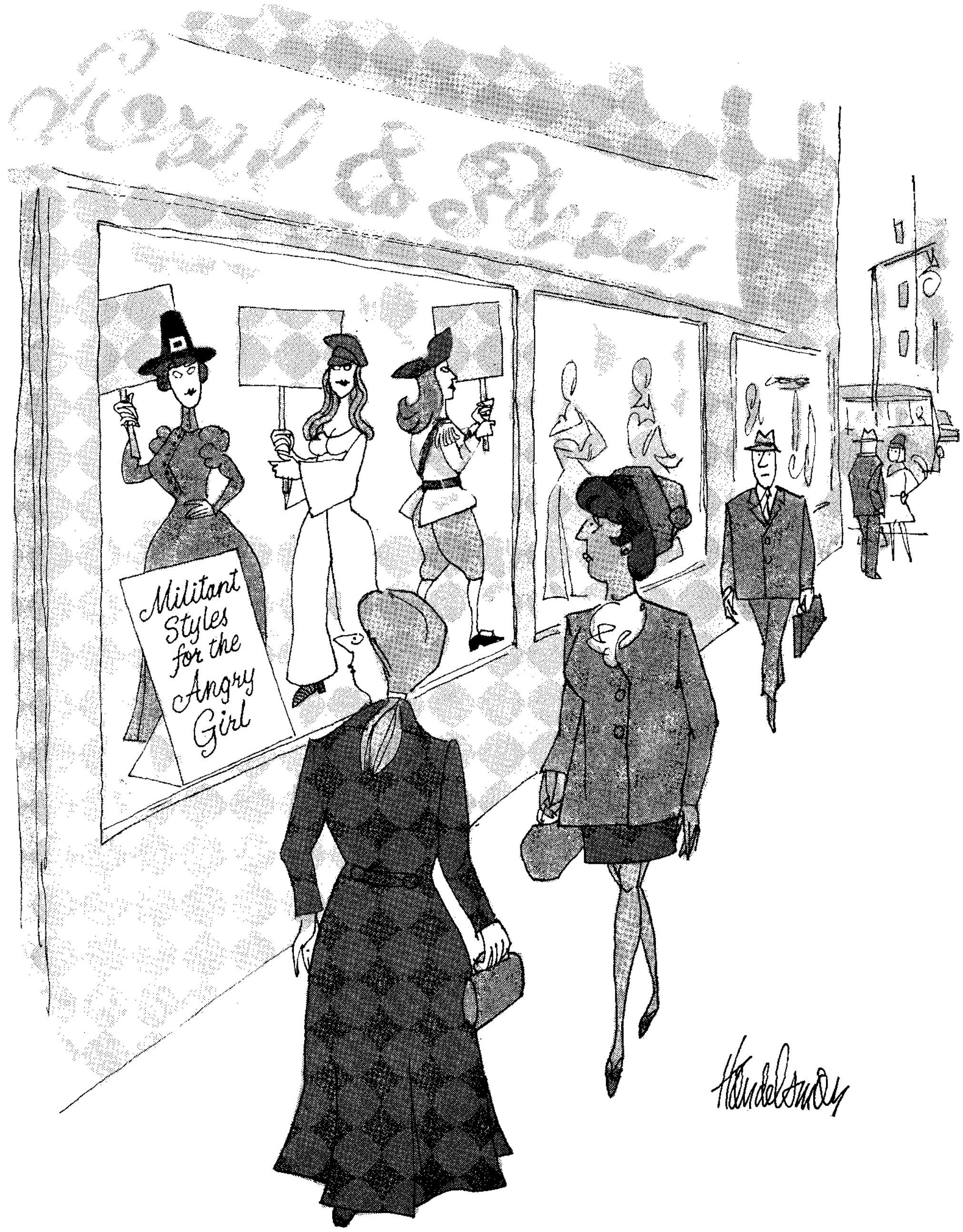
"The worst is over. I was afraid that he might faint. I am not going to forsake him. Let him stay in New York as long as he wants. Perhaps he will write for *Das Wort* after all. I would make him the main editor and all of that. Friedel is tired of it. The writers ask for royalties and send angry letters. If they find a misprint or a single line is missing, your life is in danger. I will give him thirty dollars a week and let him sit and scribble. We could publish the magazine half in German, half in Yiddish. You two together could be the editors. Friedel would be satisfied to be the editorial—how do you call it?—superintendent."

"You told me yourself that Dr. Walden hates Yiddish."

"Today he hates it, tomorrow he will love it. For a few pennies and a compliment you can buy all these intellectuals."

"You shouldn't have told him that I am a Yiddish writer."

"There are a lot of things I shouldn't have done. In the first place I shouldn't have been born, in the second place I shouldn't have married Friedel, in the third place I never should have begun this funny comedy, in the fourth place . . . Since I haven't mentioned your name, he will never find you. It's all because of my admiration for great men. I always loved writers. If a man had something printed in a newspaper or a magazine, he was God. I read the *Neue Freie*


Militant Styles for the Angry Girl
Handelsman

Presse as if it were the Bible. Every month I received *Haolam,* and there Dr. Walden published his articles. I ran to lectures like a madman. That is how I met Friedel. Here is our Dr. Walden."

Dr. Walden seemed shaky. His face was yellow. He had forgotten to button his fly. He stared at us and muttered. Then he said, "Excuse me," and he went back into the washroom.

DR. WALDEN had asked for my address and telephone number, and I gave him both. I could not cheat this learned man. The day after his arrival in New York, Liebkind Bendel left for Mexico City. Lately he was always flying to Mexico. I suspected he had a mistress there, and most probably business, too. In a strange way, Liebkind Bendel combined the roles of merchant and art connoisseur. He went to Washington to try to get a visa for a Jewish writer in Germany, and there he became a partner in a factory that produced airplane parts. The owner was a Jew from Poland who was in the leather business and had not the slightest knowledge of aviation. I had begun to realize that the world of economy, industry, and so-called practical matters was not much more substantial than that of literature and philosophy.

One day when I came home after lunch, I found a message that Dr. Walden had called. I telephoned him and I heard a stammering and a wheezing. He spoke to me in Germanized Yiddish. He mispronounced my name. He said, "Please come over. I am kaput."

Liebkind Bendel had put Dr. Walden in an Orthodox Jewish hotel downtown, though the two of us lived uptown. I suspected that he wanted to keep him as far away as possible. I took the subway to Lafayette Street and walked over to the hotel. The lobby was full of rabbis. They seemed to be having a conference. They strolled up and down in their long gaberdines and velvet hats. They gesticulated, clutched at their beards, and all spoke at the same time. The elevator stopped at each floor and through the open doors I saw a bride being photographed in her wedding dress, yeshiva boys packing prayer books and shawls, and waiters in skullcaps cleaning up after a banquet. I knocked on Dr. Walden's door. He appeared in a burgundy-red bathrobe down to his ankles. It was covered with spots. He wore scuffed slippers. The room reeked of tobacco, valerian drops, and the rancid smell of illness. He looked bloated, old, confused. He asked, "Are you Mr.—what is the name?—the editor of *Jugend.*"

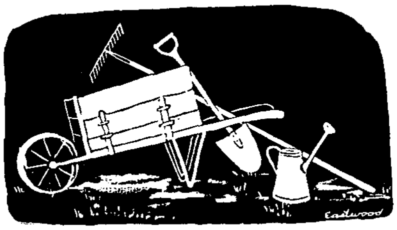
I told him my name.

"Do you write for that Jargon *Tageblatt?*"

I gave him the name of my newspaper.

"Well—*ja.*"

After Dr. Walden tried again and again to speak to me in German, he finally changed to Yiddish, with all the inflections and pronunciations of the village he came from. He said, "What kind of calamity is this? Why all of a sudden did she fly to California? For years I could not make up my mind whether to take this trip or not. Like Kant, I suffer from travel phobia. A friend of mine, Professor Mondek, a relative of the famous Mondek, gave me pills, but they prevented me from urinating. I was sure my end had come. A fine thing, I thought, if the airplane arrives in New York with me dead. Instead, she is gone. I just cannot grasp it. I asked someone and he had not heard of this plane crash. I called her number and an old woman answered. She must be deaf and senile—she sounded incoherent. Who was the other little man who met me at the airport?"



"Lipman Geiger."

"Geiger—a grandson of Abraham Geiger? The Geigers don't speak Yiddish. Most of them are converted."

"This Geiger comes from Poland."

"What was his connection with Miss Eleanor Seligman-Braude?"

"Friends."

"I am completely bewildered." Dr. Walden spoke half to me, half to himself. "I know English from reading Shakespeare. I have read 'The Tempest' in the original a number of times. It is Shakespeare's greatest work. Each line is deeply symbolic. A masterpiece in every way. Caliban is actually Hitler. But here they speak an English that sounds like Chinese. I don't understand a single word they say. Did Miss Eleanor Seligman-Braude have any family?"

"Distant relatives. But as far as I know she kept away from them."

"What will happen to her fortune? Usually rich people leave a will. Not that I have any interest in such matters—absolutely none. And what about the body? Isn't there going to be a funeral in New York?"

"Her body is somewhere in the ocean."

BRIEF REUNION

Our one foreboding was: we might forget
How strangely close absence had drawn us,
How close once more we must be drawn by parting—
Absence, dark twin of presence.

Nor could such closeness be attained by practice
Of even the most heroic self-deception;
Only by fiercer inbred faculties
Than sight or sound or touch,

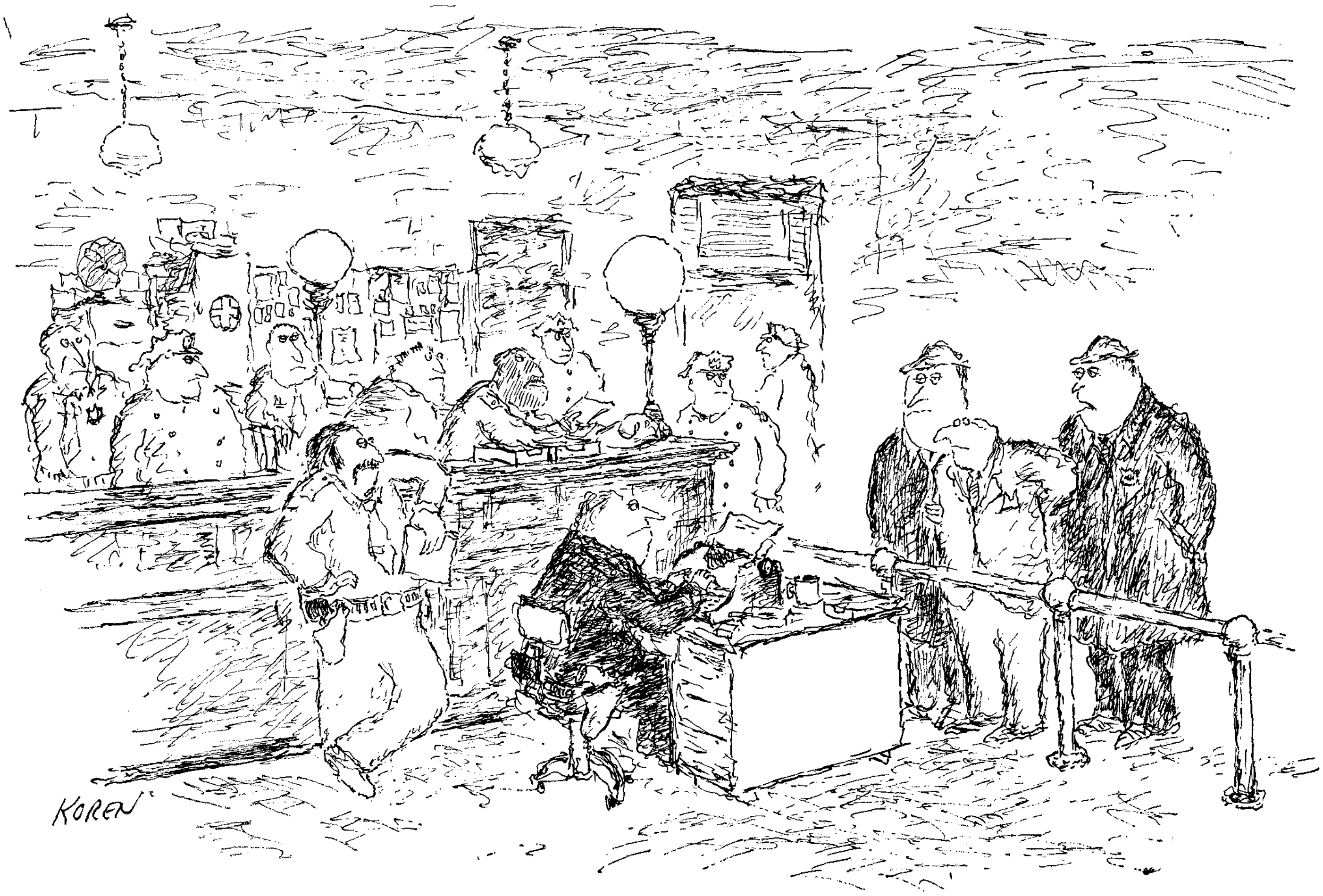
Knowledge of which had disciplined us both
To the same doting pride, a stoicism
That might confuse, at every brief encounter,
Presence with pangs of absence . . .

Suppose we now fell suddenly out of step,
Forcing ourselves to appear wholly indifferent
To what might happen were our spirits fired
By renewed pangs of presence—

Would we forget what fierce love had bemused us,
Three years before, in a careless moonlight,
Making us more possessive of each other
Than either dared concede?—a prescience
Of grief and death which each sublunary pair
Groaning transmits to its chance children
With tears of violence?

—ROBERT GRAVES

• •



"He's charged with expressing contempt for data-processing."

• •

"Do they fly from California to New York over the ocean?"

"It seems that instead of east the plane flew west."

"How could this be? Where was this crash reported? In what newspaper? When?"

"All I know is what Lipman Geiger told me. He was her friend, not I."

"What? A riddle, a riddle. One should not go against one's own nature. Once, Immanuel Kant was about to take a trip from Königsberg to some other town in Prussia. He had travelled only a short distance when there was rain, lightning, and thunder, and he immediately gave orders to turn back. Somewhere I knew all the time that this trip would be a fiasco. I have nothing to do here—absolutely nothing. But I cannot fly back to London in my present condition. To go by ship would be even worse. I will tell you the truth, I brought almost no money with me. My great friend and benefactor, Dan Kniaster, is now a refugee himself. I worked on an encyclopedia, but we left the plates in Berlin—even the manuscripts. The Nazis had placed a time bomb in our office and we just missed being torn to pieces. Does anybody know that I am in New York? I travelled, as they say, incognito. As things are now, perhaps it would be useful to let the newspapers know. I have many enemies here, but perhaps somewhere a friend might be found."

"I think Lipman Geiger notified the newspapers."

"There is no mention of me anywhere. I asked for the papers." Dr. Walden pointed to a pile of Yiddish newspapers on a chair.

"I will do my best."

"At my age one should not undertake such adventures. Where is that Mr. Geiger?"

"He had to fly to Mexico, but he will be back soon."

"To Mexico? What is he doing in Mexico? So, this is my end. I am not afraid of death, but I have no desire to be buried in this wild city. True, London is not much quieter, but at least I have a few acquaintances there."

"You will live, Dr. Walden," I said. "You will live to see the fall of Hitler."

"What for? Hitler still has something to spoil on this earth. But I have already committed all my blunders. Too many. This unlucky trip is not even a tragedy. Just a joke—well—*ja*, my life is one big joke, from the beginning to the end."

"You have given much to humanity, to the Jewish reader."

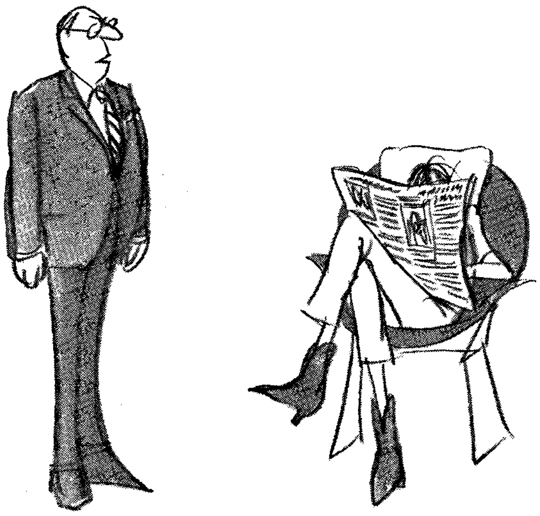
"Trifles, rubbish, junk. Did you personally know Miss Seligman-Braude?"

"Yes—no. I just heard of her."

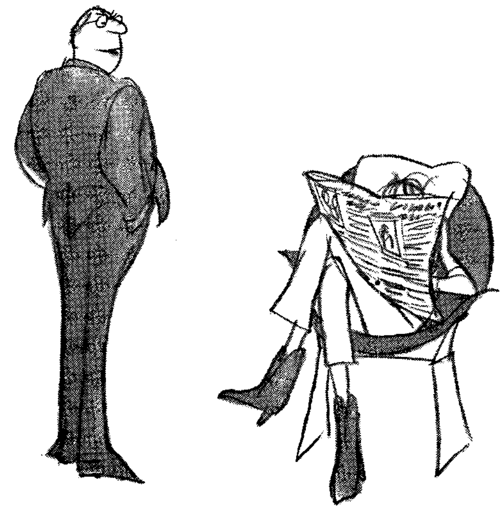
"I didn't like that Geiger—a buffoon. What do you write in the Yiddish newspapers? What is there to write about? We are returning to the jungle. *Homo sapiens* is bankrupt. All values are gone—literature, science, religion. Well, for my part I have given up altogether."

Dr. Walden took a letter from his pocket. It was stained with coffee and ashes. He scrutinized it, closing one eye, wincing and snorting. "I begin to suspect that this Miss Seligman-Braude never existed."

LATE one evening when I was lying on my bed fully dressed, brooding about my laziness, neglected work, and lack of will power, I got the signal that I was wanted on the pay telephone downstairs. I ran down the three flights of steps, lifted the receiver, which dangled from a cord, and heard an unfamiliar voice saying my



"I want to talk to you about the way you're frittering away your life."



"Oh, I know what you're going to say: 'You just don't understand.' Well, I understand this, my friend. You're headed down a dead-end street!"

name. The voice said, "I am Dr. Linder. Are you a friend of Dr. Alexander Walden?"

"I have met him."

"Dr. Walden has had a heart attack and is in the Beth Aaron Hospital. He gave me your name and telephone number. Are you a relative?"

"No relative."

"Doesn't he have any family here?"

"It seems not."

"He asked me to call Professor Albert Einstein, but nobody answers. I cannot be bothered with such errands. Come tomorrow to the hospital. He is in the ward. That's all we could give him for the time being. I'm sorry."

"What's the situation?"

"Not too good. He has a whole list of complications. You can visit him between twelve and two or six and eight. Goodbye."

I searched for a nickel to call Friedel but found only a fifty-cent piece and two dollar bills. I went out on Broadway to get change. By the time I had it and found a drugstore with an unoccupied telephone booth, more than half an hour had passed. I dialled Friedel's number and the line was busy. For another quarter of an hour I kept on dialling the same number and it was always busy. A woman entered the next booth and lined up her coins. She looked back at me with a smug expression that seemed to say, "You're waiting in vain." As she spoke, she gesticulated with her cigarette. From time to time she twirled a lock of her bleached hair. Her scarlet, pointed claws suggested a rapaciousness as deep as the human tragedy.

I found a penny and weighed myself. According to this scale, I had lost four pounds. A slip of cardboard fell out. It read, "You are a person with gifts but you waste them on nothing."

I will try once more, and if the telephone is still busy I will go home immediately, I vowed to myself. This scale told the bitter truth.

The line wasn't busy. I heard Friedel's mannish voice. At that very moment, the lady with the bleached hair and scarlet nails hurriedly left the booth. She winked at me with her false eyelashes. "Mrs. Bendel," I said, "I am sorry to disturb you. Dr. Walden has had a heart attack. They have taken him to Beth Aaron Hospital. He is in the ward."

"Oh, my God! I knew that nothing good would come of that joke. I warned Liebkind. It was a crime—absolutely a crime. That is the way Liebkind is—a trick occurs to him and he doesn't know when to stop. What can I do? I don't even know where he is now. He was supposed to stop in Cuba. Where are you?"

"In a drugstore on Broadway."

"Perhaps you could come here. This is no trifling matter. I feel guilty myself. I should have refused to write that first letter. Come up, it's still early. I never go to sleep before two o'clock."

"What do you do until two?"

"Oh, I read, I think, I worry."

"Well, this evening is lost already," I mumbled or thought. I had only a few blocks to walk to Liebkind Bendel's apartment on Riverside Drive. The doorman there knew me. I went up to the fourteenth floor, and the moment I touched the bell Friedel opened the door.

Friedel was short, with wide hips and heavy legs. She had a crooked nose and brown eyes under masculine brows. As a rule, she dressed in dark clothes, and I had never noticed a trace of cosmetics on her. Most of the time when I visited Liebkind Bendel, she immediately brought me half a glass of tea, spoke a few words, and returned to her books and manuscripts. Liebkind Bendel used to say jocosely, "What can you expect from a wife who is an editor? It's a miracle that she can prepare a glass of tea."

This time Friedel had on a white sleeveless dress and white shoes. She was wearing lipstick. She invited me into the living room, and on the coffee table stood a bowl of fruit, a pitcher filled with something to drink, and a plate of cookies. Friedel spoke English with a strong German accent. She indicated the sofa for me and sat down on a chair. She said, "I knew it would end badly. From the beginning, it was the Devil's own game. If Dr. Walden dies, Liebkind will be responsible for his death. Old men are romantic. They forget their years and their powers. That imbecile Frau Schuldiener wrote to him in such a way that he had every reason to give himself illusions. One can fool anybody, even a sage." (Friedel used the Yiddish word "*chochom*.")

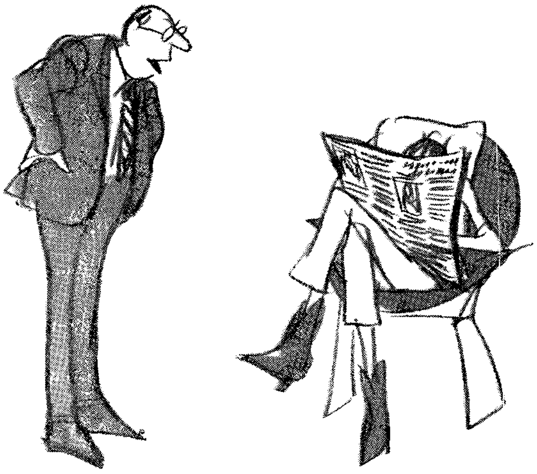
One could even fool Liebkind Bendel, something whispered in my brain—a dybbuk or an imp. Aloud I said, "You should not have permitted things to go so far, Madame Bendel."

Friedel frowned with her thick brows. "Liebkind does as he pleases. He doesn't ask my advice. He goes away, and I really don't know where or for what purpose. He was supposed to go to Mexico. At the last minute he announced that he wanted to stop in Havana. He has no business either in Havana or in Mexico City. You probably know much more about him than I do. I'm sure he boasts to you about his conquests."

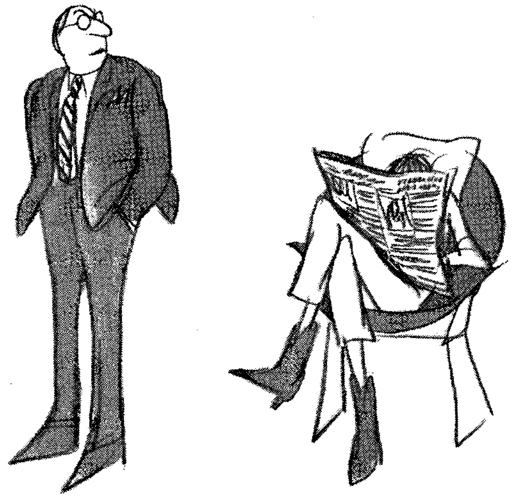
"Absolutely not. I haven't the slightest idea why he went and whom he is seeing."

"I do have an idea. But why talk about it? I know all his Galician tricks. . . ."

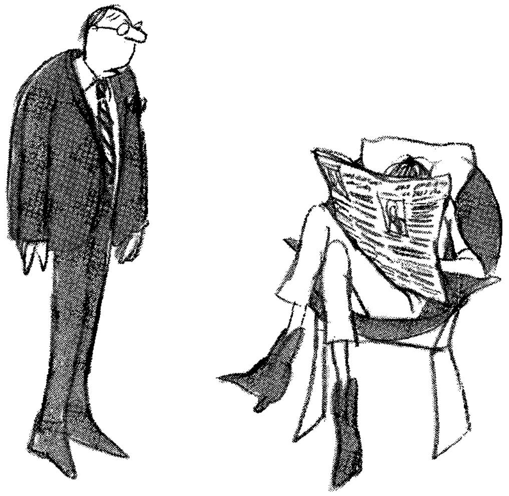
There was silence for a while. Friedel had never spoken to me in such a manner. The few conversations we



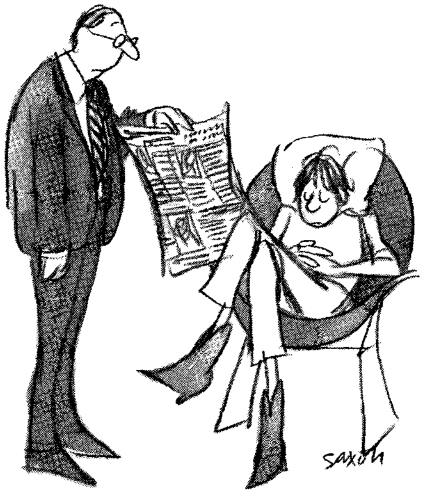
"I'm talking about a sense of purpose. You've got to look for direction to find direction."



"I suppose it's my fault. What kind of example have I been, right? Well, I'm not ashamed of the modest success I've had with my materialistic orientation."



"O.K., so I suppose I'm wrong. Put down that paper and tell me how I've failed."



had had dealt with German literature, Schlegel's translation of Shakespeare, and with certain Yiddish expressions still in use in some German dialects, which Friedel had discovered were derived from Old German. I was about to answer that there were decent people among the Galicians when the telephone rang. The instrument stood on a little table near the door. Friedel walked over slowly and sat down to answer it. She spoke softly, but I could tell that she was talking to Liebkind Bendel. He was calling from Havana. I expected Friedel to tell him immediately that Dr. Walden was sick and that I was visiting. But she didn't mention either fact. She spoke to him with irony: Business? Certainly. A week? Take as much time as necessary. A bargain? Buy it, why not? I? I do my work as always—what else is there?

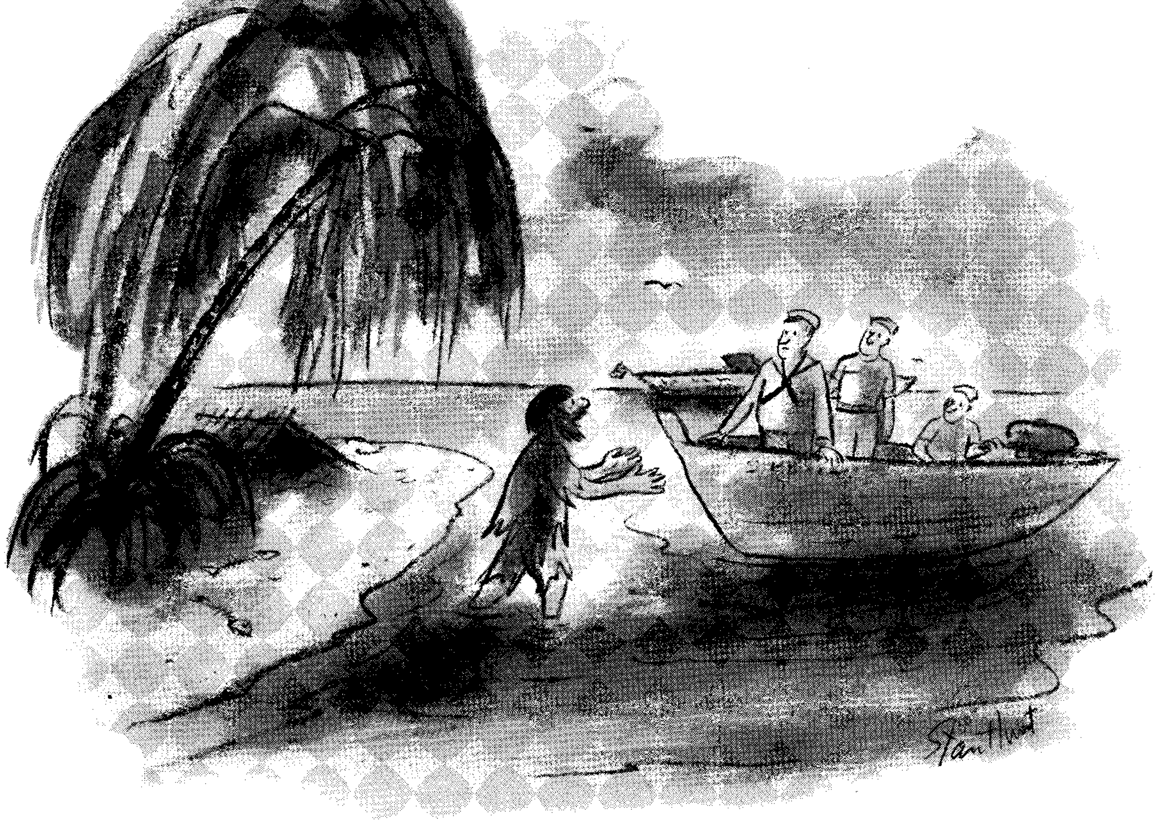
As she spoke, she threw sidelong glances at me. She smiled knowingly. I imagined that she winked at me. What kind of crazy night is this, I thought. I got up and moved hesitatingly toward the door in the direction of the bathroom. Suddenly I did something that perplexed even me. I bent down and kissed Friedel's neck. Her left hand clutched mine and pressed with strength. Her face became both youthful and sneering. At the same time, she asked, "Liebkind, how long will you stay in Havana?"

And she got up and mockingly put the receiver to my ear. I heard Liebkind Bendel's nasal voice. He was telling of antiques to be got in Havana and explaining the difference in the exchange. Friedel leaned over to me so that our ears touched. Her hair tickled my cheek. Her ear almost burned mine. I was ashamed—like a boy. In one moment, my need to go to the bathroom became embarrassingly urgent.

NEXT morning, when Friedel called the hospital, they told her that Dr. Walden was dead. He had died in the middle of the night. Friedel said, "Isn't that cruel? My conscience will torture me to my last moment."

The following day the Yiddish papers came out with the news. The same editors who Liebkind Bendel told me had refused to announce Dr. Walden's arrival in New York now wrote at length about his accomplishments in Hebrew literature. Obituaries also appeared in the English-language press. The photographs were at least thirty years old; in them Dr. Walden looked young, gay, with a full head of hair. According to the papers, the New York Hebraists, Dr. Walden's enemies, were making arrangements for the funeral. The Jewish wire service must have wired the event all over the world. Liebkind Bendel called Friedel from Havana to say that he was flying home.

Back in New York, he talked to me on the telephone for almost an hour. He kept repeating that Dr. Walden's death was not his fault. He would have died in London, too. What difference does it make where one ends? Liebkind Bendel was especially eager to know whether Dr. Walden had any manuscripts with him. He was planning to bring out a special number of *Das Wort* dedicated to him. Liebkind Bendel had brought from Havana a painting by Chagall that he had bought from a refugee. He admitted to me that it must have been stolen from a gallery. Liebkind Bendel said to me, "Well, if it had been grabbed by the Nazis, would that have been better? The Maginot Line isn't worth a pinch of



"Tell me—what are all the Beautiful People doing?"

• •

tobacco. Hitler will be in Paris! Remember my words."

The chapel where the funeral was to take place was only a few blocks from Liebkind Bendel's apartment, and he, Friedel, and I arranged to meet at the chapel entrance. They were all there—the Hebraists, the Yiddishists, the Anglo-Jewish writers. Taxis kept arriving. From somewhere a small woman appeared, leading a girl who looked emaciated, disturbed. She stopped every few seconds and tapped with her foot on the sidewalk; the woman urged her forward and encouraged her. It was Sarah, Liebkind Bendel's mistress. Mother and daughter tried to go into the chapel, but it was already filled.

After a while, Liebkind Bendel and Friedel arrived in a red car. He was wearing a sand-colored suit and a gaudy tie from Havana. He looked fresh and tanned. Friedel was dressed in black, with a broad-brimmed hat. I told Liebkind that the hall was full and he said, "Don't be naïve. You will see how things are done in America." He whispered something in an usher's ear and the usher led us inside and made room for us in one of the front rows. The artificial candles of the Menorah cast a subdued light. The coffin stood near the dais. A young rabbi with a small black mustache and a tiny skullcap that blended with his shiny pomaded hair spoke a eulogy in English. He seemed to know little of Dr. Walden. He confused facts and dates. He made errors in the titles of Dr. Walden's works. Then an old *rabbiner* with a white goatee, a refugee from Germany, wearing a black hat that looked like a casserole, spoke in German. He stressed his umlauts and quoted long passages in Hebrew. He called Dr. Walden a pillar of Judaism. He claimed that Dr. Walden had come to America so that he could continue publishing the encyclopedia to which he had devoted his best years. "The Nazis maintain that cannons are more important than butter," the *rabbiner* declaimed solemnly, "but we Jews, the people of the Book, still believe in the power of the word." He appealed for funds to bring out the last volumes of the encyclopedia for which Dr. Walden had sacrificed his life, coming to America in spite of his illness. He took out a handkerchief and with a corner dabbed away a single tear from behind his misty glasses. He called attention to the fact that among the mourners here in the chapel was present the universally beloved Professor Albert Einstein, a close friend of the deceased. A general whispering and looking around began among the crowd. A few even rose to get a glimpse of the world-famous scientist.

After the German *rabbiner's* sermon, there was a further eulogy given by the editor of a Hebrew magazine in New York. Then a cantor in a hexagonal hat, with the face of a bulldog, recited "God Full of Mercy." He sang in loud and lugubrious tones.

Near me sat a young woman dressed in black. She had yellow hair and red cheeks. I noticed a ring with a huge diamond on her finger. When the young rabbi was speaking in English, she lifted her veil and blew her nose into a lacy handkerchief. When the old *rabbiner* spoke in German, she clasped her hands and wept. When the cantor cried out, "In Paradise his rest shall be!," the woman sobbed with as much abandon as the women in the old country. She bent over as though about to collapse, her face drenched with tears. Who can she be, I wondered. As far as I knew, Dr. Walden had no relatives here. I remembered Liebkind Bendel's words that somewhere in New York might be found a true admirer of Dr. Walden's who would really love him. I had realized long ago that whatever anybody can invent already exists somewhere.

After the ceremony, everyone rose and filed past the coffin. I saw ahead of me Professor Albert Einstein looking exactly as he did in his pictures, slightly stooped, his hair long. He stood for a moment, murmuring his farewell. Then I got a glimpse of Dr. Walden. The undertakers had applied their cosmetics. His head rested on a silk pillow, his face stiff as wax, closely shaved, with twirled mustache, and in the corners of his eyes a hint of a smile that seemed to say, "Well, *ja*, my life was one big joke—from the beginning to the end." —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Dorothea Straus.)

•

MAMMY'S SHANTY, 1480 Peachtree NW, 872-3551. Recognized for unqualified Southern cookery.—*Carte Blanche.*

So much for the good life.

EXILES

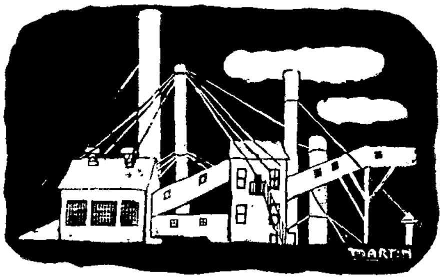
I—THE ROAD BY THE SEA

HE used to joke about being frail and weak, about having had t.b. as a boy, and then something wrong with his back, and then a car accident (he had been walking across a street) in Los Angeles, but he so clearly didn't really think himself frail or weak, and when things started going wrong for him—going wrong in him, I guess was more like it—he couldn't countenance it at all. The pain, yes, and things like that. Discomfort is what they call it. He could manage all that very damned well. But not the fact that things were truly starting to go wrong.

It happened in the spring, I think. I remember the time vaguely. April. It must have been spring, but I was in the Army then and wasn't paying much attention to seasons. Fort Dix. White board barracks. All that dust, and boots beside the bed, and those baggy, dusty fatigues. A weird soft life, soft amid the weapons, the machinery, the sounds of tank battalions and howitzers on the distant ranges. It was a telegram—one of those long telegrams with some of the key words hashed up by the local teletypist. They called me out of formation one morning, into the orderly room—the soft-faced, big-bellied indoors sergeants sitting around at their desks having coffee. Some corporal handed me this thing, and I opened it and read it standing there. It seemed to read so easily I read it right through: "YOUR FATHER GOING INTO HOSPITAL TODAY . . . SUSPECTED CANCER . . . EXCELLENT DOCTOR . . . CHANCES ARE GOOD . . . WILL KEEP YOU ADVISED." And in a strange way I believed it—believed, anyway, the calm codelike positivism of the message. Suspected. Excellent. Chances are good. Will keep you advised. My mother had a way with telegrams. It was one of the sergeants who snapped me out of it. "What is it, kid? Your girl got pregnant?" "No," I said. "My father's going into the hospital today for an operation." And then I told him some more, and then they all started wheeling into line, stirring things up—papers, forms, one of the roundest and most dough-faced of the sergeants tap-tap-tapping out an emergency pass on a tiny typewriter in the corner. It was very nice—one of those acts of complicity. I couldn't quite understand it at the time, and felt apart from them—those strangers who were evidently expressing their own fears and worries. I was too cool for that sort of thing. I could take an emergency three-day pass or leave it alone. But then I got in to New York, and we were suddenly there, inside, in one of those blank, beige, tiled, airless hospital corridors, my mother and I, and I could understand quite a bit.

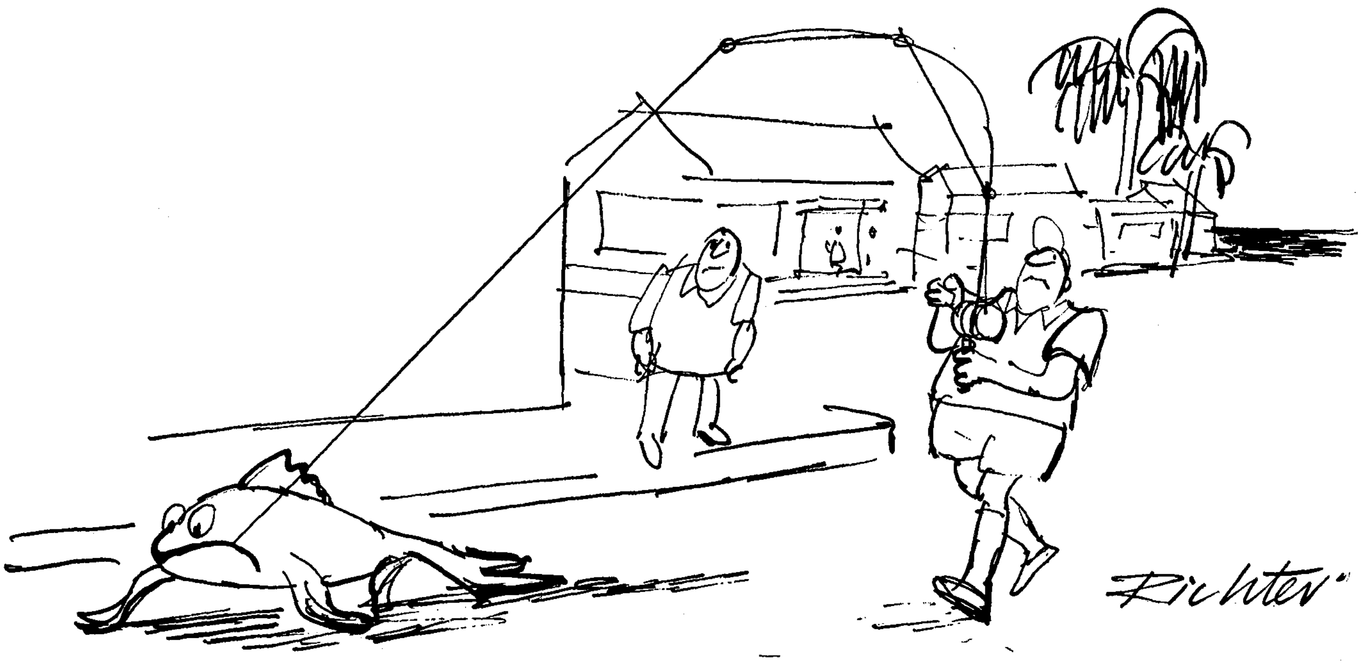
We walked up and down, walked up and down, and sat. My mother smoked. I told her about Fort Dix. Nurses passed, and all the doctors in the world. Finally, Dr. Gregson appeared—that was his name, Gregson. An excellent surgeon. One of the great surgeons. One of the really great, the very best. He was carrying a trim blue canvas case that unmistakably contained a tennis racquet, and was buttoning up his jacket. He had just come from changing and was obviously in a hurry. "I think we got it all," he said to my mother. "It had spread quite far into the lymph. We had to take out a lung." A few more sentences like that, and off he went. My father was never the same after Gregson—which is unfair to Gregson, since he doubtless would have died sooner, and probably worse, without him. Maybe if I hadn't met Gregson just then, and just that way—that busy on-my-way-to-the-River-Club look, that bloody tennis racquet, like a figure out of some second-rate country-house comedy—I wouldn't still have such a particular sense of that moment in time, of an act ending that afternoon in the hospital. But it's true—he wasn't the same afterward. There was something crucial gone from him, and not just the lung, either, although that certainly didn't help; nor did the information we received later that the removal of the lung had been more in the nature of a "hunch" than a step that was absolutely necessary.

It was so terrible, really. He knew the lung was gone, and hated that—one more infirmity—and tried to make jokes about it, although the jokes wouldn't take. But he didn't actually believe the rest. He would just lie in bed—at first in bed at the hospital and then in bed at home—and then sit up at home, and wait for something to happen to him, something to come back to him. In appearance, it wasn't all that passive, and much of the time he seemed "fine." He had the wit and the irony and the strength or whatever it is that enables some people not only to survive bad things but to somehow move with grace above them; he could do that part of it very well, and down to the moment he died, about a year later, he managed to "be himself"—to be elegant, to be amusing, to be even gay. But there was something gone, and he was then only sixty ("only sixty," whatever that means), and sometimes a look would cross his face, and linger there for a second, and surprise even him, I think, with its weight and bitterness.



In Paris, I remember, some months later, we met, the three of us: a ghastly meeting, really, the weather gray and sour and full of wet, which sometimes doesn't matter too much, but then it seemed as if the whole earth—all the grass and trees and leaves and everything bright and sunlit—had disappeared, were disappearing, and for good and all. I'd gone over to Germany in the Army, and my mother and father had recently gone back to Europe on one of those trips that are supposed to give sick people a health-instilling change of air or scene—I don't know why hanging around hotels is supposed to be good for people who are feeling lousy, but it seems to be something that people who are feeling lousy find hard to resist. Anyway, there they were—two weeks at the dark and genteel Dorchester in London, and then to the Lotti in Paris. I can't imagine why the Lotti, with its hush and little shipboard corridors and half-dead old ladies in the lobby—I suppose they may have felt that the gap between the way they were really feeling and the way the Ritz would expect, or would remind, them to feel would be too great. I went to see them there on leave one weekend. They were in one of those small-windowed, thick-carpeted old rooms with lots of gilt and low-watt light bulbs. The breakfast tray on the bed. A pile of books on one of the chairs. Detective stories. "The Devils of Loudun." The picture my mother always travelled with—a small blue watercolor of a Mediterranean scene, an island—on the bedside table. The curtains drawn. They were both very quiet.

My aunt—my mother's sister—was then in Paris, and one of my mother's



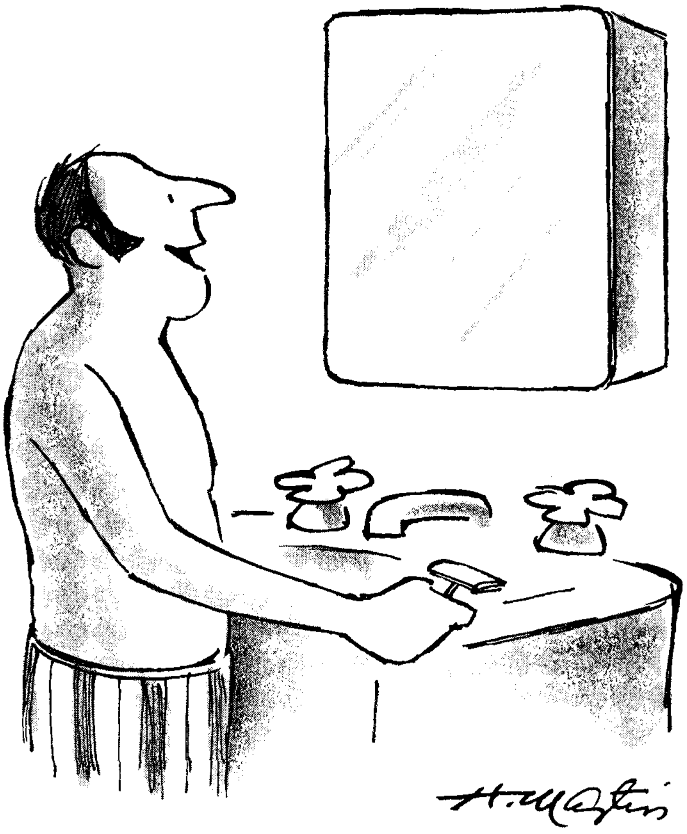
• •

few old close friends, Louise Ferande: Mme. Ferande, who did something at one of the couture houses, a tiny, bony woman with one of those sharp, animated, uninterested faces. That first evening, we all had drinks together, the five of us perched around a table in the cramped Lotti bar, my aunt talking at length about her hardships—which was O.K., since she led, more or less by intent, a life so full of human drama and collision that, like a racing-car driver, she seemed to exist naturally midway between some past near-miss and some awaited one. Right then, she was having trouble with a lawyer, who was trying to cheat her, so she said. We talked about that for a while. My father didn't talk much at all. These women could be such bitches, really, and then when he left the bar for a moment they all crowded over the table and cooed and trilled about how marvellous he was: in such good shape, so elegant, not thin at all—well, maybe a few pounds, but not *thin*—such good *color*. He was nearly dead by then—I think my mother knew that. I think he was beginning to know that. And then the next day it almost happened. That morning, at dawn, he had some sort of seizure—something to do with the heart, the heart maybe working too hard because of there being only one lung. I don't know; it doesn't matter. But off he was taken suddenly—a now strange city, a strange hotel, a strange doctor—to a strange hospital, some small place out near Neuilly. He was O.K., they said out there. The doctor was O.K., too. Nice. Sympathetic. But Christ, how crummy it all was—wet, gray, far away—and he, lying there in bed, seemed so small, and getting smaller. I would go out there with my mother, or sometimes alone, and sit beside the bed, the French nurses running in and out, and try to tell him things about my life—what-I-was-doing—because that seemed to please him. What I was doing. Nothing. I was in the Army. He had this funny idea, I remember, about the Army, about me and the Army, and he hated for me to tell him that I thought it all a lot of nonsense, or especially that I was messing around with it at all. Sometimes, in order to liven things up, I would tell him of some small adventure—an overstayed pass, a wangled assignment—and he really wouldn't have any of it. He wanted me to be a good boy in the Army. The sheet that covered him up to the neck, I remember, rose and fell with the slow rhythm of his breathing. The sound of his breathing filled the room. I talked informatively of the military life.

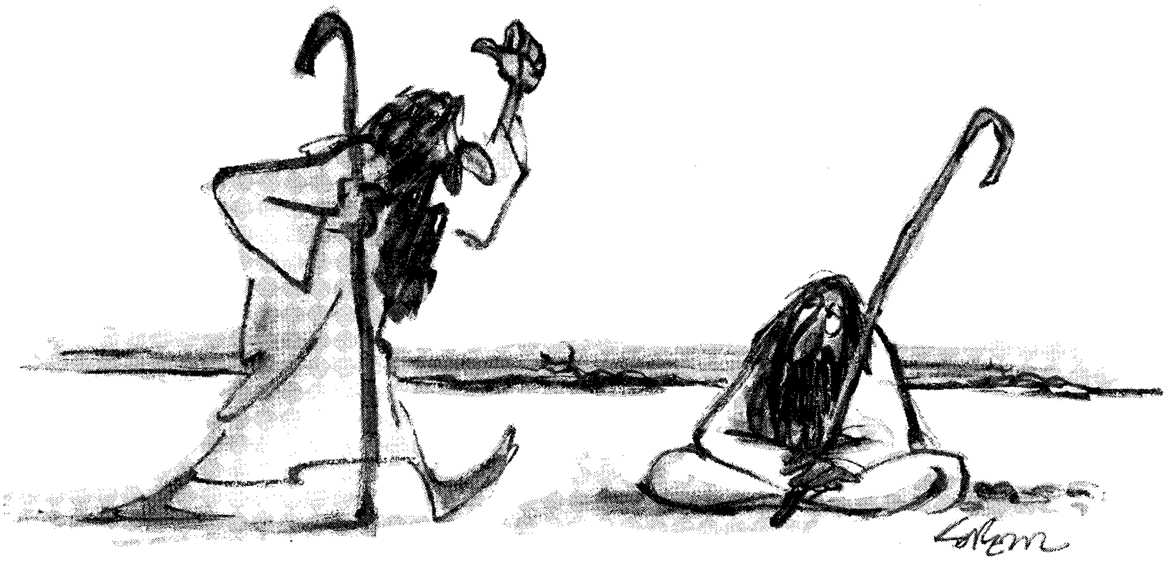
He got better for a while. The heart was O.K., they said, but naturally one must take it easy. He left the little hospital in Neuilly. He was so pleased his heart was O.K. He would take brief walks outside the Lotti in the pale sidewalk sun, and have a gin with Joe Baldwin at the Travellers, and get absurdly, miserably tired. But he was somehow pleased, maybe at just being alive. And then, around the middle of May, they went on down to the South of France. It was a good time for them, I think. They stayed at the Carlton, the big, white, dumpy Carlton, with the two domed towers, and the dingy little beach, and the bar, the great Carlton bar, where everyone had once sat around, where everyone had once waited for everyone else. Now everyone was gone, or nearly, or just not around, or no longer interested. A P.R. man from M-G-M where Willie Maugham once sat. Two dozen outboards rocketing and churning up the Mediterranean. But still the Mediterranean. In late May, my sister went down there for a while. He seems much better, my sister wrote me, hoping it was true. My sister was then attempting to recover from a disastrous romance with an Egyptian (to whom she had been introduced by my aunt) and had taken briefly to writing me letters. My mother also wrote me letters. They were having a nice time, she wrote. They took walks. They had seen such-and-such. My sister was being very silly about Hakim, who clearly had no visible means of support, and was a bounder, and so forth. Once, on a highly wangled assignment for the Army newspaper, I ended up on a May afternoon in North Africa, covering a golf match at a Moroccan airbase, and phoned my parents, full of my new role as a foreign correspondent (a military-golfing foreign correspondent), to announce that I might just "drop by" by way of Nice, where I knew the Air Force ran another flight. But they were having none of that. "That certainly doesn't sound sensible to me," my mother said, which in her language was the equivalent of cursing solidly for twenty minutes. My father, naturally, didn't want to hear about any of it. If the Army says you should be in Germany, he said, you should be in Germany. But they were well, or sounded well, and that really was good to hear. In a number of ways, it must have been horrid then in Cannes, but they had managed a nice time, and that says something about something. I think it was probably the last nice time like that either of them had.

They came on home to New York later that summer, and my father thought he was actually on the mend, getting better, feeling better all the time—longer lunches, longer walks, improvement, health, perfection, life, everything better. But then it wasn't so at all. It wasn't better. It was worse. It was awful, that—he couldn't understand it. He was suddenly so tired, couldn't do anything. He felt very bad one day on his way out to lunch, very, very bad, and went to bed. He postponed the lunch, which was with a man from *Time* who was researching a piece on Aldous Huxley—postponed it until the next week, but he never went out again. It was clear then that the doctors hadn't chopped it all out after all; that the excellent, bright-eyed, tennis-playing surgeon hadn't quite "got it all," whatever "it" means in these instances. Cancer. The black, dank spectre. The fifth horseman. He so clearly had it, and even then would not quite believe it. Certainly no one told him that he must believe it—why should anyone tell a man that? He was indoors all the time. Upstairs in bed for most of the day, and then sometimes, late in the afternoon, downstairs in the library. I had come back from Europe, back from the Army, to my job at *Time-Life*, and in a fit of filial affection (I think it was that) I had set aside my plans for getting my own place—girls, wild parties, the pleasure of leaving one's dirty laundry in the middle of the floor—and had moved back into my old room in their apartment. There was such death in that place. In a way, it had always had something of that feeling—an inside, inward-facing apartment to begin with, short on sunlight, and heavy with my mother's tastes in embroidery, tapestry, thick fabrics, dark wood, dark things, closed curtains, little froufrous here and there for "gaiety," which only made it all worse. And now there was real death. Sometimes (I don't think this was too "sensitive") you could almost see it moving into him, the thin edge of a tide moving across the open water. He was so bright, he was still so bright. Mostly, he read all the time now, or slept (or slept while reading), and sometimes talked a little, in a faint, troubled, hard-of-breathing voice. But once in a while he would connect with something—a memory, an object moving far off across the horizon—and for a few moments would come awake, really awake: the eyes alive, that marvellous quickness, lightness, that so un-Anglo-Saxon passion pushing its way back into his voice, taking him with it, taking him now in some pain, in some considerable pain because of it, even laughing, his breath very short, his eyes seeming to see *out* for the first time in days or weeks; and then suddenly over, the sentence finished, the eyes dull, the breath coming in great gulps, while we sat around him feeling love and fear, fear for all of us. Death is a hard person to have in the house with one, and I don't know that I was very much help. I couldn't bear the smell of death—couldn't, in fact, bear to be there, was always finding reasons to get out and later feeling terrible for having done so. Swearing I would behave better. Would not duck out after dinner like that again. For whole days, maybe two days, I would sit there, dutiful, attentive, providing little bits of talk and whatever affection seemed transmissible, until one evening there I would be again. I'm sorry. I forgot. Have to meet. Won't be long. Won't be late. Didn't think you'd mind. Yes, have a good night. See you in the morning.

He died in June—late in June. It was one of those steamy New York summers, everything unnaturally hot, the air heavy, dusty. I'd just come back from an assignment up around Boston and was downtown at the office typing up notes. My sister called me there in the afternoon. He'd got very bad, she said; the doctor was there. I went on home. The doctor was leaving when I arrived. He said he was O.K., which seemed an odd thing to say about a man with obviously terminal cancer, but he meant he was O.K. for then. O.K., considering. I went up to see him, but there was a new nurse. He's resting, she said. I went back down the stairs. My mother came down presently. He had this pressure on the lung, she said, almost instructively, and she went on to tell me the details of where the pressure came from, what had happened, what the lung could take, and so forth. She lived in the details; they supported her. "How is he now?" I asked. "He seems back to normal," she said. It all seemed crazy, and I knew that he would die tomorrow, or tomorrow night, or the day after tomorrow. The next morning, he was awake, and I went in to see him. He was pretty tired, but he smiled, and we exchanged a few words. I told him a little about the Boston trip. "It's important you go to the office," my mother said. "It's important things go on as usual." I went down to the office, toward the office, getting as far as Sixtieth Street, and then came on back. My mother was angry, but that didn't matter very much. I stayed in my room reading, or doing nothing, and then around lunchtime I went in again to see him. It was around twelve o'clock—about the only time of day that that room ever got any sunlight. He was sitting up



"Congratulations on quitting smoking. Congratulations on passing up Martinis at lunch. Congratulations on avoiding heavy desserts. And last, but not least, congratulations on those fancy new sideburns."



"Take off, Mac! There's only room for one voice crying in this wilderness."

in the big bed, with a tray, but not very mindful of the tray. Such a small, fierce man. He seemed extraordinarily alive just then, his eyes a deep, deep brown and full of life and warmth. We talked—or, rather, for the first time, it seemed, in weeks, in months, he talked. Not very much. About books, as I remember. Some book of Arnold Bennett's that he'd been rereading, or trying to. "Riceyman Steps." "I know you don't read Bennett now," he said. "But you ought to look at him. He wrote some good books." And: "It's funny, isn't it, when I was your age, Bennett was one of my field marshals. I was a corporal, and Wells and Bennett were my field marshals." And: "Bennett and I had lunch together once. I can't remember why. At the Savoy. Bennett talked the whole time about money." He smiled. He seemed very happy. Charles Hughson, a friend of his from England, was in town, and I mentioned that to him, and he talked a little about when they'd first met—Hughson a young reader, or some such, at Victor Gollancz, and he himself then new to London, new to writing, new to everything, a young man in a small room off Shepherd Market. His breath seemed almost steady then. He held my hand for a moment. His eyes were half closed as he talked, the man in the bed in New York talking across the years to the man in the small room off Shepherd Market. And then he said he was tired. I think I'll just sleep for a while is what he said. And I took his tray, which had a thing of custard on it that he hadn't touched, and carried it down. And twenty minutes later the nurse, who had looked in on him, came down the stairs to tell us he was dead.

An old brown-tinted photograph mounted on thick cardboard. A round-faced, plain, American-looking girl, but with fine eyes—fine, wide, brave, open eyes. At least, that is the way she seems in the photograph. A long time back. New York. The date, 1881, which was the year, I've just remembered, that Henry James (who then signed himself Henry James, Jr.) published "The Portrait of a Lady"—not that they ever met, had tea (which later wouldn't have been all that unlikely), or had any kind of actual connection with each other, but I suppose I make some kind of connection between them in my mind. Two émigrés. Her name was Abby Wright. Abigail Wright, of Cleveland. The youngest of several children of a Cleveland businessman. A small businessman. I don't know anything about the rest of her family, about her parents. She had red hair, and was short, even for then—five feet or so, not more—and was said to have a magnificent temper; and she was my great-grandmother, my mother's grandmother. Only, by the time I knew her she was no longer Abby Wright, of Cleveland, looking as proud and scared as a servant girl in the unfamiliar studio of an unfamiliar New York photographer; she was somebody, or something, called Madame la Princesse Daria Kara-Georgevitch, and she lived in a huge house down the hill from us in Cannes—the Villa Fiorentina—with endless terraces of Italianate gardens (box hedges garishly trimmed into the shapes of animals, birds, what-not), footmen, camellias, a lovely chapel right beside the house, which members of the family used every five years or so for weddings, and which I used in between times to hide in and make great resonant, wheezing sounds in by playing the foot-pedal organ in the upstairs loft.

When I look at that early photograph—the one from 1881, of the young girl with the round plain face—it's so hard to try to even imagine what it all must have been like then. She'd got married early, at seventeen or eighteen, to a man called Edward Wright, who was also young, a young man of ambition, who had started a steamship company on the Great Lakes, the Gardner Steamship Company of Chicago, and had done that for a few years, and then, shortly after their first child was born, had decided apparently to get away from Chicago, which was where they were living, to get out of the Midwest, and steamships, to do something more adventurous. And so he went out to Montana. There was talk of mining and mineral rights and great finds in the earth; it must have been an adventurous time then. And so he went out that year, and he was killed. Nobody ever seemed to know how or why, but he was killed. I think I was once told "by Indians," which certainly might have been true, but my guess is that I made that part of it up. In those days, he could have been killed in any number of ways, and the more I think of the very little I know about him, the more I think it is probably truer to just leave it the way they all left it at the time: he died somewhere in Montana, somehow, in 1880. And a year later his young wife, very young, with a small baby, and faced, one guesses, with the prospect of living out her days in Cleveland or Chicago, under the umbrella of various parents and relatives—well, she clearly had her own ambitions, and she got the hell out.

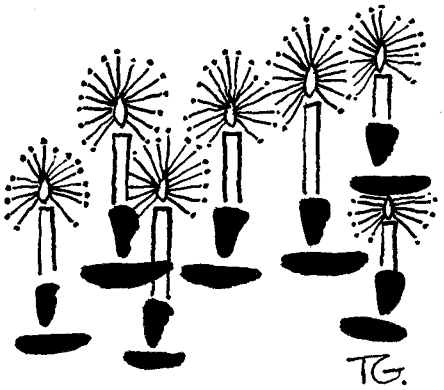
And went to Europe. The two of them. London first; then "the Continent." It must have been very strange, although she had some money then, which doubtless helped. The Gardner Steamship Company had made some money, and in due course she sold her

from riches to
wragge®

The weathercoat for black and white days. Bold print cotton. About 90.
At Bonwit Teller, all stores; Julius Garfinckel; Kaufmann's. bh wragge

shares in that and let the bank in Cleveland handle the proceeds. She had, I guess, plenty to live on in a modest sort of way—modest hotels, modest "resorts"—and so that is how they lived, my great-grandmother and the small girl who was to become my grandmother: they toured, they travelled around Europe. Steamer trunks on railway platforms. Porters. Luggage. Aix-les-Bains. "The mountains." Paris. London. "The seashore." And periodically they would come back to Cleveland: endless three-week voyages on cumbersome, rolling steamers—deck chairs, winds, spilled food. I remember my grandmother telling me once how terrified she used to be of "the crossing"—although I'm afraid part of her inheritance from those hotel years turned out to be that she became terrified of nearly everything. She married young, too—my grandmother. She always seemed to me a sad, strange, lonely woman—pretty in that depressing, fragile way that was maybe more the fashion then, although I doubt if it was ever really the fashion. All those years en route. Governesses teaching one French verbs in small hotel rooms. She married at eighteen—my mother's father. Alexandre Mercati. Count Alexandre Mercati, a young Greek on the rise in "court circles" in Athens. They met one winter in St.-Moritz—there is a lovely picture of him then. Tall, dark, a bristling mustache, stiff collar, hair plastered down. A real count, right out of a Phillips Oppenheim novel, which in fact he really wasn't like at all. (Privately, anyway. He liked to farm.) But, looking at the photograph, and remembering my grandmother, who seemed so frail and fragile and falling-down at forty-five (one imagined her in a perpetual swoon of vapors all her girlhood), I don't find it hard to conceive of the attraction between her and this stern, dark, impassive man. They were married, at any rate, and then lived for a half-dozen years in Athens, where my uncle, my mother, and my aunt were born (three children with neo-classical names: Leonardo, Atalanta, Daria), and he, Alexandre, attended well to his duties: attended to the King of Greece. Did God knows what—was sort of an arranger, an aide, a staff man, became something called Chamberlain, Lord Chamberlain. I remember one summer long ago we were in Athens and he came by our hotel room with his court uniform on (it was the first time I had seen it)—a splendiferous thing with braid and silk, and knee breeches, and lots of medals. There was a small revolutionary scuffle going on in the streets that day. Anarchists. Socialists. Some rifle fire across the square. He took the medals off in our hotel room, I remember, and put them very carefully in a case, a blue velvet case, and hurried out again. He was quite beautiful. He visited us a few times in the South of France. A tall, grave man. Gray-haired. A great gray mustache. On sunny days, he'd get up very early in the morning, long before anyone else, and sit outside on the veranda steps polishing his boots, and sometimes take revolver practice across the empty lawns. He was a very nice man, I always thought, although I don't know that we exchanged two words.

A few months after the birth of their youngest child (my aunt), his wife left him, to run off with "another man," another strong, stony young man on the rise in diplomatic circles, an Austrian called Emerich von Pflugl (Baron Emerich von Pflugl, in point of fact)—not exactly a mellifluous sort of name, and not really a very mellifluous sort of person. Imre, we called him. Uncle Imre—none of this step-grandfather business, though that is what he became. I don't know how it all came about—how does anyone know these things? The usual reasons, probably, abetted by the fact that my grandmother congenitally felt herself hard done by and full of unattended-to sensibilities (and disliked Athens); that my grandfather was doubtless more than usually aloof and impassive, even for those days; and that Imre (I don't think I'm really being unfair here) recognized a good deal when he saw one. There are some letters remaining from that period—in a way, terrifyingly inhuman letters, despite the heat of rhetoric, being full mostly of the sounds of social embarrassment and a kind of detached outrage. How could she, and so forth. How could you. Think of my position. Think of *my* position. It must have been awful, though—awful all the way around, and especially for Mercati, because he really was a warm, familial



man, although he mightn't have been terribly adept at being so for her. Imre, Lord knows, didn't seem any better. He was O.K. in a way, but so damned Teutonic. Prussian. He even looked a bit like Erich von Stroheim—at least, when I knew him. Round, bald bullethead, and, yes, one of those eye patches—he'd been wounded in the First World War (in the Austro-Hungarian cavalry)—and after my grandmother died he lived out his days (which is just exactly the way it was) in the Hotel Continental in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a tiny room (I was in college nearby and would have a stiff lunch with him once or twice a year, which seemed enough for both of us), compiling some sort of philosophy of militarism.

But my Grandfather Mercati—well, he was left the children, including this young baby, while his wife scooted off and away on the high seas back to America. And then, soon afterward, his own life started to really fall apart, in the sense that he was simply and definitely on the wrong side of the great social upheavals that were beginning to take place all over Europe. In Greece, there was a revolution led by Eleutherios Venizelos (evidently a remarkable man—great shock of hair, blazing eyes), and the King was tossed out. Everyone connected with the King was tossed out, and those especially close to the King were shot. My grandfather was taken to be shot but wasn't, because, I later found out (found out from various sources, one of which, in one of those nearly predictable ironies of history, turned out to be Venizelos's chic granddaughter, whom I found myself taking to foxtrotty little New York dances some thirty-five years later)—because apparently even Venizelos thought he was a nice man (I guess the translation of that is "harmless") and because he had all those damned children on his hands. He and they were sent into exile instead, on the island of Zante, which is one of the islands up there off the west coast of Greece, some hundred miles due south of Corfu. And they stayed there for about ten years. My uncle and mother and aunt more or less grew up on Zante, in a small house on a barren, lovely island. Not entirely barren—donkeys, goats, goatherds, small villages, farms, olive trees. Mercati's sister Cecile took care of the household. French ladies would arrive every so often to teach the children arithmetic and verbs. My uncle and my mother tried to keep scorpions as pets. Mercati wrote in his journal. And

COMING SOON: THE LITTLE CAR THAT DOES EVERYTHING WELL.

Late this summer, Chevrolet will bring out a new little car.

Truly new.

And truly little.

Who needs it, you ask?

Fair question. There's already a bunch of little cars on the market. And a few of them, we'll reluctantly admit, aren't half bad. We'll also admit that they all leave a little something to be desired.

Everything? Everything.

Our little car, which we're still finding ways to improve, will leave nothing to be desired.

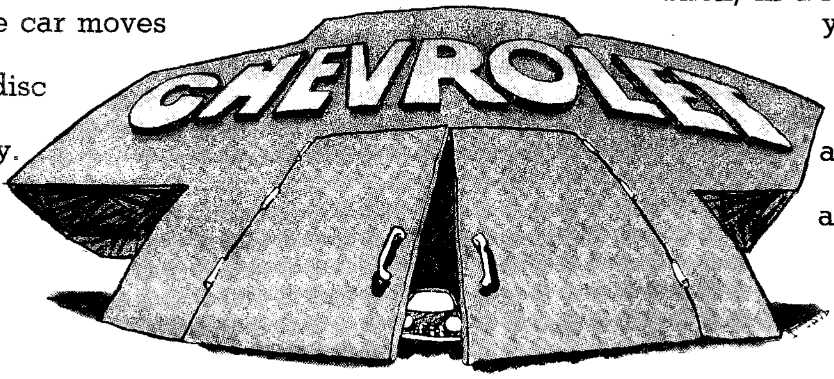
Its talents will be impressive.

For instance, in our own highway tests, our new mini has been traveling almost as far on a quart of gas as some cars go on a gallon.

Yet the car moves like a rabbit.

Front disc brakes will stop you emphatically.

It is uncommonly steady in crosswinds.



Nimble and easy to park.

Simple and easy to fix.

And strong. Strong body, strong chassis, strong engine, strong everything.

The inside isn't fancy. But it sure isn't plain. And there's room in there for four full-grown people. (Or, two full-grown people and three or four semi-grown people.)

All that, and considerably more, for the same kind of money people have been paying for ordinary everyday little cars.

We wouldn't blame you for being skeptical. The car does indeed sound too good to be true.

To be continued.

Bear with us. Read our future ads, in which we'll get progressively specific with facts, features, dimensions, statistics.

Then, in a few months, we'll hit you with the biggest little persuader of them all: the car itself. Four of them as a matter of fact.

A sedan, a coupe, a station wagon. And even a little panel truck.

You'll see.

CHEVROLET

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

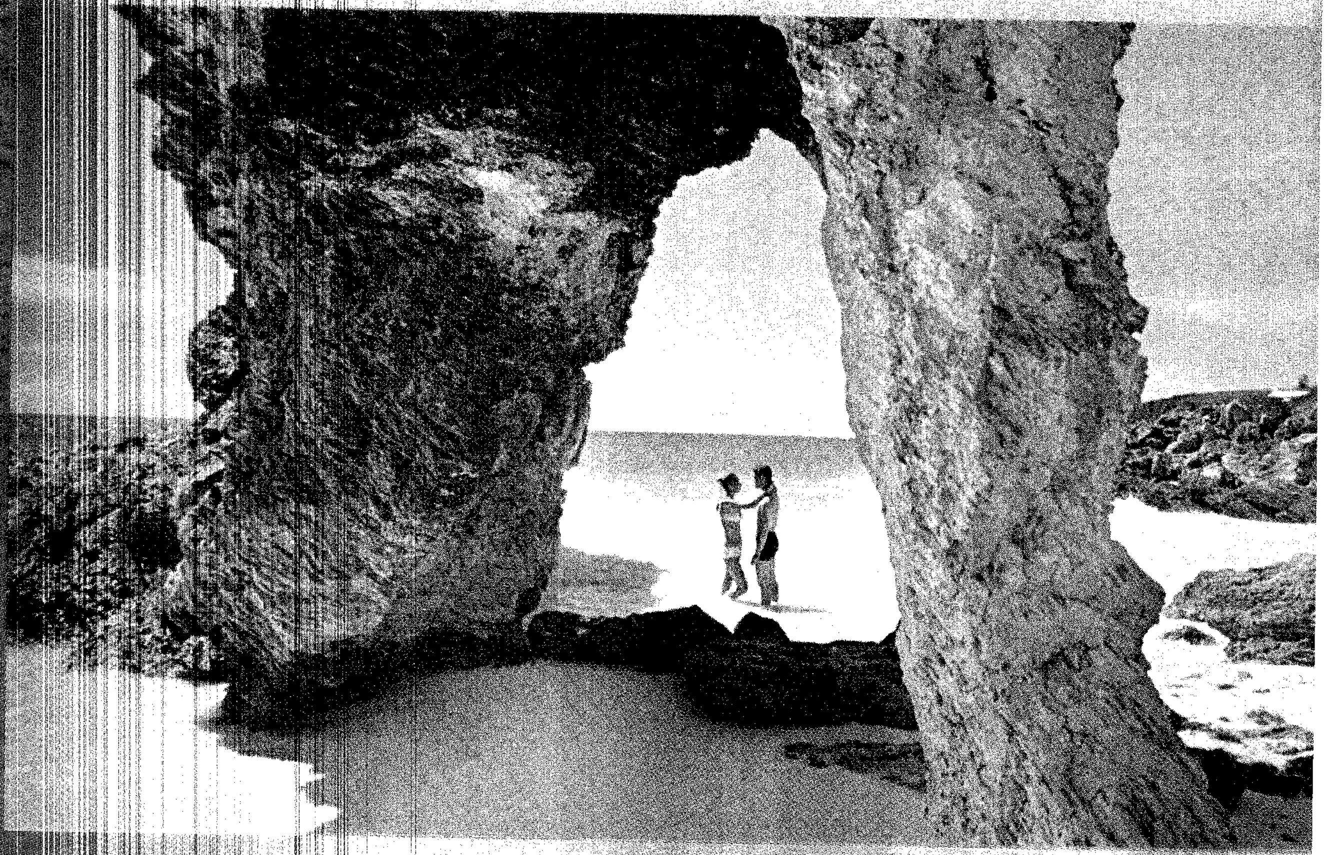
then, eventually, a counter-revolution took place, and brought them all back again, to schools, and proper clothes, and big houses, and "mountains" and "seashores" and St.-Moritz in the winter, and a curtsy to the King at birthday parties, and, yes, Balliol for my uncle, and finishing schools in Paris, and God knows what else, what all, except that one sensed that when my mother peered back through her life, back through her marriage, before her marriage, all she ever seemed to see that made any sense to her was the dust of Zante, the donkeys and scorpions—a passing remembrance, for instance, of her father one afternoon standing solitary by the sea—and one sensed that, in the strange way of the world, everything thereafter had been a kind of exile.

Marriage, even. Or especially. It's indeed hard to know these things. When my mother and my father married, in many ways they were very old-fashioned, and in many ways they were among the first "modern" people—not so much in that my mother smoked cigarettes in public, or in that my father would rather fly the Channel than take the boat across, as in that the possibilities they, and people like them, were beginning, unknowingly, to live with were already there, dimly, beginning to outrun their resources. Possibilities everywhere. The ability to move. To seize new ground. New people. New money. One still had the old, of course. The old everything. (Franz Josef himself was not so many years dead.) Then one still had the old—the carpet underfoot, the furniture nailed in place—although one was moving away from it with every breath, every year. My father and my mother met, as it happens, in St.-Moritz, and fell in love. My father was then twenty-nine, and was already "successful"—a celebrity of some sort, but definitely not the right sort. A novelist, a foreigner, really the most unbecoming kind of foreigner. They fell very much in love that winter, and then spent an anguished year alternately together, apart, together, apart—her father disapproved. An adventurer is what he said my father was. "No better than an adventurer." I have one of the letters. It is hard to realize that people once actually spoke like that outside of novels, but then they often don't speak all that differently now. My father and my mother decided to get married anyway, she running off to the South of France, to Cannes, where her grandmother lived. Her father, the Count, sent quiverfuls of letters in pursuit. Telegrams—those portentous, pronounless messages of the early days of communications. He disinherited her by telegram—it sounds so funny now. Disinherit? We are above all that. But it must have been bloody awful at the time. (The man on the beach at Zante.) Rejection in any form is bloody awful.

In the end, though, it was O.K., as these things so often seem to be if you have the nerve for them. A big wedding. (They used the chapel once again.) Marriage. Even Mercati relented a few years later, and re-inherited her, or whatever, with some real estate outside Athens, which the next government instantly impounded. It was really a very good kind of match, and also very bad, although I grant that it is difficult to tell about these things by looking in through the window. They were both beautiful. They were also both in a kind of exile, and sought to find a home, a country, in each other, and very nearly did—came as close, maybe, as it is possible to do, for each of them was so deep in exile when they met, and how could they have known that? My father, so successful, full of energy, in command of things. My mother, so seemingly established—a title, even, money somewhere in the background, big houses, gardens, furniture, wax for the furniture, polish for the silver, manners, style, and, more than style or manners, a seeming feeling for independence, for being a "new woman." But the house my mother grew up in was a dead house, and when my father, running out of success, and nerve, and stamina, and command, finally came to seek shelter in that house, it turned out to have no room, it was already sinking, sunk. And when my mother sought to escape from her (still unknown) exile, from all those mannered, assured, protected, self-protective people, into this unusual man's vitality, imagination, energy—well, as maybe happens with many men, it turned out to be a fragile, an especially fragile, kind of energy. So delicate, really. Too delicate. But that was all for later, for much later. It was later that they found those things out, or didn't find them out—just lived them, lived under them. In the beginning, though, it must have been lovely, as it often is. There is a picture of the two of them on a rock near Cannes—a picture of two bodies, really, pleased with each other. I mean, there are clothes, and the two of them are looking in different directions, and there is even someone else in the picture, a friend, but the picture is of what I said it was of, and life must surely have been like that for a while. The South of France. The early nineteen-thirties. A white house on the side of a hill above Cannes—wisteria, magnolia, lemon trees, fig trees, green lawns, bamboo—and a half mile or so above my great-grandmother's house. Madame la Princesse. About ten years previously, she had finally been remarried, at fifty-five, to somebody called Alexis Kara-Georgevitch (Monsieur le Prince, a nice man, I gather)—one of the thousands of Kara-Georgevitches unleashed upon an unprepared world after the disappearance of Serbia—who died a few years later in a seaplane crash. One of the *first* seaplanes, she used to say with genuine pride. She considered herself a true modernist, or tried hard to be one. I remember this machine she had downstairs in her salon. A room full of marble and porcelain and velvet, and immense Chinese screens, with a harp over by the window—and there, off to one side, built into the wall, one of the first automatic record-changers: a marvellous, untamed contraption consisting of a phonograph turntable and a sort of obscene metallic hand, a *hand*, that whirred and clanked and extended slowly out of the wall and grabbed the record, and then usually dashed it to bits on the floor. I used to go there sometimes for lunch. The two of us (only one footman). Lamb chops. Mint sauce. The smell of mint everywhere. Sunlight. She had very white hair then, and a kind, no-nonsense smile. I don't remember what we talked about. And afterward we'd sit for a while outside, and she would read, and fall asleep, and I'd throw gravel at the peacocks.

I HAVE an idea now, finally, of what my father was like when I last saw him. Of what he looked like. Of what he sounded like. Even (I count myself lucky in this) a small idea of the kind of man he was. I have a picture, anyway, of him and me in the last couple of years before he died—a picture in which we are both fairly clear, are clear to each other, seem to touch. But all those years before. There are few pictures, and the ones that remain seem now so very blurred. I've wondered how clear they were to him.

There was that time in Califor-



Your childhood dream is waiting 700 miles at sea.

Remember that island you once dreamed of escaping to?

That was no dream. It is real and it's called Bermuda.

With caves and natural arches that look like the pictures in the storybooks of your childhood. With tiny deserted coves that make you feel you've escaped to an island of hidden treasures.

And, when you feel like it, you can escape to the adult world of golf and tennis, water skiing, sailing, fishing, dancing.

Bermuda has just about everything plus something that no other vacationland has.

It is a feeling. You feel it in the eyes of the people who live and work here and make you feel welcome. You feel their pride in the way they keep their beaches and streets and houses, lawns and gardens.

You feel it in their conversations, for when they talk about their island, they don't have to apologize for any part of it.

This feeling is the treasure of Bermuda.

And it's there for anyone to take home with him.

It is one of the reasons why there is only one Bermuda.

Tell a travel agent you're ready to re-live a childhood dream. Or write Bermuda: 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020 or 6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60602.

Bermuda

Play!

Introducing Her-Joys for 1970.
A fabulous new collection of golf shoe fashions
is at your Golf Professional's shop now.
Clockwise from the top: Blue Suede is Style 91017,
White Calf 91009, Brown Suede 91025, White Calf 91041,
Black Calf 91058, Red, White & Blue 91074, Honey Calf 91066.

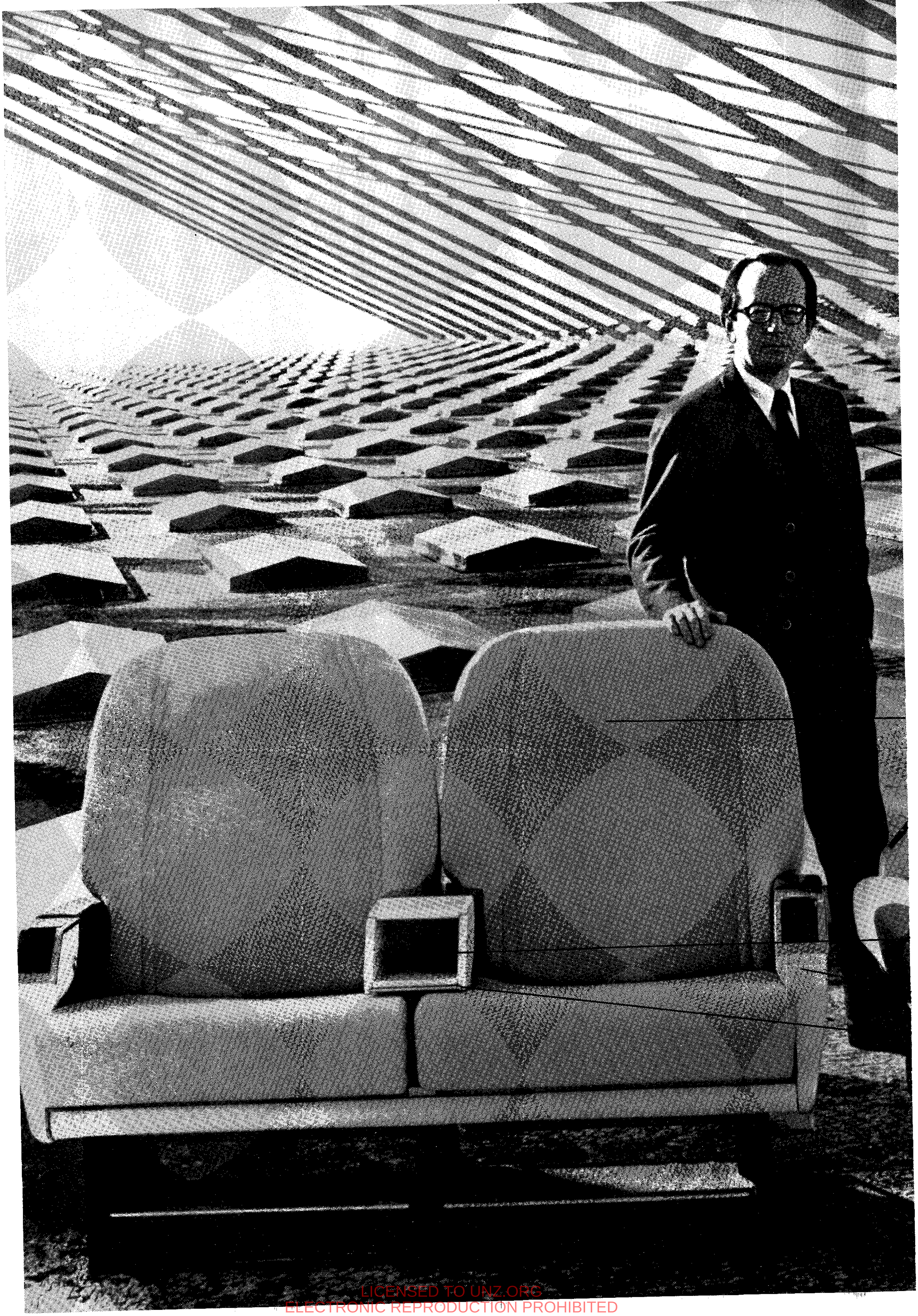
Foot-Joy® FJ

Brockton Footwear, Inc., Dept. NY4, Brockton, Mass. 02403 nia. A few months after D Day, I remember. I was at school in New Hampshire. St. Paul's, that fine, sleek, red-bricked, well-mowed, well-scrubbed Episcopal school that my mother had finagled me into just before the start of the school year. At least, that was her story, and I had no reason to doubt it. "Freddy Boissevain has been such a help," she said to me later. "You are lucky to have him on your side." Freddy Boissevain was apparently the man who had done the finagling. Freddy Boissevain was a trustee of the school, a small, pink man with a soft face who would now and then drop by my mother's apartment in New York and talk to her about electric utilities. He was a "fixer," my mother would say of him admiringly. He fixed people into marriages, and into clubs, and through customs, and into hotels, and maybe in and out of electric utilities on the side, and now he had fixed me into this fine, sleek Episcopal school. I was terrified by it. I loved it. All those hymns. They were the same hymns I had been mumbling through at English schools and Canadian schools since the age of eight, and now I knew them nearly all by heart—I could yell them, almost, and sometimes did when the music was loud enough, standing blazered and half asleep in chapel every morning beside the sturdy, blond, Protestant figures of the sons of stockbrokers and lawyers in the pews beside me. My mother kept telling me I should feel lucky to be there. I did feel lucky to be there. Showers that ran in never-ending streams of hot water. Food of such extraordinary delicacy that it could frequently be eaten without ketchup. Teachers, even, who seemed to have taken up their calling with at least a semblance of vocation—at any rate, teachers unlike my previous masters, who had generally given such evidence of despising both the school and their profession that one assumed they had been sent to it, like us, for some as yet unrevealed misdemeanor. It was a nice place, that school in New Hampshire. Lots of trees, and grass, and woods, and ponds. I had two friends there that first fall, Dick Hobart and George Brock (I don't remember why they were good friends, but they were), and we used to skip football practice some afternoons and go roaming through the woods at the back of the playing fields. Nothing very poetic about it—we were looking for a supposed secret way into a nearby village, and eventually found it—but it was nice crashing about in the woods, even when it got cold, toward November. Even when the sun went down very early, and the trees were bare and the ground hard, and everything in the world seemed brittle—except us, I think.

And then my mother phoned me one evening. It was a big deal then, being phoned by one's mother. Messages were taken, transmitted, passed up channels, down channels. One was summoned to the housemaster's office. One was given slips of paper. Fear. Excitement. One called New York . . . New York City. The Butterfield number. "It's me," I said. "Well, of course," she said. And then: "He's coming over. He left a week ago. I just got the cable." My father was finally coming over from England, on some Brazilian freighter, or something, bound for Halifax, Boston, New York—the long way around. She was quite wild at first; I couldn't make her out. I didn't feel much of anything myself, except her wildness, her excitement. I hadn't seen my father in nearly four years, and when she'd say "your father" this, "your father" that, I really had no face at all to connect the name with—just a sort of shape, a feeling. An overcoat, in truth, was what I most had to connect with in my mind—there was this overcoat, this arm stretching from a dark overcoat that pulled me, tugged me, laughing, running, down a street off Berkeley Square. But anyway I was to come on down for his arrival. It had been arranged with the school. A certain weekend. Travel arrangements were being made; were made.

One week later, I went on down. Concord to Boston. Boston to New York. The junior master who put me on the train at the Concord station kept tying tags to my lapel and I kept tearing them off; there ought by then, I felt, to have been some benefit accrued from all those past train journeys, at least to the extent of one's not having to wear some damned tag on one's lapel. "Don't forget, you change stations in Boston," he said. He was a nice young man called Mr. Stevens, who taught French and had been on the crew at Yale. "I know," I said. "South Station," he said. "You change from North Station to South Station." "I know," I said. The train chugged in; I stepped aboard. "Have a great time with your dad," said Mr. Stevens. "Here. Take this." And he handed me the newspaper he had under his arm. I went down to New York, but my father was not due for another week. My mother had just found out that morning—a message from the ship. There had been some sort of trouble in a storm, they were bypassing Halifax, their speed had been reduced. My mother was too distracted by it all to give much thought to whether or not I was disappointed, which I wasn't. Something that was supposed to have happened apparently wasn't going to happen—at least, not on schedule. But it was all too remote for disappointment. She wasn't disappointed in that sense, either—

BURNING THE CAMPUS CAUSES AIR POLLUTION
Ed Fisher



Time is seat-shaped

Alitalia. Dimension '70

Professor Sergio Lenci and his famous seats on the roof of the Alitalia hangar at Leonardo da Vinci Airport, Rome.

Within the framework of the chair we have some very accommodating supports. If they're in a high pressure area they're thick. And if they're in a low pressure area they're not so thick. So they're comfortable whichever way you lean.

The seat covers are in finely textured wool; in some beautifully relaxing colors.

Between seats you'll find our passenger control box. To put sound track and movie controls at your fingertips.

When you recline, it's not only the back of the seat that 'breaks': The whole seat tips back. Much more restful.

More arm space. This extra couple of inches makes all the difference.

The '70s are going to be Alitalia's.

We'll be flying 747s to destinations in the four corners of the earth. And we'll be leading the field, with some of the best design, for example, to come out of Italy in years.

The seat built for our 747 is the work of one of Italy's most talented designers. Professor Sergio Lenci.

He believes people should travel in style.

So he took an executive chair for his model.

And his idea finally took shape in the beautifully designed seat you see here.

It's the most comfortable airplane seat ever.

Nobody sits on top of you.

It puts you to sleep like a baby.

And if you put your hand underneath you'll find a handy little luggage compartment. Out of sight.

Everything about it is designed to make you feel less and less like you're in an airliner and more and more like you're in a luxury apartment.

It's just one facet of Alitalia's new dimension in travel.

So next time you fly, take an apartment.

You won't find any cheaper.

FLY Alitalia
ITALY'S WORLD AIRLINE

just in limbo, not there. Not here. Not there. We went out to lunch that Saturday, I remember, and she asked me vaguely about school, and offered to go to a movie afterward, but neither of us could think of one, neither of us much wanted to sit inside a movie house; she clearly couldn't sit still anywhere.

I went back to school, and then, indeed, about a week later my father phoned from New York, from that apartment. I spoke to him on the telephone. I had never heard his voice before—had quite forgotten it—and he then had all this feeling in it; he kept reaching out, and I knew it, felt all sorts of strange and powerful things myself. But I had never heard his voice before. "How are you?" he kept saying helplessly, and I, equally helpless, kept answering "Fine," or something like that.

It must have been very hard for him. So many things must have been hard for him then, only the least of them being a three-and-a-half-week North Atlantic crossing on a glued-together Brazilian freighter. He was forty-eight years old. He had wanted to be so good, so shining, so flashing, such a proud, exotic animal—he had had all these things, nearly had them, had his hands around them, fondled them. The books. Money. The sun shining on silver. Flame. All those bright, bright whites and blues beside the Mediterranean. The big, silent cars. The speedboats. The drive along the Corniche and over the hills to Monte Carlo. Byzantium. At Maxine Elliott's, he and Willie Maugham would lunch (serene amid all those monkeys and the half-mad wild deer she kept about her), and Vincent Sheean and Freddy Lewisohn, and sometimes Churchill, would come by—Winston, who was writing all those pieces for *Collier's*, and talked, and drank, and sometimes went off to paint in the afternoons. And then it had all begun to go. The sun on the white houses. The sun on the Mediterranean. The sun on everything. Even as a kid, I can remember it changing—a whole new sequence of snapshots. My father listening each evening to the B.B.C.'s Empire Service. Fouchard, the old gardener, absently oiling his 1918 rifle. The evil-looking brown-tinted drawings about gas masks and tanks and barrage balloons that started appearing in the *Illustrated London News*. It is easy, I guess, to look back with hindsight and talk smoothly about "Europe dancing while the storm clouds gathered," and I suppose there was some of that going on—I suppose there always is. But the people I peer back toward—I don't know that in the end they will turn out to have acted much different toward their time from you or me. Which is to say that when the dark shapes finally rose above the horizon, finally appeared, inescapably visible, above the horizon line, they worried, felt bad, were scared, were not scared, tried to do certain things knowing that the things they tried were only things, no more than things, and that by then, irreversibly, they were in the grip of "forces." My father (and people like him), as I think of it, lived his life in terms of a never-ending adjustment of his dream of it to what he saw was there to be adjusted to, lived with, and although I think it sad in many ways that this should be so, I'm not sure that many of us in any generation get much beyond that. It just happened (I believe) that his dream was shinier than most, full of wilder colors, of plumage, smoke, honeysuckle, scents, the feel sometimes (it must have been) of perfect ivory. But then his view of what lay before his eyes at any given moment could also be colder, harder than most—less full of self-pity. And so the world he had tried so hard to blow his shiny dream upon turned cold and sour, and he knew it, I think, as well as anyone; knew why, and felt powerless to stop it—which is neither particularly to his credit nor to his discredit. It is just the way things were for him. And then the war did come, arrived. We were in England. I had just gone off to school, my first school, a posh little cold-showers-and-Latin boarding school in Surrey. And we disbanded, our family, for "safety's" sake—I first, in a boatload of sniffly, properly capped and jacketed English boarding-school boys bound for another school, in Canada. My mother and sister came to New York. And he stayed there. In England. It was his adopted country, he used to say, conscious that people did not expect what they considered that sort of sentimentality from him, and conscious that he felt it, helplessly and absolutely. He was in London first, and then in Coventry, where he was what he could be, an air-raid warden—in actual title, an "information officer" for Civil Defense, but mostly an air-raid warden, and felt proud of it. There was a lot of bombing there, in that war, in that place (as is remembered by some), and he did what he could, which was usually nothing, and felt scared and angry. I used to read some of the letters he wrote my mother then. He'd make it seem as if he just moved through everything, moved through the streets, the night, fires, rubble, people. He and a gigantic Scotsman called MacAndrew who worked with him had been walking home late after a raid, he'd write, and MacAndrew, "who then smelled beautifully of whiskey," had fallen out of sight into a hole in the street. "The hole was a very large one, containing interesting rocks, and which led in turn to a tunnel, which led into the deposit vaults of Barclays Bank. MacAndrew, being Scots, refused to leave, and I, being Armenian, felt unable to persuade him. I enclose clippings of the arrest." He was often very tired, he used to write, and sometimes afraid, and "on dark nights have other dark thoughts I cannot name," and that was the most he used to give away in those days of his own feelings. And then, when the bombing had quieted down a bit, had quieted down considerably, seemed to have stopped—well, it's hard to understand how these things can happen, but of course one knows how they happen; they happen every day, in every country—on one such day, in early 1944, a "question" was raised in the House as to why a person of "foreign ancestry" was "in these crucial times" allowed to occupy such a "key position" in an industrial city, and shortly afterward he left. There was no other course. He left, and went back to London, where he tried to get something to do in one of the information offices, but apparently things were rather sticky for him; his "situation" had suddenly become rather sticky—it must have been a small nightmare. I mean, he really cared. He cared a lot. And so finally he packed, and got himself a bunk aboard this freighter, this Brazilian freighter, and went off to join his family. Forty-eight years old. No money (the little he had left being "blocked" in England). The memory of a flashing career. His wife and children living out of a small apartment hotel off Madison Avenue. He was quite marvellous, even so. Tired, marvellous. But then he worried about the money. My mother had come into a little—a small trust thing from her mother—which was what we lived on. A few days after he landed in New York, he took my mother out to dinner—to the Colony, I think. The first time that the two of them had been together that way in a long time. It had been nice, I gathered. Big fusses made. (He'd known old Gene Cavallero from before

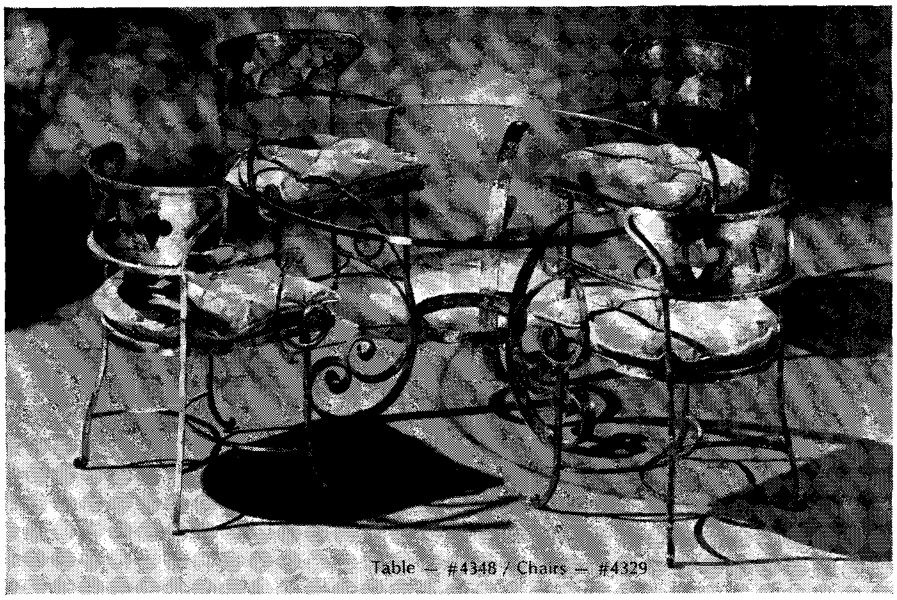
He's working to make your life better.

He's a doctor. Before the day is over, he'll see all the patients he counted on, two emergencies he hadn't counted on, and still manage a reassuring word to a worried mother. He'll do all this for the best and simplest of reasons—everything he does affects the lives of others.

The same motivation drives our agents in serving your life insurance needs.

National Life
of Vermont

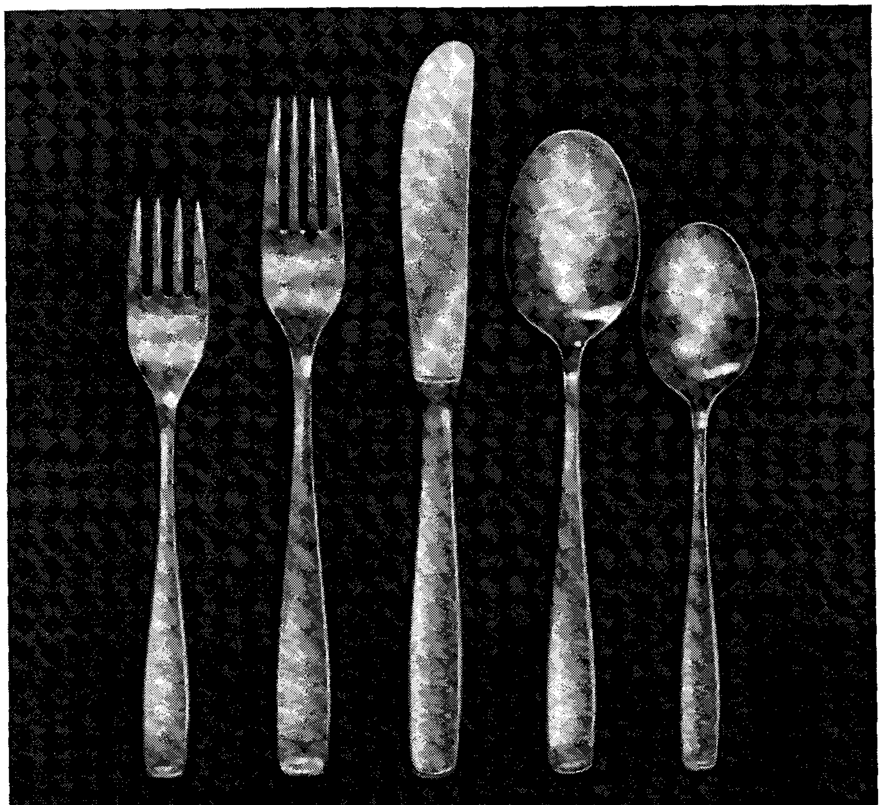
National Life Insurance Company, Montpelier, Vermont



Spanish Sit-in

Wrought iron from the craft shops of Barcelona, finished with antique gold leaf. Table is the comfortable Continental height, 26″, with imported 3/4″ crystal top, 4 ft. in diameter. Chairs with antique velvet cushions. At your LaBarge dealer. His name and a table brochure in 4 colors on request.

LaBarge Holland, Michigan 49423
In Canada: Walker Glass Ltd., Ville D'Anjou, Montreal



FRASER'S WMF stainless 18/8

LINE®. A favorite from our collection of quality WMF Cromargan® tableware. 5 pc. place setting, $11.00. Please write for brochure F and store nearest you.

WMF FRASER'S. 236 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10001 • **WMF CANADA.** 2350 Midland Ave., Agincourt, Ont.

the war.) Champagne. The works. The next morning, he woke up in high spirits and announced plans to take a half-dozen people to "21" for dinner that evening, and my mother then told him that they just couldn't do that sort of thing anymore. He went out that noon—went down to "21," in fact—feeling terribly serious and solemn, and full of all sorts of resolves about economy: a last drink at "21" or some such. There he ran into Louis Mayer, whom he had known when "The Green Hat," his big novel, was made into a movie in the late nineteen-twenties. They had lunch together. There was a whole crowd of people, I gather, and lots of booze, and talk, and at some point Mayer leaned over and asked my father what he was planning to do. "I was just talking to Sam Goldwyn—" my father began, which was true; he'd met Goldwyn outside in the lobby, and Goldwyn had advised him to buy race horses. "How much did he offer you?" Mayer asked quickly. My father thought for a moment. "Not enough," he said. "Would you take fifteen hundred for thirty weeks?" Mayer asked. My father said yes, and he went home that afternoon and called up lots of people to go out to dinner, and told my mother that he was now a screenwriter for M-G-M. He left for Los Angeles a few weeks later.

MY father decided I should come out to California and join him just before Christmas. He was already working on a movie. Within a few days of his arrival there, to his surprise, to everyone's surprise, they had put him on a movie—it was a William Powell-Hedy Lamarr movie, in fact, that was already in production and that some other writer had been messing around with. In letters and phone calls back to New York, he made it all sound very busy and glamorous. He said he missed everybody. He said he didn't know if he'd be able to get home before Christmas, and then he hit on the idea that I should come directly out there from school. We would have a reunion, he said. Good times.

The train took me out to California that December—a bright, cold East Coast December. Bleak Chicago. Servicemen everywhere. I had heard stories of the resplendent private cars of movie tycoons, and looked for them on the sidings, but they were nowhere to be seen. I sat up for nights and days looking out the grimy windows at the clean, spare Western states. I was fourteen years old, and rode beside a young

The "fat time of day:" that's when eating becomes over-eating. Read how sugar can keep it from happening.

"Right now I need all the help I can get."

The "fat time of day" is at mealtime. When you're really hungry and likely to overeat.

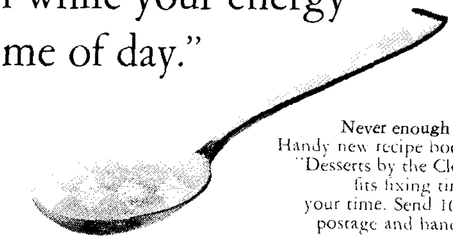
That's the time your appestat* is turned up.

The trick is to turn down your appestat shortly before mealtime. A little sugar, in a soft drink, or a candy bar can be a big help.

Sugar turns into energy faster than any other food.

Sugar helps your appetite stay down while your energy stays up. And you're safely past the "fat time of day."

Sugar...only 18 calories per teaspoon, and it's all energy.



Never enough time?
Handy new recipe booklet,
"Desserts by the Clock,"
fits fixing time to
your time. Send 10¢ for
postage and handling.

Sugar Information

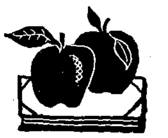
Dept. I., P. O. Box 2664, Grand Central Station, New York, 10017

"A neural center in the hypothalamus believed to regulate appetite."—Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

Air Forces captain returning home to Idaho, who answered my questions about airplanes and showed me pictures of his parents and his girl friend. There was a woman, too, or a girl—she must have been twenty-three or so, Ann Sheridan hair. The dining-car captain seated me across from her the first night out of Chicago, and I found her very beautiful and fell in love with her the instant she laughed at one of my stories, or whatever it was that I was telling her. She took my hand at one point, or so I thought, or so I remember. I spent the rest of the trip searching for her through the train, but usually when I found her she was seated in one of the club cars with a man, or a group of men—not laughing, usually, just sitting. I remember going by her once when some sort of colonel was holding one of her hands and a man in a business suit had an arm across her shoulders.

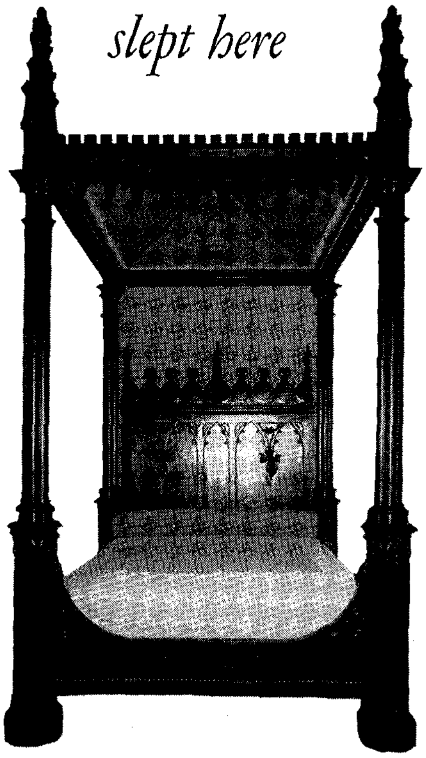
My father met me at the station in Los Angeles. I didn't recognize him at first, which was O.K.; he was still far away, with one of those wide-brimmed dark hats he used to wear. Everything was smaller, less than I'd expected. California was smaller, less, and he, too. My *father*, I wondered, knowing full well that this man advancing down the platform was inalterably my father. Arms outstretched. A sudden wave. We hugged. He had tears on his face. This stranger. I hugged him hard, harder. This stranger. I kept looking at him, trying to do so in a way that wouldn't be evident. We walked, the two of us, back down the platform. How big you are, he kept saying. How well you look. How is everything at school? I answered dutifully, trying not to be dutiful. He seemed so small to me. I hadn't realized he was so small—no taller than I was, really. We went outside and took a taxi to the hotel, the Beverly Wilshire. I have a room for you, he said, just down the hall from me. I let him propel me about. Hotel clerks. Bellboys. The Beverly Wilshire seemed dark and garish, and I felt myself withdrawing, withdrawing all the time, and not wanting to—wanting to be there. Breakfast, he kept saying. You must be hungry. I said I wasn't. Of course you are, he said. We'll have breakfast together. Shall we have it up here? Or shall we go downstairs? The dining room isn't much, he said. You should have seen the food we had in England, he said when the waiter and the table arrived. Everything is amazing here, he said. The Americans are amazing. I looked at him across the hotel table in that hotel room. I didn't really mind hotels. There had been that hotel in London. Each winter, for a few weeks after Christmas. Cold winds outside. Inside, the smell of porridge. One called it porridge. Wheeled in on a large table. Gaiety. Warmth. My father had been there, too—in the next room, in fact. And now here he was. This man. His mustache was thicker than I'd remembered. I spoke to him about my school, and said "Thank *you*" a lot. He seemed not to notice any of it, although once he suddenly reached out across the table and clasped my hand, and I tried to clasp back, and there was something in his eyes just then, but I don't know what it was.

We went out that afternoon to "the Studio." M-G-M. Culver City. He had a limousine for us. They sent a limousine for him every day, he said. It was part of his arrangement with Mr. Mayer. He made it all sound very posh and debonair, and I felt better as we drove. The studios were big. Impressive. Great white-and-gray buildings. Sheds. Lots of people. We drove in through the gate and over to a large, nondescript building, where the offices were, he said. I got out, and thought that we would go up together to his office. I was curious about what his office might be like, having read somewhere that Selznick (or was it Zanuck?) had an office full of tiger skins and elephant tusks, but he said for me to wait downstairs, he would be back in a moment. It was a ramshackle sort of building on the inside—narrow corridors, pasteboard walls. Men and a few women, none of them beautiful, passed in the halls, greeted each other.



My father seemed uncertain of his way. I hoped people would greet him, too, but they didn't. I waited by the guard's desk while he disappeared upstairs. He came down again in about ten minutes. "We'll go out and watch some of the shooting," he said. "Nothing's open today," said the guard. We went out anyway. My father talked about the techniques of "special effects." He was telling me about a scene in an Errol Flynn movie that was then being filmed—about how they used a great tank of water, and wave machines, and had all these ship models. He was walking beside me across the M-G-M lot, smiling, discoursing about this tank of water, and Errol Flynn. Errol is an old friend, he said at several points. We walked between sheds, around sheds. People all around. We

Henry Clay
almost
slept here



Vive Louisiana's magnificence and romance

Had Henry Clay become president in 1844, this superb bed would have graced the White House. Instead, the whole suite was bought by a great Louisiana landowner, who added a wing to his plantation to house it. That beautiful plantation, Rosedown, still stands in St. Francisville, with the bed proudly displayed.

You'll find princely mansions such as this in almost every part of Louisiana – many lovingly restored to their former grandeur, many still lived in by descendants of the courageous dreamers who built them. To discover where to find them . . . and to learn of Louisiana's many other vacation pleasures, write for FREE color brochures on Plantations . . . Gourmet Foods . . . Historical Sites . . . Festivals . . . Fishing . . . Camping . . . to

Louisiana Tourist Development Commission, Dept. NY-4
P. O. Box 44291,
Baton Rouge, La. 70804

Ron Rico. Didn't his girl have a strange animal magnetism?

RONRICO
WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
PUERTO
RICAN
RUM

A big hand for the little lady. But Ronrico's a rum. Light and dry, smooth but devastating. Often downed, never bested. Not for 112 years.

©1970 General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC, 80 proof.

Ronrico. A rum to remember.

Maybe someday all cars will be built like the Citroen. Maybe someday.

Maybe it depends on you.

On when you decide that Detroit may not be giving you quite enough car for your dough. A car, for example, that would glide you around like a Rolls but cost like a Chevy. That would handle curves like a sports Maserati but seat a full five passengers in sinful comfort. A car that would be in every sense of the word a luxury car—yet burn only as much gas as a tiny Volkswagen (27 mpg).

Sounds a little incredible but that's the kind of car you could get from Detroit if you demanded it.

Funny thing is, you don't have to demand anything. From anybody. All you have to do is buy one. It's called the Citroen. It's available right now. And forgive us, but we think it's the finest, safest, best engineered automobile in the world.

Well, now that we've shattered any illusions you may have had about our modesty, we'd better stop talking about our car and just ask you to go to a Citroen dealer. Once there, ask him to let you test drive it. Not the "formality" test drive you go through every three years when you buy a regular car. Rather a real test drive on the very worst roads you can find. At speeds as high as the law will allow. Through the rain. On ice and snow if they're handy.

But here is a critical point; you must do it with a determination not to accept anything the salesman says unless the car proves it to you. In person. Then and there.

And when it's all over, there'll be two things proved: how good other cars may someday be; and how someday is today with a Citroen.

Citroen

THE ONE CAR THAT'S ALL CARS IN ONE

SALES AND SERVICE THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A. AND CANADA. CHECK THE YELLOW PAGES. FOR DEALER LIST, LITERATURE AND/OR EUROPEAN DELIVERY BROCHURE, WRITE: CITROEN CARS CORPORATION, DEPT. NY, EAST: 40 VAN NOSTRAND AVENUE, ENGLEWOOD, N.J. 07631, WEST: 12615 BEATRICE STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90066.

looked into buildings. A few sets were open, but nothing was happening. There were lots of actors in Navy uniforms on an empty stage. Lots of cameras. I had this feeling that neither of us could stop walking, that neither of us knew how to stop walking. He asked a guard where the tank of water was that they were using for Errol Flynn's movie, but the guard appeared not to know anything about it. "For Mr. Flynn's picture," my father repeated, as if the "Mr." would somehow set it straight, but the guard was having none of it.

We walked some more—in a kind of desperation, so it seemed—and then we went on back to Beverly Hills. I felt he must surely want to get rid of me—for a while, anyway—but he kept thinking up things to do, things that, clearly, neither of us wanted to do. Have tea. Go to some sort of movie museum. I suddenly realized that it was I who wanted to be off, and I hated myself for feeling that. I said something about being tired, and went to my room anyway, and lay stiffly down on the bed for a few minutes, hoping that I might indeed be tired. But then I got up and went downstairs and out of the hotel. The sunlight seemed very yellow, glaring, just then. Palm trees in the sidewalk. Careful lawns. Small, genteel shops. Beverly Hills in those days wasn't so different from what it is today. It was all of it, anyway, a new world. America. The school in New Hampshire was America, with all its fine-looking, athletic, confident East Coast boys, their settled houses, their settled families, their settled talk of summer places. Going on to college. Parties in winter. And here, clearly, was America, too. The tanned, open-shirted men. The palm trees. Motion. Big cars and slangy waiters. The assumed assurance everywhere. I thought of my father upstairs in his room. I couldn't fit him in anywhere, and that troubled me—for thinking about it in the first place. I went back into the hotel later, not wanting to go back in, and we went out to dinner. I kept hoping that things would somehow get better—I don't know what I wanted from him. I had told myself that I hardly knew him, had only memories. I knew that he was kind and loved me. I knew that from memory and instinct, I suppose, and what I wanted was to love him. And so we went out to some place like Chasen's. No, Romanoff's that night. Mike Romanoff. Another "old friend," who actually did seem to be a friend. There were some other people with us—Bill Hartwood, a screenwriter, and his wife, and then some others, two men and a woman. The woman's name was Mrs. Danvers. My father kept referring to her as Mrs. Danvers. She had that Lana Turner blond hair, and body, and a nice, distracted smile. She asked me about school. They all asked me about school—they would periodically interrupt their own conversations, which were mostly stories, anecdotes, to pause, and lean over, and ask me about school. My father was being very funny, I could tell. Bill Hartwood and Mrs. Danvers laughed a good deal. It pleased me, that. I felt taken aboard, at ease, and then suddenly it all seemed to go wrong. Somebody else had been telling a story, one of those Hollywood stories that I think I still dislike, even now, as much as I did then (some last remnant of primness, I guess)—what used to be called a dirty story, but really seemed different from that there, more than that. Nasty. I can't explain it much beyond that. There was a burst of laughter, anyway, and then my father started to add to it, to extend the story, but nobody was paying any attention to him. It wasn't as if they were pointedly ignoring him, it wasn't as if anything very definite were happening, had happened. There he was, telling this story, or whatever it was (a starlet story, I remember, although I've never been able to remember anything more), trying—it seemed, suddenly and awfully—to be like *them*, and being in the end so different. Not enhancingly different. Just different. Invisible. I hated him for tagging on to that story, and I think I hated him even more for seeming just then so different from all the others. And I began to look for this, this difference between him and the rest—it seemed so like a threat to all of us, my family. And I felt awful about it. I know it sounds self-serving to say that, to be self-protectively demanding of someone else and then say one feels bad about being so, but that is how things were. I had felt so often (and unwillingly) like a spy in the world, in the several worlds I had entered, halfway entered, been nudged into, and now I felt like a spy with my father. I don't know what he felt with me, but I knew it was not working out well—my visit, his idea. Our reunion. And it was to go on for seven more days—I truly dreaded each of them. And something began to build up inside him, too. Maybe impatience with me, which he couldn't accept, and which anyway took the form of

Guide de Paris

Relais Bisson

Managed by the former team of the Berkeley, it is one of the most attractive and pleasant hotels in Paris. A view over the Seine, but the rooms giving on to the courtyard are quieter and more pleasant. Fine period furniture, good pictures. Few rooms (25), all with a bathroom. Several small suites have been redecorated, soon it will be the turn of the rooms - they are in considerable need of it.
(Extract from the 1970 Julliard Paris Guide)

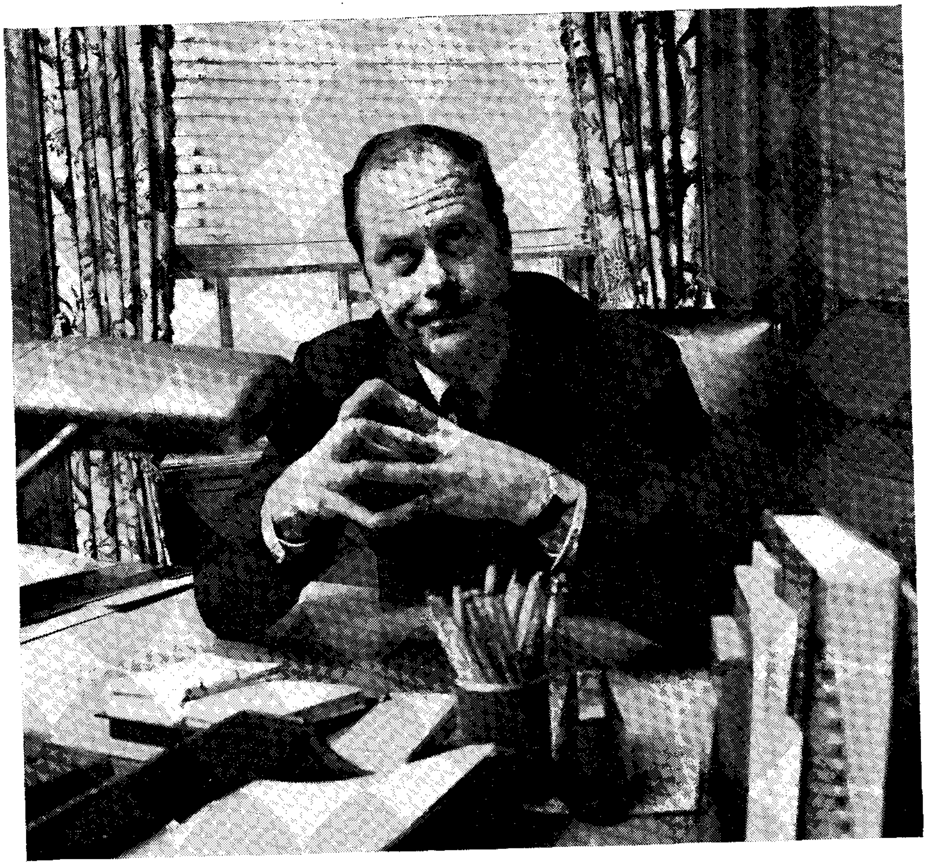
merci, messieurs Gault et Millau, vous aviez raison...

Yes, Messrs Gault and Millau, it was quite true. Our rooms were not quite up to the standard of our food and our reception. That is why we have redecorated them, one by one. But nothing has been really changed - the windows still give on to the Seine or the inner garden, the period furniture is still in place, and the sea-perch cooked in fennel is still a joy to the palate, as nowhere else in the world. And yet all is different: because there are only 25 rooms, we have preserved the special character of each, with it's hangings, curtains, furniture, and pictures... And against this elegant background, all modern comfort and efficiency: private salons for business meals, reading room, and the full discreet service one expects from a first class hotel in this century. The Relais Bisson: the Parisian residence of the demanding customer.

Roux Seguela

le Relais Bisson

37, Quai des Grands Augustins
Paris VI^e - Tél: DAN 71-80



Is your office

XEROX IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF XEROX CORPORATION.

a waiting room?

There you sit.

Waiting while your secretary runs off copies of your report. Waiting while she sorts it. And (yawn!) waiting while she collates it.

Not only is your up-to-the-minute report becoming old news. But all the other work your secretary should be helping you get out is piling up, too.

We have some quick solutions.

With over 20 different Xerox copiers, duplicators and accessories to choose from, we can match your needs exactly. Whether you want a few copies or a lot. Copies that are sorted and collated automatically. Small copies blown up large or large copies reduced. In short, any kind of copies.

Now your paperwork gets out faster. And your secretary is free to handle more of her job, which is helping you handle more of yours.

What are you waiting for?

XEROX

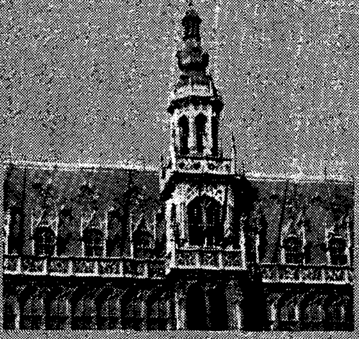
BARBIZON

Long, soft-flowing dream gown in refreshing Blendaire® Batiste is romanced with imported nylon Val lace and tiny crystal tucking. Blush, aqua, maize in small, medium, large, extra large. MELANIE $8.00

GIMBELS, New York
and other fine stores

Barbizon

worrying that he wasn't showing me a sufficiently "good time." And so he started taking me around even more: more dinners at Romanoff's, Chasen's; more producers, parties, stories; that kind of hard-baked, crackly, ungiving laughter that I still associate with southern California, although I haven't heard it there for over twenty years. We were to go out to Santa Barbara that weekend—Clark Gable had a place out there. Clark was an "old friend." We went on out. The limousine. An hour's drive or so up along the Pacific. My father very silent. We got there around Saturday noon. Gable was not there—in fact, was not going to be there—but there were a number of other people. Tanned, tall Americans. A big Jewish producer. Women. Everybody seemed to be drinking. My father, I'd come to be aware, drank a good deal, but not usually the way they were drinking that afternoon—bottles of bourbon and Scotch set on the table, people pouring it into glasses. My father began drinking, too. We were all sitting around inside. People *talking*—trade talk. He would start in to say something, take hold of something, try to take hold—some line of wit, or style, a curl of sentence—but nobody was interested. I could tell it. I didn't know if he could tell it. Nobody seemed interested in what he said, in him. Everyone nonetheless friendly, or whatever it is that passes for friendly. They talked. It is hard now to remember what anyone talked about, but I still have the feeling of that Saturday afternoon—a long afternoon it was, too. The big pink house, the phony ranch, great lawns, and colored flowers; the sea somewhere around; a huge blue pool; and everyone indoors—stuffed, silky chairs, a glass-topped table mounted on a piece of driftwood. Blond girls with beautiful lipsticked mouths seated low around the driftwood table, smoking, giggling. The men sitting sprawled, talking about movies, about real estate, about the Japs. About nothing, really. Everybody very languid, savvy. The war was still going on, although it was hard to tell. Someone said something about that—I forget, again, what it was. Something about bombing, the bombing of Germany, and my father, I remember, suddenly became very loud, unnatural. Angry, but the anger not seeming to have anything to do with anyone or anything in that room. And everyone was silent—the girls' big lipsticked mouths blowing out cigarette smoke—and looked at him. Cigarette smoke. And



Discover why Europe begins in Belgium.

Europe begins in Belgium because Belgium is on the way to everywhere. Savor the gourmet cuisine in Brussels. Roam the countryside and discover art treasures unequalled in Europe. Then continue on to London or Paris. Or jet to Vienna or Rome. They're closer than you think.

If you prefer a leisurely, panoramic view of Europe choose one of the all-inclusive motorcoach tours below:

Picturesque Europe—16 Days—$490.

Deep forests, awe-inspiring mountains and crystal clear lakes form the backdrop for this tour. Gems like Heidelberg, Venice, London and Paris. And the Oberammergau Passion Play.

European Festival—19 Days—$499.

From Brussels, wind your way through the Tyrol and the Dolomites. Visit Venice, Rome and Florence. Then return via lovely Lucerne and sparkling Paris.

The Northern Capitals—16 Days—$530.

The lands of Viking history and mythology greet you on this tour of Scandinavia. Three contrasting countries, each with a distinctive charm of its own.

Romantic Europe—22 Days—$539.

Fairy-tale Bavarian castles, graceful Venetian gondolas, the treasures of Florence and Milan. And the splendor of Rome, Paris and London.

Connoisseur's Europe—22 Days—$590.

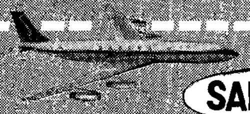
Picturesque Oberammergau, the magnificent Dolomites, the "dolce vita" atmosphere of Italy. On to the glamorous Riviera and the excitement of Paris and London.

All prices inclusive including round trip jet economy air fare from New York City. Mail coupon below for complete details.

SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES
Sabena Building—Room 921
720 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019

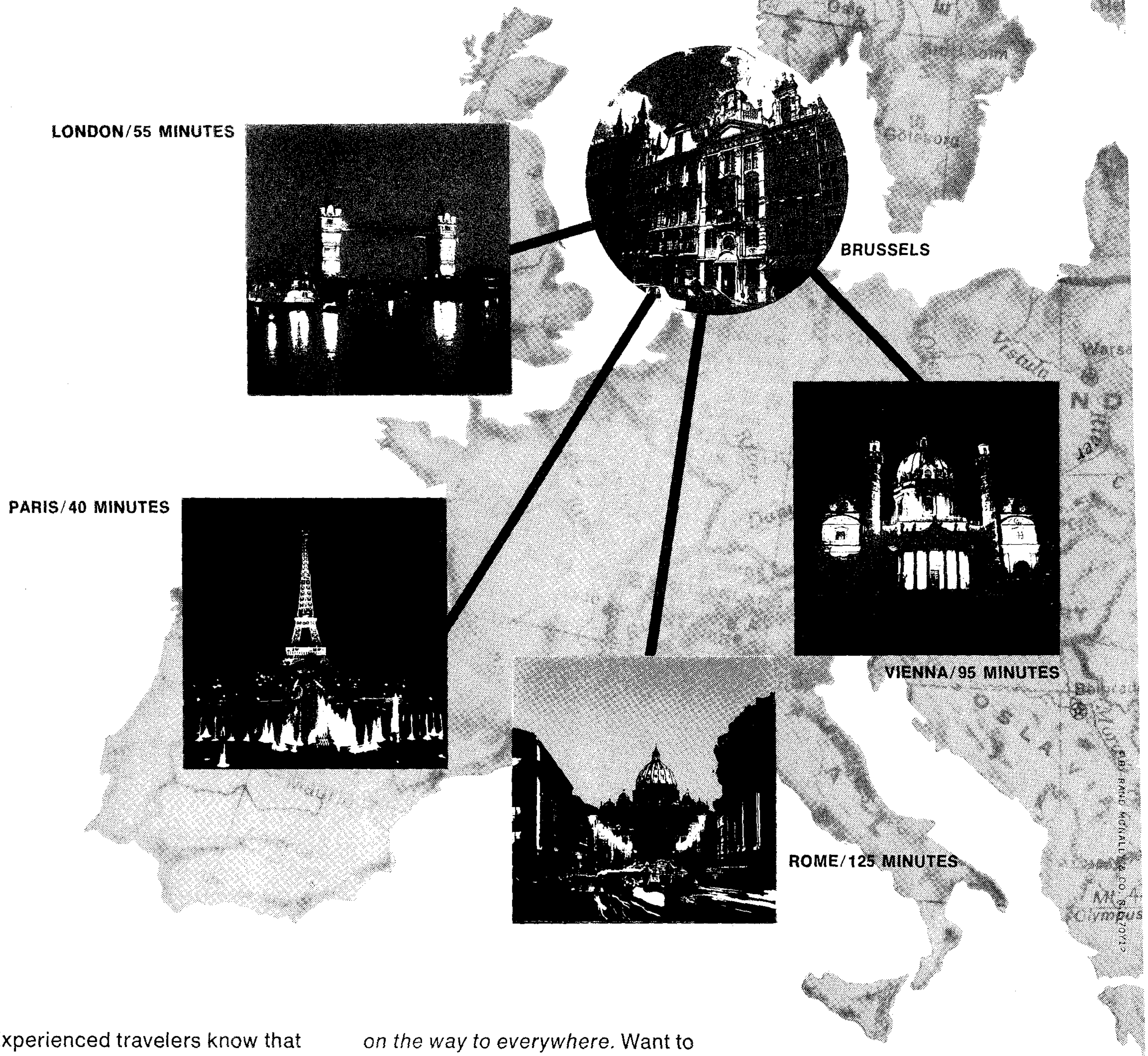
Please send me the folder on 5 new motorcoach tours of Europe.

Name
Address
City
State Zip



SABENA
BELGIAN World AIRLINES
NORTH AMERICA EUROPE AFRICA MIDDLE & FAR EAST

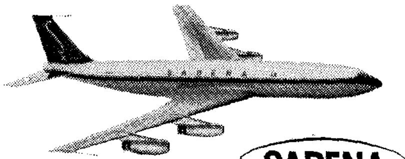
Discover why Europe begins in Belgium.


LONDON/55 MINUTES
BRUSSELS
PARIS/40 MINUTES
VIENNA/95 MINUTES
ROME/125 MINUTES
© BY RAND McNALLY & CO. R.L.70Y12

Experienced travelers know that Europe begins in Belgium. Belgium's unique charm is a blend of ancient and modern. Picturesque and cosmopolitan. Within an hour's ride of Brussels you'll find art masterpieces and treasures unequalled in Europe. Worthy of note: gourmets rate Belgian cuisine the world's finest.

You'll also discover that Europe begins in Belgium because *Belgium is on the way to everywhere.* Want to cruise down the River Seine in a bateau mouche? Paris is 40 Sabena jet minutes away. In less than 100 minutes you can be in Vienna, savoring a sinfully rich chocolate Sacher Torte. Or caught up in the mod, mod whirl of London—a short 55 minutes away.

Tell your travel agent that you want to begin where Europe begins: In Belgium.



SABENA
BELGIAN *World* AIRLINES
NORTH AMERICA EUROPE AFRICA MIDDLE & FAR EAST

TINTA CREAM PORT

A rare dessert wine
from the cellars of
The Christian Brothers

The delicate Tinta Madeira grape is used in the most famed wines of Portugal but it is not widely planted in California. The area around where we make our sweet wines is one of the few spots where the Tinta Madeira is grown.

About nine years ago, we began to set aside some of the wines from the Tinta Madeira grapes to create a unique California Port.

Since then, I have personally supervised its progress—giving each lot its own number. The long years in oak casks have been kind to the wine, bestowing on it an exquisite mellowness. The first bottling is now ready. We have given it the name Tinta Cream Port. The cask number is on each bottle.

I believe you will find Tinta Cream a true classic Port of character and distinction; a wine with the finesse that can come only with long aging. It is deep red in color; creamy smooth, luscious, yet not too sweet; a wine to be sipped at the end of a meal with fruits, cheeses or cake, or to be opened when your best friends drop in.

Tinta Cream Port will only be available in limited amounts. It is priced about $3.00 a bottle. Should your wine merchant fail to have it, you may write to me personally.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
Napa Valley, California

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc.,
San Francisco, California

then somebody said, in that grunting, offhand, open-necked, leathery way, that he should have another drink and not take things too damn seriously, and then he was silent. He did take another drink, but he didn't say much of anything again, didn't even seem to be listening to the others, and then he left, walked out of the room. "A very well-educated man," the Jewish producer said to me, in a confidential tone, after he had gone out. "A class writer, and clearly a very well-educated man." I stayed on there in the group around the table for a little while longer, trying at the same time to be part of the group and to be invisible—a difficult combination. One of the blond girls had moved up on the couch between two of the men and was kissing them alternately, neither of them paying much attention to her. One of the men, in a sort of absentminded, slow-motion fashion, reached over and put a hand on her breast. "That's nice," the girl said. The man took his hand away, and the girl looked at him and got back down off the couch. I found my father outside by the pool. He was sitting by the pool; it was one of those new, fancy-shaped things—green tiles. A rubber raft was floating on the water. I sat down on the grass beside his chair. "I was out here a long time ago," he said. "We used to play tennis. Thalberg—he always wanted to talk about literature." He put a hand on my shoulder. "I worry about you," he said. "I can't give you happiness, but I want you to really know about things." He stood up. "I've missed you," he said. Then: "Let's go back in." He stood for a moment looking out across the cypresses at the sea. "You know, that's a very, very boring ocean," he said, and we went back into the house and said goodbye, and drove in to town, and had dinner later that evening with Charles Brackett—a funny man—and Mrs. Danvers.

THERE are these pictures of her as a girl. Fifteen or sixteen. Dark hair down to the shoulders—a girl's hair, young. Dark eyes. A nearly beautiful, becoming-beautiful, face, although a little plump just then. "I used to be so shy as a girl," she once said. "You would not believe how shy." In one photograph, the girl wears a long print dress, and stands between two small trees—real trees, at some country place. The farm outside Athens, perhaps. Everything is young in the photograph, motionless, as in a studio—the trees, the lawn in front of the trees. Everything is charming, civilized, fixed firmly in place, save for the look on the face of the girl, which is not a shy look.

There are other photographs. Later. The girl is beautiful now, seems very far from girlhood. The hair sleeked back. The eyes very proud. The face, especially from the side, quite perfect. The dress is now a bride's dress. White. The look on the face dark, dark as a Spanish princess. And, later, the pictures with the children. Children on lawns. Children in English clothes. Children on the beach. The woman's face is still proud; darker, even. The eyes look out—dark eyes in the face of a dark madonna. The eyes are not a madonna's eyes.

My mother died when I was thirty-three. Her husband, my father, had died eight years before that. She had never, it now seems, really made it in life, connected with the world—had connected only with him, through him (his connection itself so haunted and peripheral). And when he died, she was left, a little like an astronaut cast adrift from his spaceship and spinning slowly, slowly off into the void; she herself spun wildly, angrily, with fits of rage and bitterness, and drink, and pills, and complaints, and sickness—she, who had never been sick, now sickly, now suddenly prey to headaches, backaches, complaints, *complaints*, her body itself turning on her, the skin sagging not so much with age as with malaise, the body swelling not from flesh or fat but from something no longer manageable. She slowly, slowly drifted off into her own universe—somebody's universe.

It was such a lousy time for her. (For me, too, really, but mostly for her.) So much going wrong, so much hidden in mist and vapor. All the sunlight gone. There was this apartment, their "home" in New York. They had bought it; she had bought it about five years before my father died. A commitment to the New World. A commitment to something. It was on Park Avenue at Seventy-fourth Street—one of the inside apartments, quite large, quite elegant, in a way. The crystal chandelier was brought over from Fiorentina and installed above the winding staircase. Furniture was brought over. Aubussons. Some Chinese stuff. Their home. And, of course, while they were getting it, arranging it, my sister and I were getting ready to leave. We had our rooms, were given our rooms, and my sister indeed kept and used hers for quite a while; it was *her* room. But

What shines brighter, Gorham lights or Gorham silver?

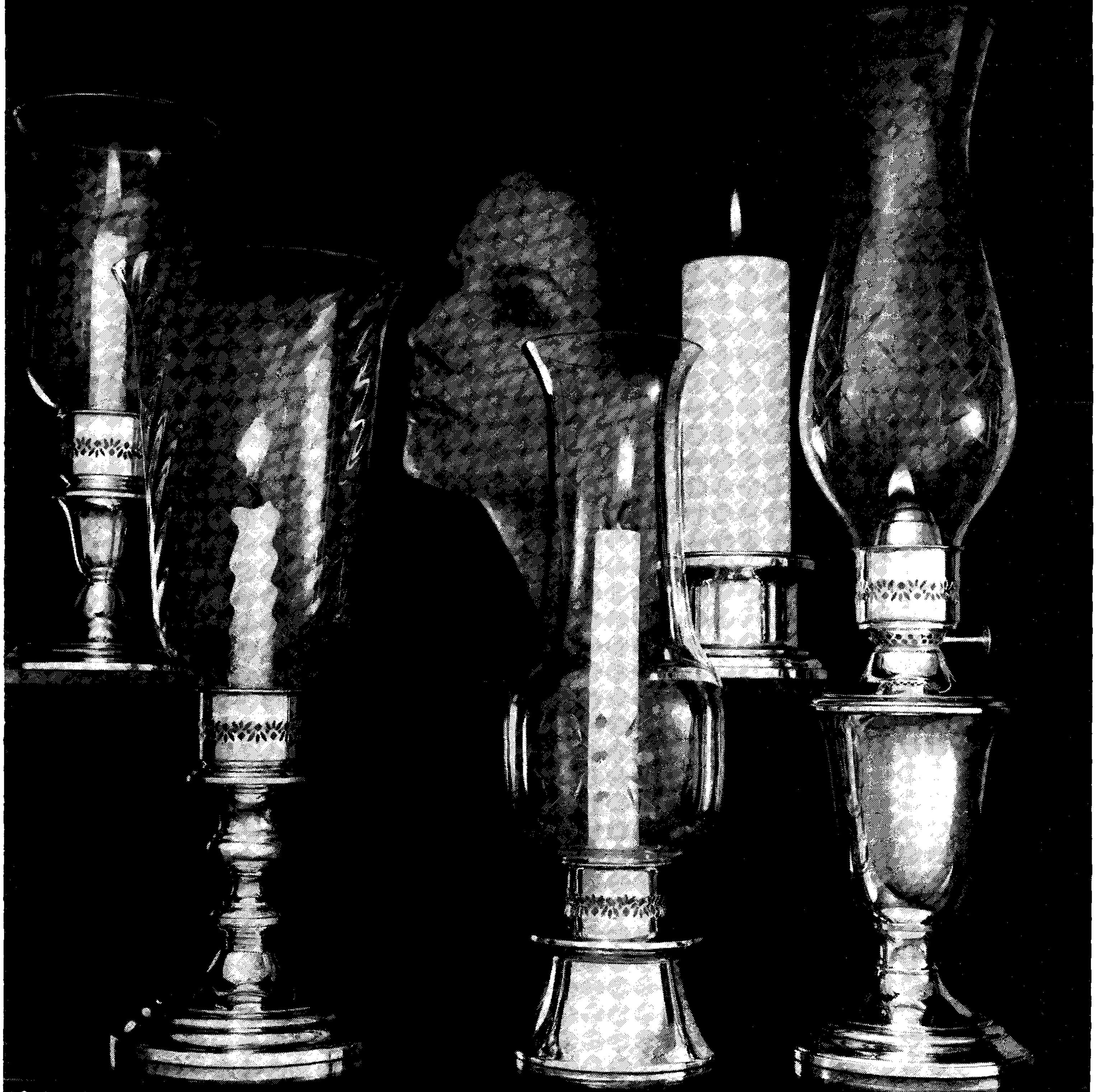
Add the gleam of Gorham silver to the shimmer of Gorham lamplight, and your home will glow with a new warmth and beauty.

There are genuine oil lamps inspired by Early American classics, hurricane lamps, and candlelights from authentic period reproductions to contemporary.

Whether you choose your Gorham lights in solid sterling or heavy silverplate, each is crafted with the meticulous detail and distinctive design that make Gorham Originals, original.

Perfect for brightening your own home, or the home of your favorite bride or hostess.

Do you own a Gorham Original?



Gorham lights left to right: Puritan Hurricane Lamp in sterling, $29.95 pr.; Bristol Hurricane Lamp in sterling, $57.50 pr.; Trend Hurricane Lamp in sterling, $57.50 pr.; silverplated Pedestal Candlestick, $12.50 pr.; Early American Oil Lamp in silverplate, $29.50 each.

GORHAM DIVISION OF textron PROVIDENCE, R. I.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Dive-ettes

the honestly better swimsuit

Looks better because it fits better because it's made better... by specialists. Flowers shower a two-piece swim tunic of white cotton pique. Floral bouquet print. 8 to 16 preteen. About $14.

At Lord & Taylor, New York; McCurdy & Co., Rochester; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Rike-Kumler, Dayton; Fedway Stores, Albuquerque; and all their branches; and other fine stores or write Dive-ettes, Inc., 112 West 34 Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

AUTOPAK 800
MINOLTA ROKKOR
minolta

It decides when to flash.

Stick a flashcube on an ordinary camera and it'll flash with every shot until it's finished.

Too bad.

Good picture-taking calls for flash when you need it, no flash when you don't — real fast!

It calls for one of the Minolta Autopaks.

The only instant-loading cameras in the world that decide for themselves when to fire and turn the flashcube.

Shown is the Minolta Autopak® 800. Under $80, plus case, with an automatic film advance that lets you take 12 shots in 14 seconds with just one winding. Plus a rangefinder for sharp, easy focusing.

Other Minolta Autopaks from less than $55.

Why stick a flashcube on an ordinary camera?

Now that the extraordinary Autopaks are here.

Minolta Autopak

Instant-loading cameras with the quality difference.

For literature, write Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. So., N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd.

mine was never mine; my rooms, anyway, had always been at schools, at college. And the apartment itself had this dark, heavy, morbid look. Even then, when I didn't think about morbidity—at least, not in the same way I do now—it had this look about it. Things turned inward. Things waxed over, covered. There was a photograph she kept on her desk, a photograph of the two of them seated beside a pool near Cannes—near Antibes, probably—both of them so young, glistening, nearly naked in the sun, as naked, anyway, as the nineteen-thirties would allow. Glistening bodies—you could feel the heat and see the sun everywhere. The sun was nowhere around now, was not even looked for. The curtains heavy against the windows. The beautiful curtains. The curtains were of some Veronese silk, and had previously belonged to Mama, and to Grandmama before her. The curtains were drawn every evening at five o'clock, and opened again when the maid made her rounds in the morning. Curtains. Carpets. And after he died (died upstairs, "at home," made it a point to do so, was proud of that), she continued there, seated almost every night on that sofa in the library—the right side of the sofa, *her* side—eyeglasses beside her on the cushion (she wore glasses now to read), a book open on the table but barely read at, often the television on but not looked at, sometimes with the sound off, a drink nearby. I would come by to visit, to talk and be dutiful, and she would rage at me—doubtless for (among other things) just that, for talking, or listening, and being dutiful. She would sit there on the far side of the sofa, her body, which had once been so beautiful, slender, proud, now swollen. Not immense but swollen, stout; doctors kept finding various names for her swelling, for this expression of her body—"colitis," it was sometimes called, or "pancreatitis"—as if naming it would somehow wrest some sense out of it. She would sit there, and I would sit in the big chair opposite, and we would drink after dinner, and talk about this or that, some movie, something ordinary that had happened (once, I remember, it was about as harmless a subject as a recent speech of Conant's on education that she'd fastened on in the *Journal-American*), and then she'd erupt—a wild, dark storm, a mad queen, the elegances gone, the water suddenly rising, the waves coming seemingly out of nowhere, the trees bending, straining, everything threatening to come apart. I had been selfish

An attempt to explain one of America's most unique resorts in three hundred words or less.

Some people think Sea Pines is an island.

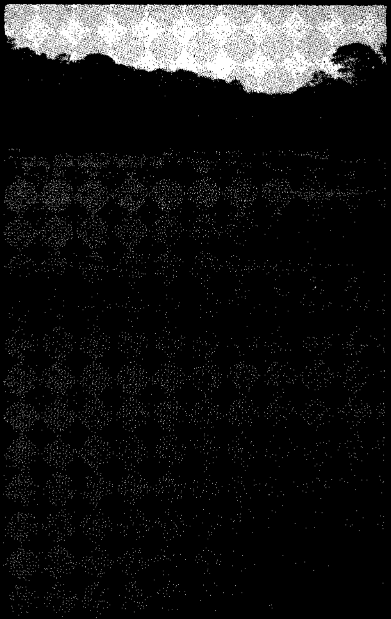
That's right, almost. Sea Pines is on an island—Hilton Head Island, off the coast of South Carolina, less than an hour's drive from

Savannah, Georgia, also a connecting point for airline service to the island. An unspoiled island with a foreign flavor all its own.

But there are also people who think Sea Pines is a resort hotel.

That's fine with us, because we do have a very good hotel—the Hilton Head Inn (formerly William Hilton Inn)—and all the lovely, luxurious things that go with great resort hotels.

Like three championship golf courses. Charter boats for fishing and sailing. A summer-long program of supervised recreation for children. Fine shops for browsing. Handsome homes and golf villas, for rent summer and winter for short (and not-so-short) vacations. And, of course, one of the most unspoiled beaches on the Eastern Seaboard.



A third group maintains that Sea Pines is a year-round community.

Quite correct. Some of the nicest people in the world come here to live in our unique vacation and retirement homes, villas and apartments—so handsome and well-maintained that Sea Pines is one of a very few resort communities in the world to be awarded the coveted Citation for Excellence in Private Community Planning by the American Institute of Architects.

They'll also live in new South Beach's dramatic villas and condominiums, on the ocean. And in old-world Harbour Town, a boating and sailing community unlike anything else anywhere. They relax in the superb Plantation Club, with fine tennis, swimming and plantation country cuisine.

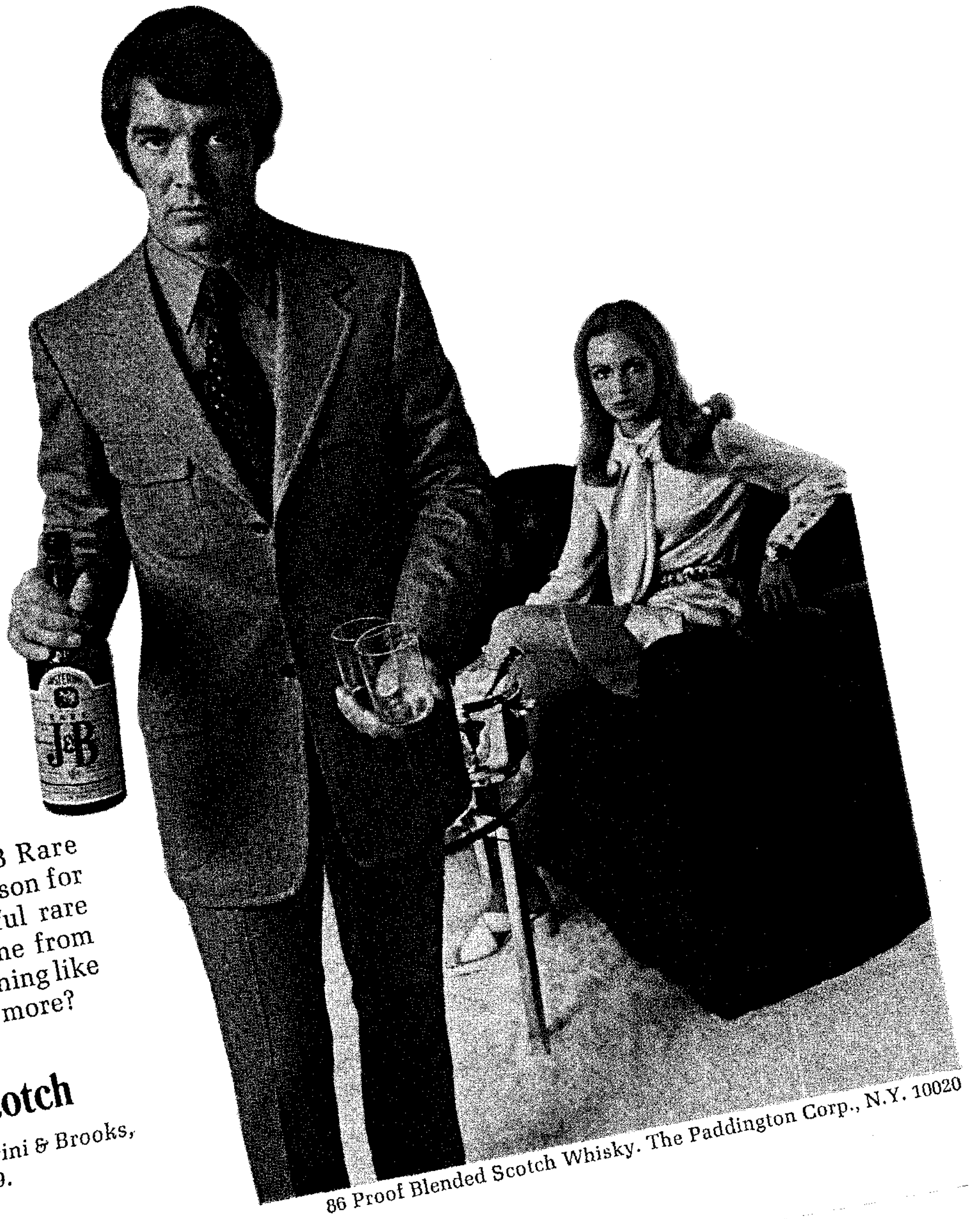
They have shops, schools, medical facilities, churches, galleries, libraries—a carefully planned and controlled leisure world that will never become crowded.

However, there is another group who loves Sea Pines for its...

(Unfortunately, Sea Pines can't be explained in 300 words or less. It takes a complete, color portfolio to do it. A portfolio you can get by writing Sea Pines Plantation Company, Box 5183 HH, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928.)

SEA PINES PLANTATION
HILTON HEAD ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA

TRY SOMETHING BETTER.



There is only one J&B Rare Scotch. And only one reason for drinking it. The delightful rare taste you pour every time from every bottle. Isn't something like that worth a few cents more?

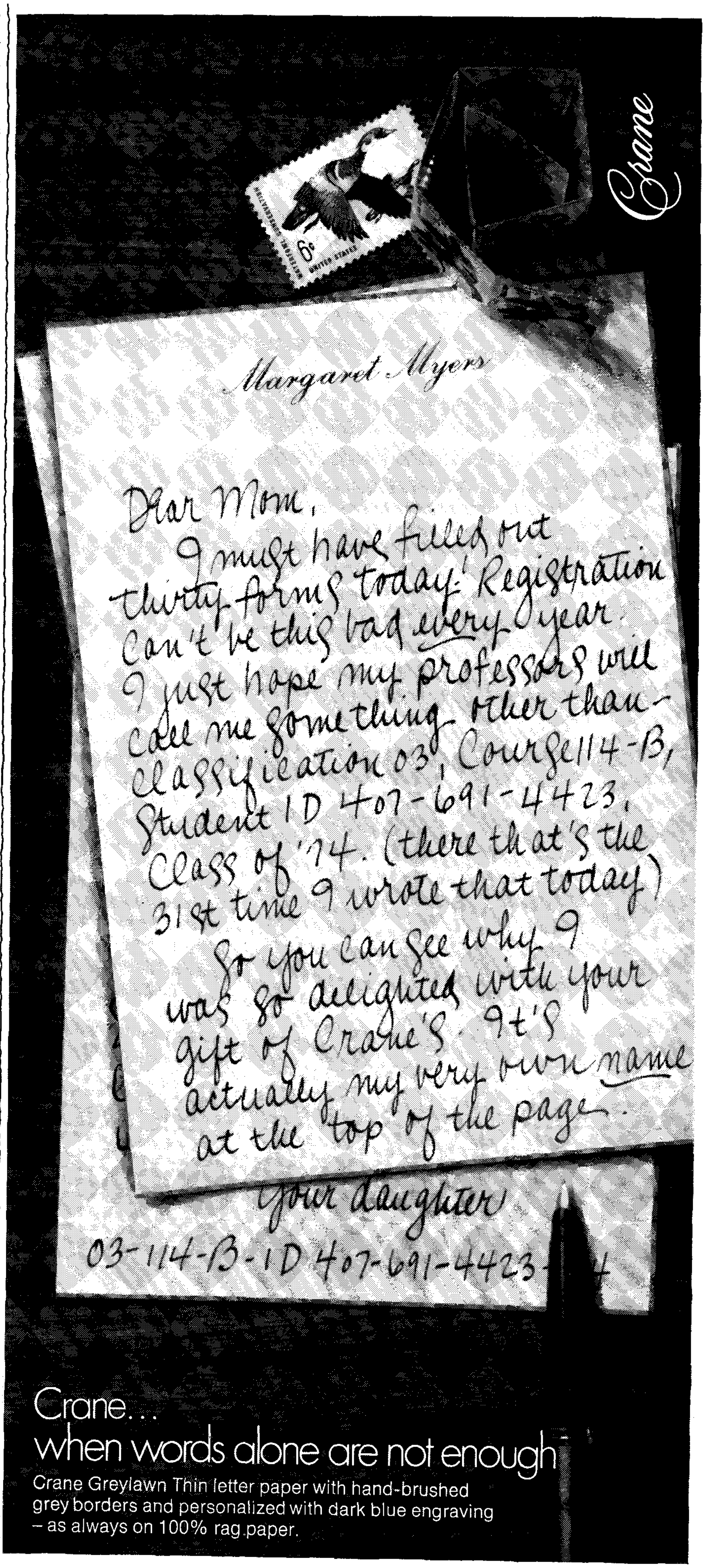
J&B Rare Scotch

From the house of Justerini & Brooks, founded 1749.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. The Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020

to her. I had turned her aside, betrayed her. I didn't understand much of that then, don't understand much of it now—some things, psychiatry to the contrary, are not much, or usefully, amenable to understanding. But it was difficult then, difficult for both of us, and especially for her, because at first the only way I knew of to handle it was to make myself invisible. An act of self-protection, really, like all those other wretched acts of self-protection, of hiding oneself under the coverlet, the tarpaulin, as if the force that seemed to menace me were in fact a storm, a rain cloud, a torrent, something out of nature, implacable, instead of what it was: another human being, reaching out. Reaching out madly at times. But reaching out. Yes, indeed, I would say, cool in my chair. Maybe, I would say. You have a point, I would say. *Vous avez raison. Vous avez tort.* A soft answer turneth away wrath. It seemed to me a civilized, grown-up way to act, and probably was.

And then, one spring, they found she had cancer—suddenly, again, the way they do. Breast cancer. And so they operated, and then said she was fine. She had some X-ray treatments for a while that made her feel rotten. Burned. But then all that stopped; she seemed O.K. Things quieted down between us, in a way. We even did things like having lunch together, although rather guardedly, each of us careful to keep the conversation out of reach of the dark monsters. And she loved my children, as grandmothers do, and in the raw passion with which she sometimes embraced them you could get a glimpse of the forces that had often swirled up and out of her in her own life; what one saw of her with her grandchildren seemed more an intimation of what she was keeping back, keeping unsaid—of the wildness that, as an act of will, she kept *out* of most relationships—than of what was still there, which was considerable. And then, one year later, feeling better, she decided to spend the summer in Greece. She had been there often in the recent past, she liked it, although in many ways she now found it as alien as New York, as alien as everywhere. The friends she had in Athens, it seemed, were really no more friends than the friends she had in New York—an exchange of handshakes between cripples. But the earth there must have meant something. The place. The presence. Something more than mere memory, anyway—more than names in an address book and



Margaret Myers

Dear Mom,
I must have filled out thirty forms today! Registration can't be this bad every year. I just hope my professors will call me something other than classification 03, Course 114-B, Student ID 407-691-4423, Class of '74. (there that's the 31st time I wrote that today)
So you can see why I was so delighted with your gift of Crane's. It's actually my very own name at the top of the page.
Your daughter
03-114-B-ID 407-691-4423- 4

Crane…
when words alone are not enough.

Crane Greylawn Thin letter paper with hand-brushed grey borders and personalized with dark blue engraving – as always on 100% rag paper.

La Costa—the resort where you'll lose the things you want to lose. Like tensions you don't need. And worries you don't want.

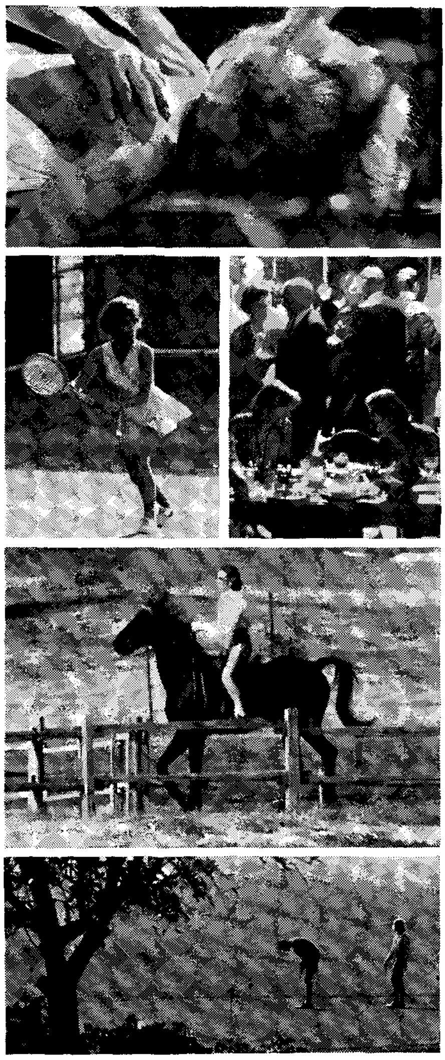
You'll lose them at our championship golf course. At tennis. Swimming. Horseback riding. Dancing every night.

A trip to nearby San Diego. Or to romantic Old Mexico.

And if you want to lose a few pounds, you can do that too. At our opulent Spa.

Come to La Costa in Southern California. Where you can get lost in activities. And find the you you've wanted to recapture.

Get lost at La Costa.
The place
to find yourself.



LA COSTA
Resort-Hotel and Spa
Rancho La Costa, Calif. 92008 (714) 729-7111
For reservations or our brochure, call your travel agent. Or our nearest reservation office.

New York	757-6805
Boston	LI 2-2036
Chicago	FI 6-2979
Dallas	RI 7-3610
Los Angeles	DU 8-1151
San Francisco	434-0660
Seattle	MU 2-1981
Miami	FR 9-8331
Montreal	VI 2-2969
Toronto	366-2941

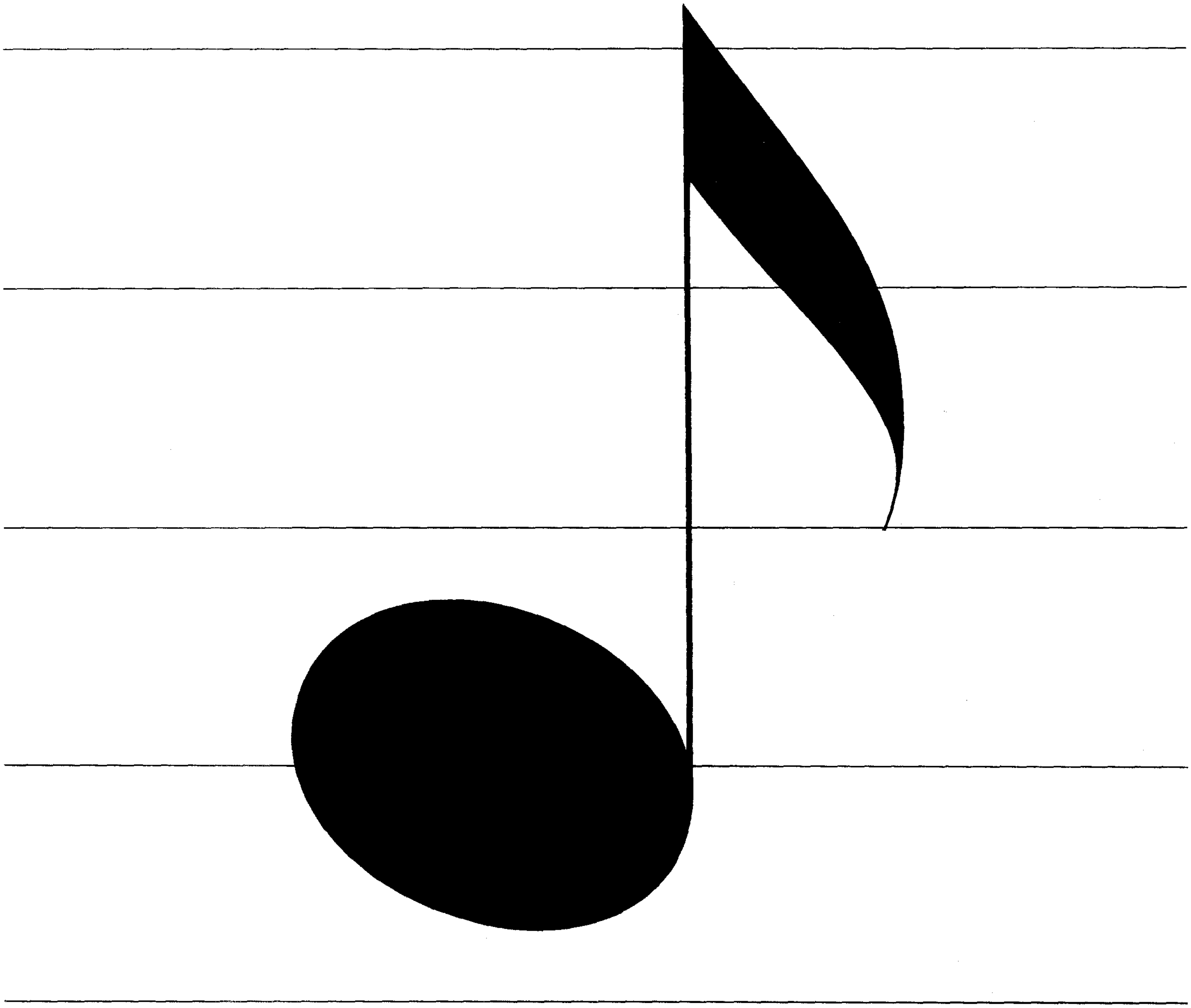
Home of the Tournament of Champions

chatty lunches at Kefissia. I saw her off one evening at the airport, late one evening, very late, the plane delayed; we sat in one of those lounges and had a kind of dinner, and talked—nothing very much. It was fine. I suppose it wasn't "real"—was a relationship sustained mostly on memory. But cozy. Quiet affection. Friendly chit-chatter. Minor fussings about my sister. A serious discussion about my four-year-old daughter and the proper age to be taught swimming. That kind of thing. Just nice. And then she left to get on the plane. I'd never got used to her looking thick, and neither had she, but anyway I watched her walking away down the corridor, or tunnel, or whatever, out to the plane; she had on a rather sweet, dashing hat (a feather in it, I remember), and carried a huge bag stuffed with all sorts of things, a half pint of Scotch included, and turned to wave, the way one waves. But it was nice. I think that was really the last time I saw her. I say "I think" because I did see her later—two months later, in fact—but by then she was nearly dead.

By then she was no longer thick. No longer with that strange stoutness. Everything now drawn in, brought in, reduced. Oh, God, I hate that diminishment that comes with cancer. My sister had cabled me first, saying that she thought something was going wrong. And then, when I phoned my uncle (who lived in Athens), he said that he thought something was wrong but that the worst thing would be to "worry her," to do anything rash. Etc. One was never supposed to do anything rash. I took something like the next plane over there, and even then it turned out that she was nearly out of it. She had been staying at the Hilton in Athens, one of those crazy Hiltons, and the afternoon I arrived, my sister meeting me at the airport in tears, she was already being prepared to be taken to the hospital—to a small clinic, actually, about a mile up the road from the hotel. It was August, the middle of the tourist season, which was big and blooming that year. The Hilton full of drip-dry suits and cameras and restless kids from Minneapolis, a sort of lunatic carnival. My sister and I went in, then all of us went back out through the hotel lobby, the hotel management anxious to have us out of there (A death in the hotel! An imminent death in the hotel!)—that part of it so grisly I don't remember even noticing it, just remember one's feet clicking across the marble lobby, the attendants struggling with the stretcher. The hot, hot air outside in the street. Hot and full of dust, and something else in the air, which felt like chalk.

She could barely talk by then, my mother. She lay in bed in the clinic, which was a pleasant one, really. The nurses were nice. Little Greek country girls. And she slept most of the time. They called it sleep, but it didn't have much to do with sleep. She lay there and disappeared, was disappearing, and now and then would emerge, eyes opening, looking out, even smiling, as if she had just been trying something out, practicing something for a while, and were now briefly back. She lay in bed there I don't know how many days. Three or four, I think; the days seemed to merge into one another. She was so frail and thin by then, her face so thin, as if something inside her had been sucking everything in—something inside her that one could now almost see, the belly swelling, the belly hurting. They gave her drugs now. She seemed in a state of constant dreaming, but then periodically would wake up, as if to surprise us with the unsurprising fact of her vitality. One afternoon, old Nico came by. Nico Baltazzi. A large, cheerful, stolid-faced Athenian. An old friend of my mother's, an old beau. I told her that Nico was outside—she was asleep, half asleep, but I wanted to tell her anyway. She woke up instantly. He can't come in right now, she said. Tell him to wait a few minutes, she said. And bring my bag. And so I did, both things—told Nico to wait, and brought the bag—and then she made herself up.

She barely had the strength to hold the compact. It sounds perhaps a bit grisly; it wasn't grisly. It was quite marvellous. They were old friends, she and Nico, going back, way back. First parties. First dances. Nice Nico. (He had recently married a fine English girl, after his first wife's death.) He came in then, "on command," and they talked—or, rather, he talked, and held her hand—and then, a while later, he left, tears streaming down his big face. Good tears, though. And hugged me. I remember Nico's visit but not much else about that time. Hours passed. Relatives were around. Her sister, my aunt, flew in from Geneva, full of distress and anticipated grief—someone who had already seen the burglars prowling outside the house and whose mind had then gone rushing on to count up the expected losses. My sister was there,

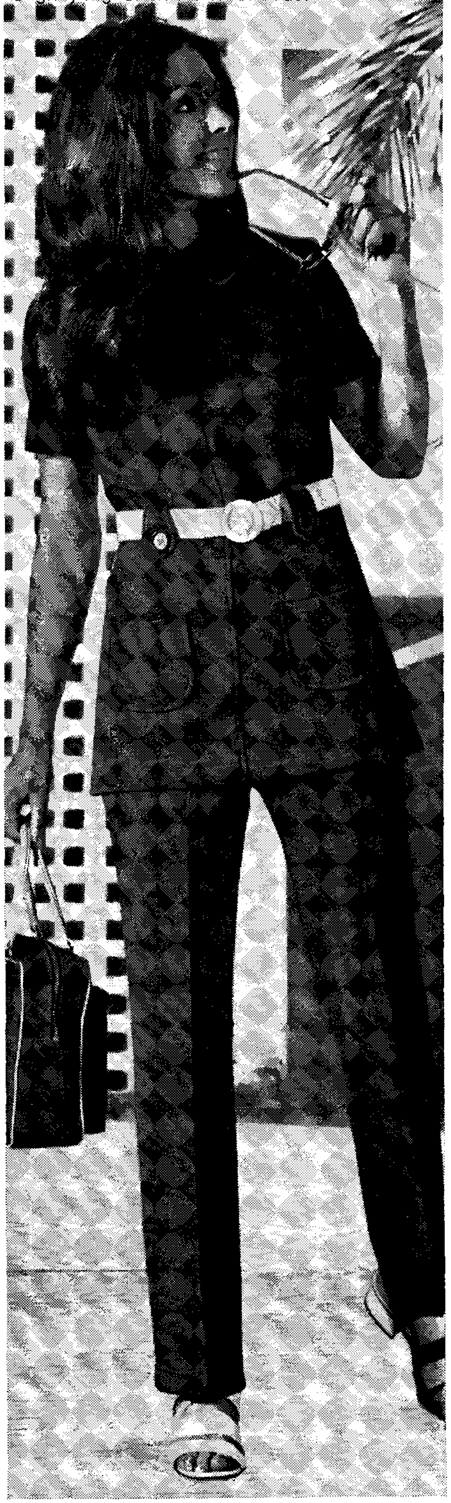


YOU HEAR ALL OF IT
ON A STEINWAY®

Peck & Peck salutes the pant suitables. And a certain kind of woman.

One of a great group. We call it our every-wear pantset of easy-care Celanese Fortrel® polyester knit. Smartly belted and pocketed tunic tops straight-leg pull-on pants. Navy and white or red and white, 8 to 16, 45.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast



Fifth Avenue and Branches

too, being nice, trying hard even now to please my mother, fetching and carrying little things that my mother was too far gone by then to care about. I spent a lot of time then at a small outdoor bar-café opposite the clinic, drinking that watery Fix beer, trying vaguely to read Greek newspapers. And walking back and forth between the clinic and the Hilton—the Hilton, which seemed to have no connection with anything beyond itself. An interplanetary object. But mostly at the hospital, watching my mother, who was dying, was nearly dead, who lay there on the bed, propped up on pillows—pillows on all sides of her, so that she would not move too much (because when she moved, her belly caused her pain), her face seeming now so small, the hair that had been worn for much of her life in a brave sweep atop her head now tousled, all askew, the hair of someone who has been sleeping on it for too long. The room was whitewashed white—a nice white. A nice room. The air was hot everywhere—even inside the clinic, which was air-conditioned, but imperfectly. A Greek summer. The clinic doctors had round, calm faces. The nurses had thick legs and deep, curling, girlish smiles. Life amid death—and one could sense the impatience on everyone's part for death, could begin to feel it in oneself. We were waiting for her to die. There was no way left but that she would die (we were all sufficiently secular to thus accept the word of science), and, bit by bit, one could sense this invisible, unspoken expectation beginning to close in, to hover above us all. It was quite terrible to realize that. This woman lay upon the bed, my mother—my sister's mother, my uncle's sister, our kin, our flesh—and from time to time she would struggle back from that far land she for the most part lived in now, and look at us, whoever of us was by her bed—my sister, myself, my aunt, my uncle, a niece sometimes, the doctor (he was a kindly man, an Egyptian émigré, who told us stories about Farouk)—her eyes half open, and smile, smile up, almost a girlish smile, not exactly of hope, of something else, beyond hope, and less insistent. And whoever of us was there would stroke her hand, or lay cold cloths upon her forehead, and speak words to her, smile, and she would go back to sleep—and later we would gather outside the door. How is she? She seems comfortable. She is resting nicely. She had some broth today. She is less fevered. The phrases of concern, the

Fifth Avenue and Branches

A great new sideline for you in bright white with buttons on the march from neckline to hemline. The rest—neat navy knit of washable Trevira® polyester, with a streak of belt to wear or not. 6 to 14, 36.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

Peck & Peck salutes buttons on parade. And a certain kind of woman.

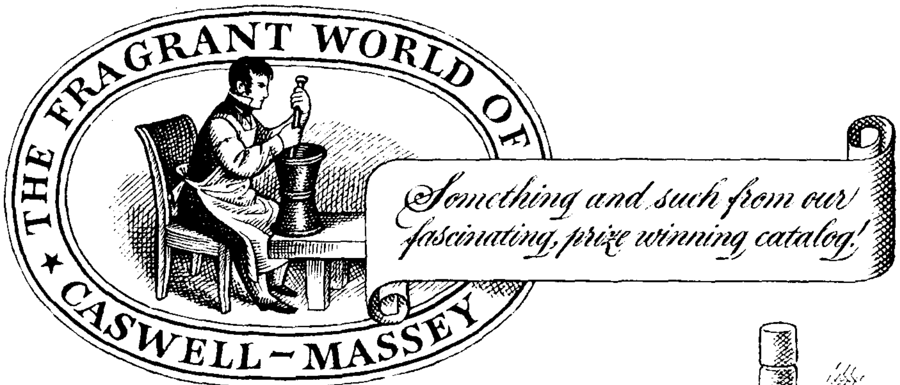
technicalities of care and treatment would clatter back and forth between us, and all the while the expectation of death hovered in the air, and we breathed impatiently.

The day before she died, she virtually went to sleep, as if she had already gone so far away; had all these past days while we sat about, and milled in the corridor, and brought water, and held her hand, had all these past days been quietly taking all her baggage, boxes, mysterious possessions, over to this far place, and, now that she had everything safely over there, she no longer had need to be back here, with us. She went away, she was away, although still leaving something behind: the woman in the bed. The woman in the bed, propped between pillows, the small head on the pillows, the skin of the face now parchment thin, the breathing taking in great, strangely rhythmic gulps of the warm air.

And then she woke up once, as I was sitting beside her, my hand on her arm—an effort of will to make my hand a living presence, not one of those damned gestures. She looked at me with open eyes, and smiled, and stroked my hand—such a feathery, bony hand hers was—and then she closed her eyes and said, "Let's take the road down by the sea this time. It will be longer, but nothing really starts until ten anyway," and smiled, and fell asleep. And I realized that she had just then gone way, way back (her body misshapen now by aging and disease, the glistening dark skin now yellowing and hurting, all the hurts of the last years, all the miseries, the not comprehending)—she had gone back to some evening when my father and she were young and in love and happy and spun with the world, their feet in place, their bodies light, and, on that particular night, were driving out to Monte Carlo, because that was the road she most liked to take, the road by the sea. There have been so many times when I have railed against and wriggled out of being taken for my father's son, my father's second, but then, just then, I felt how cruel of life that he should not have been there himself, and also quite extraordinarily glad that it was me. And then she died, about fifteen minutes later. Without a sound. The nurse and I were talking about something by the doorway, and then she went over to the bed, looked at the still figure in the bed, and looked at me. All silence.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

(This is the first part of a two-part memoir.)


THE FRAGRANT WORLD OF ★ CASWELL-MASSEY
Something and such from our fascinating, prize winning catalog!

George Washington's *very Own Cologne!*

We created Number 6 Cologne back in 1752 for notables like Washington and LaFayette. We still blend and bottle this manly classic—by hand!
3 oz. 18th century style bottle $4; 8 oz. $8.75; 16 oz. $16

Cucumber Creams *to Caress Your Complexion!*

For centuries cucumber juice has been known to have beautifying effects on a woman's skin. Our pure, old-fashioned Cucumber Creams contain the fragrant juice of pedigreed, organically grown cukes.

CUCUMBER COLD CREAM
Perfect skin cleanser. Carries its cucumber extract deep into the skin to remove stubborn makeup, city grime and soot gently.
4 oz. $3.00; 14 oz. $7.50

CUCUMBER NIGHT CREAM
with Elder Flower. Our non-chemical skin enricher. Naturally astringent to tone and firm the face. Same as used by "The Divine Sarah" Bernhardt.
4 oz. $3.00; 14 oz. $7.50

Face-Saving French **Lettuce Juice Soap!**
SAVON AU SUC DE LAITUES

First made in 1832. One of the most soothing, gentle complexion soaps we know. Garden green color, delicately scented. 3 cakes in a doily-fringed *bon-bon* box $1.50; 2 giant bath cakes $5.

Just a few of the hundreds of fascinating and fragrant CASWELL-MASSEY items available at fine gift shops and department stores.

For the name of one nearest you write to us.
Or send $1.00 for the next two issues of our unique catalog.

CASWELL-MASSEY
Dept. NY4
114 E. 25th Street, New York City, N.Y. 10010

WHEN YOU'RE WATCHING THAT LONG WHITE LINE, YOU CAN'T SEE MUCH OF EUROPE.

The idea of renting a car and touring Europe without being tied to timetables sounds absolutely delightful. You have complete freedom.

But your eyes don't. They have to watch the road. The road signs, none of them familiar. And the traffic. And you have to concentrate on the job of driving. Which is hard work, and scarcely rewarding scenically.

Europe's railroads offer an unexpectedly agreeable alternative. Forget what you've learned about traveling by train elsewhere. European railroads are frankly luxurious and clean as a whistle. They are very fast and run on time. You can be whisked from Paris to Brussels over a flawlessly served and superbly cooked lunch, and, then travel on to another fascinating city in another country over dinner, or overnight by sleep-inducing wagon-lit.

The European railroads can take you just about everywhere in style, and show you just about everywhere—without your having to concentrate on the driving or having to peer at the landscape from 20,000 feet.

To see more of Europe, your Travel Agent has all the information on European trains. And ask him about the money-saving Eurailpass, Eurailtariff, Eurailgroup, British BritRail Pass and ThriftRail coupons. All must be purchased before you leave for Europe. For further information, write: European Railroads, Box 54, Lindenhurst, New York 11757.

THE THEATRE

GLAD TIDINGS

"APPLAUSE" is a model Broadway musical—it comes on strong and coarse and bold and false and funny and eye-bedazzling and ear-deafening, and it never for a moment slackens its fierce, breakneck pace; like some merry, many-colored juggernaut, it hurls itself through two acts of songs, dances, wisecracks, and schmalz without the least sign of tiring, or of fearing to tire us. It is a blessedly self-confident show, and there have been but few of them on Broadway recently. (One is obliged to add that few Broadway shows of late have had any reason to be self-confident; their air of sweaty-palmed apology has been hard won.) On opening night at the Palace, there seemed no doubt on the stage side of the footlights—more properly, these days, the footmikes—that the performers were worthy of us; the question was whether we in the audience would prove worthy of them, and I am relieved to say that we appear to have passed the test splendidly. Lauren Bacall and her brood of gifted underlings took I don't know how many curtain calls, and I got the impression that it was only because they were being waited for at the opening-night party at the Tavern-on-the-Green that the curtain finally came down and stayed down. We all left the theatre elated, as if the newborn hit were as much our doing as anyone's.

There is much to be said for the pleasurable trust one feels on finding oneself in the hands of competent professionals. For sheer competence, it would be difficult to surpass the band of people who have stitched together the sequined, seamless garment of "Applause." The book, based in part on the famous old movie "All About Eve" and in part on the short story by Mary Orr that the movie had been taken from, is by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; the music is by Charles Strouse; and the lyrics are by Lee Adams. The lighting, which is often amusing in its own right, is by Tharon Musser, and the gorgeous costumes are by Ray Aghayan (whose two names come enviably close to forming a palindrome). The sets, by Robert Randolph, are exceptionally ingenious; with the help of stagehands turned prestidigitators, sometimes they change so fast they deceive the eye.

As for the cast, the be-all and end-all is Miss Bacall, who—tall, tigerishly restless, blazing with energy and humor—gathers the show up into her arms and from time to time gives it a good, hard, motherly shake. She is in charge, and it is plain that she enjoys her responsibilities; luckily for the rest of the cast, the exigencies of the plot require her on occasion to be out of sight, if not out of mind. Miss Bacall's role is that of Margo Channing, Aging Stage Star. Penny Fuller is excellent as Eve, the unscrupulous young minx determined to thrust the star aside, and Len Cariou brings the necessary strength and tact to the rather awkward role of Miss Channing's lover—a man no man in real life would care to be. Brandon Maggart makes an admirable thing of his small role as a playwright; he looks just rumpled enough and confused enough to be the author of the sort of plays that a Margo Channing would star in. Robert Mandan is appropriately suave and menacing as a producer, while Bonnie Franklin, who in height, weight, and zest could be Miss Fuller's twin, plays a pretty young singer and dancer on the way up, and it is easy for her to play the part convincingly. Ron Field has directed and choreographed "Applause" so ably and with such a look of ease that I suspect his contribution to its success is second only to that of rip-roaring Mother Bacall.

BRENDAN BEHAN was born in Dublin in 1923, and died there in 1964, partly from drink and other infirmities and partly from a despair long past cure. For he was at once the sunniest and most despairing creature imaginable; at the bleakest turnings of his life—here in New York, for example, sodden, rolled of his pocket money, beaten up by strangers—he would begin, in an eerie voice, to sing. Behan had been born with superb energy and a superb intelligence (the quality of his mind was even more exceptional than that of his talent, and, friend or foe, one forgot this at one's peril), and he squandered them in a fashion that appalled and silenced everyone close to him. From earliest youth, he had led a notably harum-scarum life, and one watched and could do nothing as he teetered, some ambitious blasphemy bubbling from his pursed, all but toothless mouth, on the verge of what he would never recognize as self-destruction. He mocked this probability as too high-toned, too literary, for the likes of him. He would say, "You think I am going to pull a Dylan Thomas; well, but I won't." His apparent failure to foresee his doom amounted, in his case, not to cowardice but to courage. He was incapable of, in the conventional phrase, "pulling himself together." Such as he had become by twenty, he *was* together, and when his plays "The Quare Fellow" and "The Hostage" made him famous, for a while he had a good time. How he adored fame and all its perquisites! The least manifestation of it gave him pleasure: the moment the *Post* reached Times Square, Behan was there to buy it, and he would turn at once to see whether his name was to be found in boldface in "The Lyons Den." If it wasn't, he threw the paper away.

When Behan could not finish his last play and his long, close, and necessary collaboration with Joan Littlewood came to an end, he allowed himself to be turned into a machine for writing, and not because he wanted to write—he was, in fact, too far gone to do more than dictate scraps of sentences for someone else to set down in order on a page—but because the publishers who had given him big advances were determined that their investment in a dying man be made to pay off. By then he had accumulated a remarkable body of work, not the least important item of which was the substantial fragment of autobiography called "Borstal Boy"—an account of Behan's career as an adolescent revolutionary in the I.R.A. and, following his arrest, his stay in an English reform school.

I mention all this by way of a preamble to the high praise I wish to bestow on Frank McMahon's play "Borstal Boy," at the Lyceum, which turns out to be an exceedingly skillful adaptation of the Behan book. It has been Mr. McMahon's brilliant notion to give us not one Behan but two—the idealistic, teen-age Behan bungling his first bombing assignment in Liver-

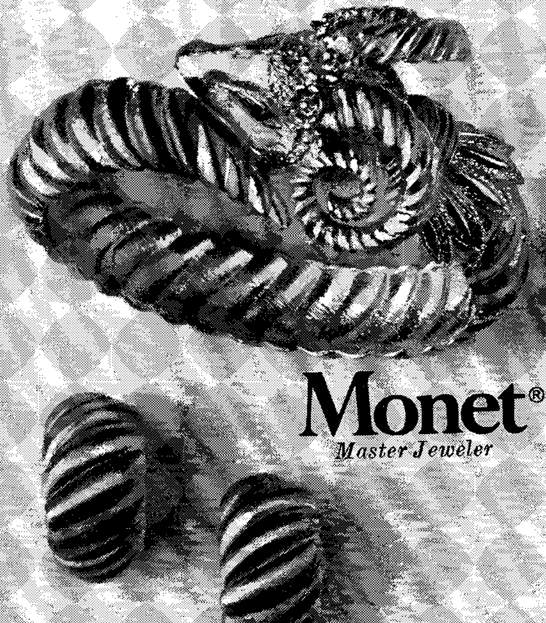
James Kenrob BY DALTON

Double knit separates of Trevira polyester, sizes 6 to 16. Brown and white shirt jacket, about $48, white jersey-knit pleated skirt, about $24

Featured at:
Bonwit Teller,
Bullock's Wilshire,
Roy H. Bjorkman,
Denver Dry Goods
and other fine stores everywhere.

Prices slightly higher in the West

COPYRIGHT MONET JEWELERS, 6 WEST 32 STREET, NEW YORK



Aries or not, you'll enjoy wearing this ram's head bracelet $15, and wedding band earrings $7.50. From the Aries Collection… in the golden manner of Monet®. At the finest stores.

pool and suffering torture and imprisonment as a result, and the Behan of thirty-odd years, fat, satiric, tenderhearted, and about equally contemptuous of the Church, England, and his own tatterdemalion Irish kind. They occupy the stage together so affectingly that from time to time I seemed to catch a glimpse of still a third Behan: the ghost of the Brendan I knew, who in his cups could rarely resist climbing up on the stage and joining—and discomfiting—the actors engaged in bringing his works to life. Niall Toibin, who plays the adult Behan, not only is a first-rate actor but is able to impersonate Behan with uncanny precision in voice, facial expression, and carriage, even to the waddle that resulted from the writer's formidable trunk being set upon small limbs and diminutive feet. Frank Grimes, as young Behan, proves a match for Mr. Toibin: he makes Brendan an acute and passionate boy, who can scarcely wait to be offered the world's love and who, after the first embrace, will proceed to correct the world's ignorance by flippant cuffings. Bruce Heighley is excellent as Charlie Millwall, an English scamp who is one of the first to offer Behan his affection; young Behan is not surprised when Charlie is also one of the first to die in the Second World War.

Mr. Toibin and Mr. Grimes were members of the original cast of the play, as given at the Abbey Theatre, in Dublin. The director, who also designed the modest, evocative sets, is Tomas MacAnna, artistic director of the Abbey and the man responsible for staging it there. "Borstal Boy" is said to have enjoyed the longest continuous run of any play ever performed at the Abbey; I hope it has the longest run of any play ever performed at the Lyceum, which was built a year before the Abbey group was founded. It is sentimental to say so, but Brendan in Heaven would be very proud of such a run and, even in those precincts, would salute the news with an oath that would wilt the wings of every angel within hearing. —BRENDAN GILL

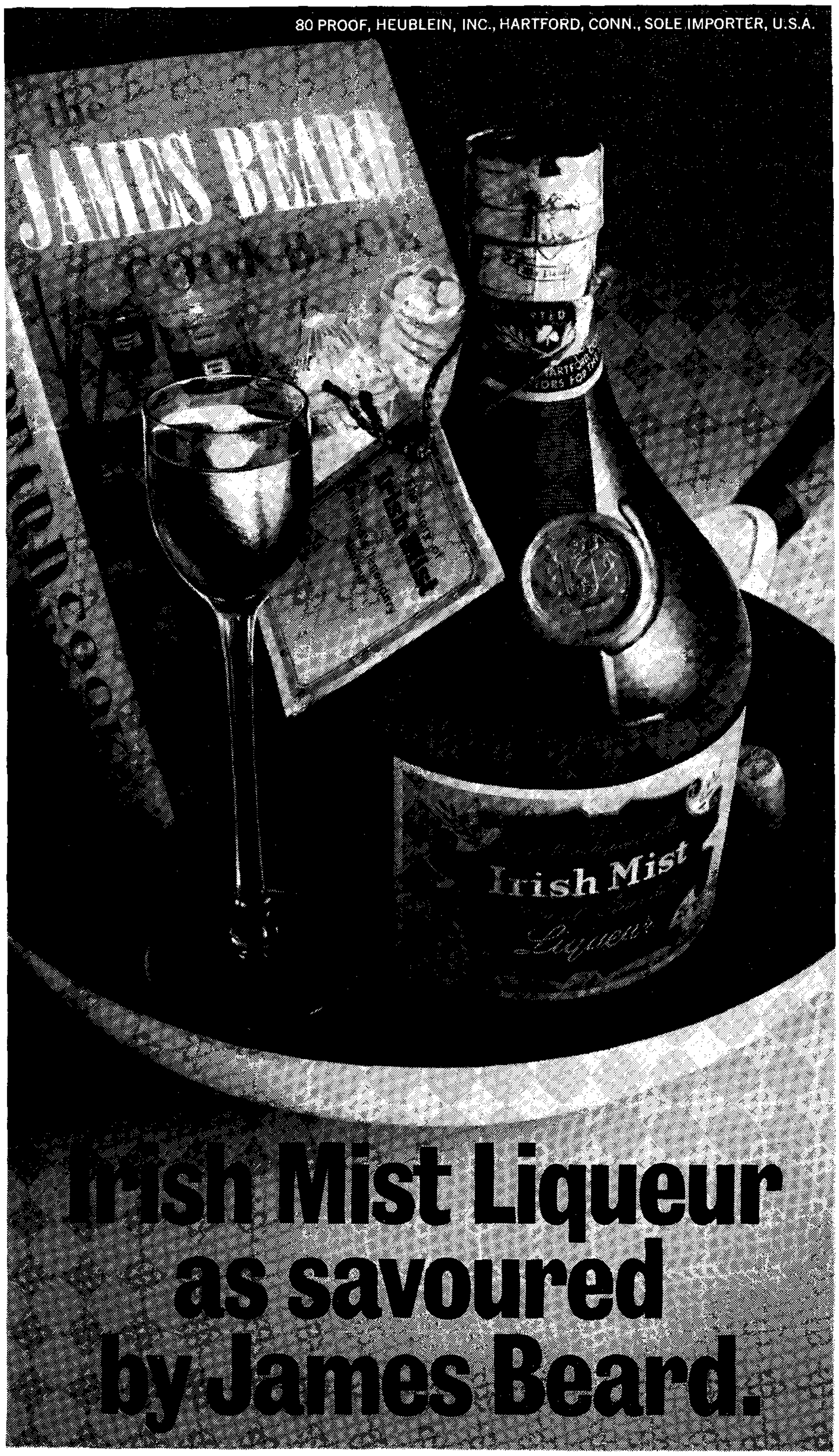
OFF BROADWAY

Good Shepard

SAM SHEPARD'S "The Unseen Hand," the first of a pair of his one-acters at the Astor Place, is a science-fiction comedy (which sounds like a contradiction in terms but turns out not to be) in which his words keep pace with his invention. The language is as audacious and funny as the dramatic imagination, and Mr. Shepard also tucks in some thoughts about the nature of freedom without ever breaking the comic mood. The action takes place in Azusa, California, some time in the near future. On the back seat of a 1951 Chevy touring car sprawls a hundred-and-twenty-year-old drunk. He is Blue Morphan, a relic of the Old West and the surviving brother of the three Morphan Boys, who were bandits and holy terrors in their day, back in the middle of the last century. The lights blink and there is weird music and a man from outer space enters. He is the Space Freak, who has a handprint on his forehead and is subject to quite alarming twitches and muscular spasms (old Blue considerately drapes a blanket over his shoulders), and he has come to earth from the planet Nogo to persuade the Morphan brothers to liberate his people, who have been enslaved. He rejuvenates Blue and resurrects the other brothers, who have not seen each other in about a hundred years and who size one another up in leery, horse-opera style. They are interrupted by the entrance of a hysterical boy—the cheerleader of the local high school. He has just been given a nasty beating by the members of an opposing basketball team, and he is spouting the obscenities that we have all become so wearily used to. Not so the Morphans. This sobbing, dirty-talking youth of the New West is dumbfounding to the three youths of the Old West. At the climax of the action, of which there is considerable, the boy suddenly grabs a pistol and, keeping the others at bay, breaks into a monologue that begins "I love Azusa" and then goes on to list everything that he loves about it: the Bank of America . . . going to the prom . . . the principal's office . . . smoking in the men's room . . . Mom. This recitation sounds like the inventory of a Norman Rockwell cover and is the comic high point of the show, whatever else it is meant to signify. The performances, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, are satisfactory. The actors are Beeson Carroll (Blue Morphan), David Selby and Tom Rosica (Morphan brothers), Lee Kissman (Space Freak), and David Clennon (cheerleader). The music, appropriately peculiar, was composed by Paul Conly, and he plays it on an intricate electronic switchboard called the ARP synthesizer. The good setting is by Santo Loquasto.

"Forensic and the Navigators," the second play, seemed dim after that dazzling opener, and after the music of a rock trio (with Mr. Shepard on drums) that entertained us during the intermission. It deals with some of the

80 PROOF, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.



Irish Mist Liqueur as savoured by James Beard.

My travels in behalf of excellent cuisine have taken me to places as dissimilar as North Africa and the Pacific Islands.

How enchanting to discover in a discreet Irish Pub, and now here, the crowning glory of the liqueur-makers art.

Irish Mist® Liqueur. Ireland's legendary liqueur.® An elegant jewel of Irish wit that successfully sustains its original promise of warmth, of charm, of conviviality laced with haute cuisine. Rarely have I sensed the vivacity and lyricism of Irish regionalism merged so happily with worldly sophistication. First concocted, I understand in the 14th Century, it can't be quietly kept on ice much longer, except if you will, in a glass. And this, I highly recommend.

Bon Appétit.

She's
mad for
barrelhouse blues
Dr. Seuss
and Howard Wolf

Maas Bros., Tampa; Foley's, Houston;
Milwaukee Boston Store, Milwaukee;
other fine stores. Dacron® polyester
knit. Circa $46

HOWARD WOLF
Howard B. Wolf, Inc. • 498 Seventh Ave., N.Y. or Dallas

same themes as its predecessor, but in a much more conventionally free-form manner, and with acting to match. It is about two men and a woman who appear to be planning to bomb a prison or fortress and then spring the inmates, and whose house is invaded by a pair of exterminators with tanks of deadly gas on their backs. By the time the play is over, the stage and most of the auditorium is enveloped in clouds of smoky gas, which I hated; smoke in a theatre is just smoke in a theatre to me, and no joke. Before that mock-asphyxiation, there are a number of fairly droll moments, and some fairly droll acting.

IN the program for Harold Pinter's twin bill of one-acters, at the Forum, there is a quotation from the playwright: "There are two silences. One when no word is spoken. The other when perhaps a torrent of language is employed. This speech is speaking a language locked beneath it. That is its continual reference. The speech we hear is an indication of what we don't hear. It is a necessary avoidance, a violent, sly, anguished or mocking smokescreen which keeps the other in its place. When true silence falls, we are still left with echo but are nearer nakedness. One way of looking at speech is to say it is a constant stratagem to cover nakedness." The plays are called "Landscape" and "Silence," and both can be considered explorations of silence. One reason Pinter remains as fascinating as any playwright alive is that he continues to investigate character and behavior, and doesn't just slap fashionable, tinny conclusions on both of them. In "Landscape," a man and a woman sit in the kitchen of a large country house, he at a wooden kitchen table, she in a rocking chair. He talks in a rambling way to her about what is on his mind—a mixture of daily activities and information and memories. We learn through his conversation that they have been servants—the chauffeur and housekeeper—in this house, which was left to them by their employer, now dead. Probably they have been married for many years—but only probably. Although he talks directly to her, she never responds to a word he says or acknowledges with the slightest flicker of expression that she hears him, yet her face is expressive of her own thoughts and feelings. The woman, who is almost motionless, just occasionally wrapping her sweater more tightly around her shoulders, talks to herself only of a long-ago day she spent at a beach with her lover—the one day in her life that was sensuous and sexual perfection. The man's chatter may well be that "smokescreen" to mask his feelings about her and about his own life; her talk, which he apparently does not hear at all, is an aspect of silence itself. She is, for all practical purposes, alone in that room, and what she speaks aloud are her private thoughts and rapture and quick mental associations that come and go almost before they can be caught. The play—it is, after all, a Pinter play—is mysterious. There are hints that the long-ago lover is the man at the table. Maybe, maybe not. Pinter is a tease. He is also an irrepressible humorist. There is an anecdote about a fellow whom the speaker met in a pub and who rudely criticized the beer, little knowing that the speaker was once a cellarman. The anecdote is written with all the verbal flourish, expertise, and intensity that this dramatist customarily applies to trivialities, and it is very funny indeed.

In "Silence," there are three people onstage—a young woman, a youngish man, and an older man. They are seated on chairs arranged in a triangle, with the woman down in front and the two men behind her. Most of the time each talks alone, in a kind of vacuum, but once in a while the men speak directly to the woman, who replies. The men do not appear to know each other. There are many pauses. Except for the younger man, who, as played by James Patterson, seems truly miserable and lonely, plagued by the sounds of lovers next door to him and frustrated and turned down by the woman, the characters don't seem very interesting, nor do they encourage speculation.

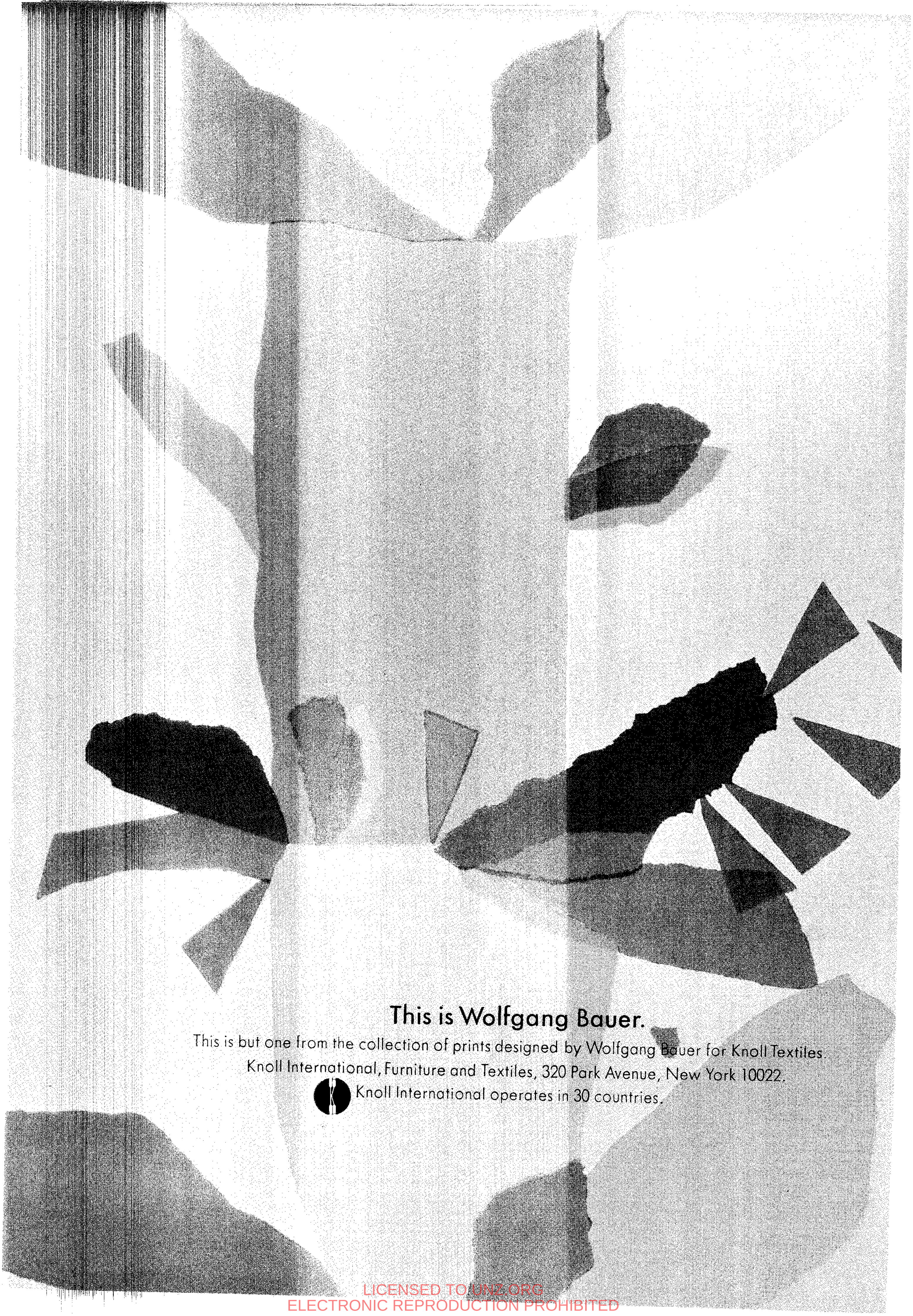
Mildred Natwick quietly manages to suggest the emotion of the woman in "Landscape," but, Miss Natwick and Mr. Patterson aside, the company gives a dull-witted, listless performance. Pinter's plays demand much stronger acting than they get at the Forum, and his pauses, his silences, are meant to be dynamic, not just dead air.

—EDITH OLIVER

• •

Snow flurries are forecast from the upper Great Lakes area to New York, north of a stationary front from northwest Minnesota to in Ohio to another low in eastern Texas, where it will turn into a New York.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

We don't need another. One's enough.

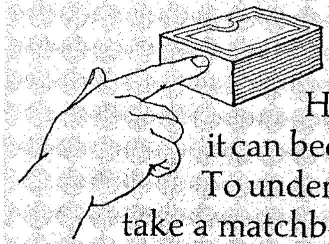


This is Wolfgang Bauer.

This is but one from the collection of prints designed by Wolfgang Bauer for Knoll Textiles.
Knoll International, Furniture and Textiles, 320 Park Avenue, New York 10022.
Knoll International operates in 30 countries.

What makes a car move.

Just about every car in the world moves by means of the rear wheels pushing it.



Which is alright under normal driving conditions. However, in certain situations, it can become quite a problem.

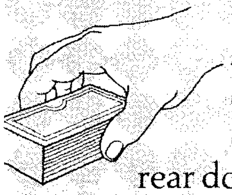
To understand why, we'd like you to take a matchbox, place it on a flat surface and push it along with your finger in the back. (This simulates rear-wheel drive.)

When you turn the matchbox round a corner, you'll notice that the rear has a tendency to go straight on instead of following the rest of the box.

This tendency is always present in a rear-wheel-drive car and, understandably, it can cause serious skidding under extreme conditions (especially when the front wheels may fail to hold).

What makes the Audi move.

The Audi moves by means of the front wheels pulling it.



If you take the matchbox and this time pull it round a curve (simulating front-wheel drive), you'll notice that the rear doesn't swing out but obediently follows the rest of the matchbox.

The reason for this is, since the power is in the front wheels, when these wheels are turned, the power itself is turned more directly (enabling the Audi to take turns just about as positively as a car can).

Besides surer cornering, the Audi's front-wheel drive also gives it another distinct advantage over other cars: better traction.

Since the weight of the engine and transmission is right above the wheels that are supplying the traction, these wheels get an even better grip. Which is why the Audi performs so well in rain and even snow.

Now that you know how the Audi moves—and why we designed it that way—you may be curious about the rest of this car. Well, most of the Audi's features are just as advanced as this one. Its inboard brakes. Rack-and-pinion steering. The way it uses gas.

Even the interior is extraordinary. With a heating and ventilation system that allows for a complete change of air in the car every 15 seconds. Vital controls located right on the steering column. And we could go on and on. But the best way to get a feel for this car is to come in and see it. And drive it, naturally.

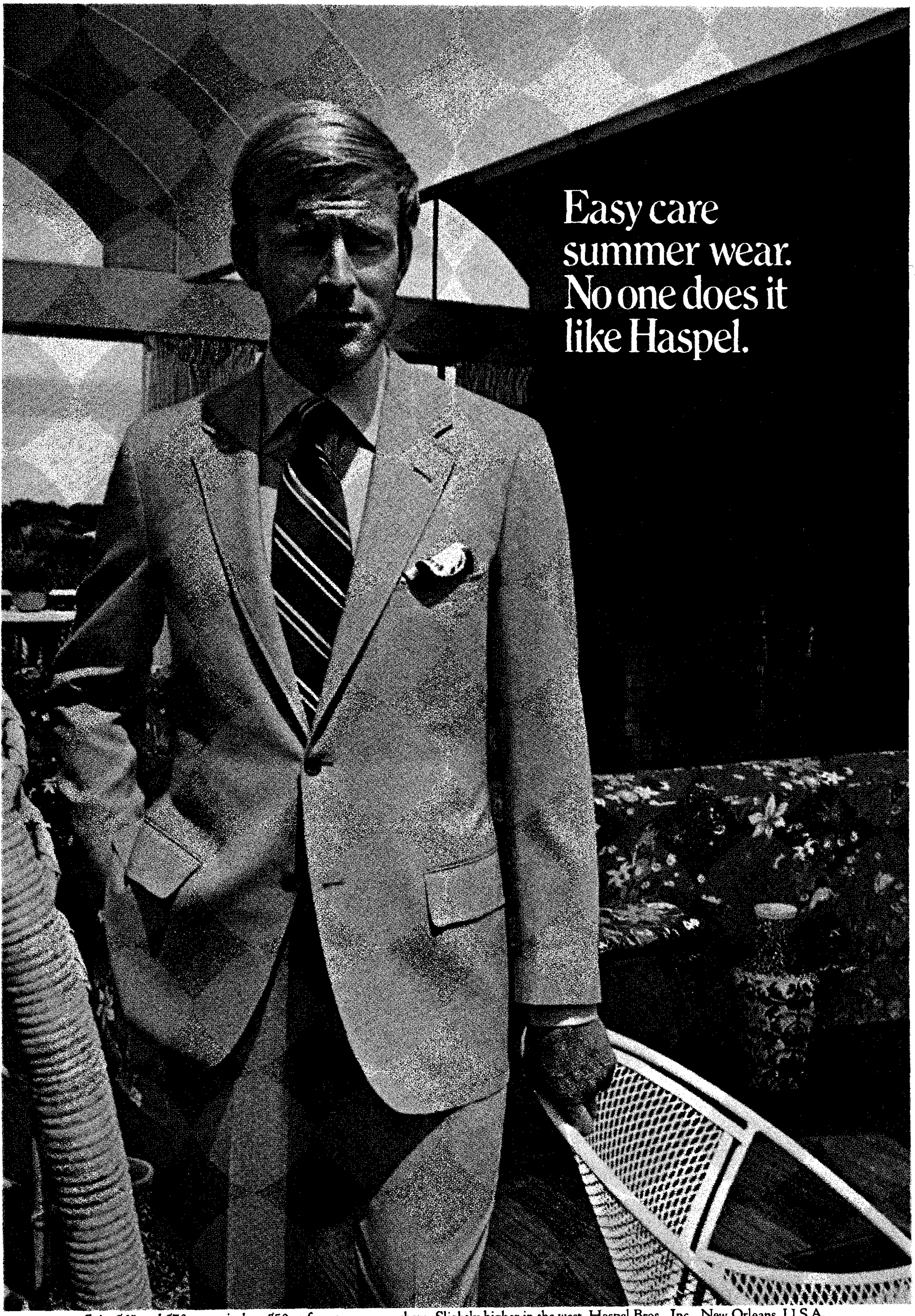
(You can find out where your nearest Porsche-Audi dealer is by calling 800-553-9550 free. Or, in Iowa, call 319-242-1867 collect.)

The differences are so apparent that just once around the block will tell a good part of the story.

Audi®

The revolutionary new car from Germany.

Suggested price, East Coast P.O.E., for 100 LS (as shown): $3,795. Other models start at: $2,995. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher.) Local taxes and dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.


Easy care
summer wear.
No one does it
like Haspel.

Suits $65 and $70; sport jackets $50 at fine stores everywhere. Slightly higher in the west. Haspel Bros., Inc., New Orleans, U.S.A.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Latin Cinderella

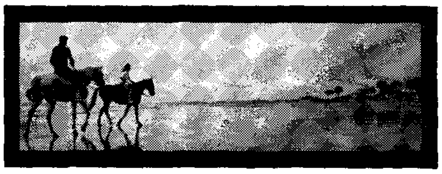
"LA CENERENTOLA" was given by the New York City Opera at the State Theatre last Tuesday night for the first time since 1958. The production was not new, and there was no reason why it should have been. It remains one of the most delightful operatic spectacles I have ever seen. Rouben Ter-Arutunian's sets, with their cardboard, puppet-show look and their trompe-l'oeil perspective, are precisely right for this gay operatic comedy, and his costumes, which serve to caricature everybody except the heroine, are as fresh as ever. Rossini's version of the Cinderella story is, of course, stripped of its mythological aspects. Italians are not, generally speaking, Romantics, and what we have in this opera is a curious Latin demythicization of the original: everything supernatural is reduced to realistic farce, with Italian intrigue and disguise playing important roles. Never mind. The music Rossini wrote for the opera is as rollicking as anything he ever created, and the spirit of Italian *opera buffa*, which so charmed Stendhal, is to be found in every note of it. The staging, this time, was in the hands of a newcomer named James Lucas, who preserved all the original wit and impetus. And, among the singers, Frances Bible, now a veteran, who sang the original New York City Opera Angelina (La Cenerentola), looked as pretty as ever. If there was a sign of wear here and there in the purely physical attributes of her voice, there was also that trustworthy and cultivated Frances Bible style, which can still serve as a model for other singers of this role. Her coloratura passages were knowingly sung and her general handling of the part, from both visual and musical standpoints, was a pleasure to witness. Enrico DiGiuseppe was the Prince. In some ways he is an astonishing singer. I don't like him much in French opera, where his distinctly Italian bravura manner destroys the smoothness of phrasing, but in a role like this he is hard to beat. His voice is a very light tenor vehicle with considerable agility and a command of high *tessitura* that is amazing. High notes, no matter how high, do not seem to bother him a bit, and he sings them not in falsetto but as a part of his chest register. We have heard tenors of this type before—Cesare Valletti was one—but they are rare, and at the moment I can't think of another. The parts of the two sisters, Clorinda and Thisbe, were sung well, and acted with great spirit, by Lois Crane and Beverly Evans. Spiro Malas was especially fine as Don Magnifico, father of these two. Richard Fredricks was particularly funny, and vocally excellent, as Dandini, the Prince's valet, and Franco Iglesias was good, too, as the court philosopher, Alidoro. Altogether, with the stage area skillfully cut down to accommodate scenery that was designed for the City Center, this was a masterpiece of the sort of repertory ensemble opera that makes the New York City Opera unique hereabouts. The conductor was Jorge Mester, and he kept things flowing at an appropriately brisk pace.

THE twenty-six-year-old conductor Michael Tilson Thomas is an extraordinary phenomenon. Not that twenty-six-year-old conductors haven't shown remarkable technical accomplishments in the past, as well as a remarkable command of the qualities of leadership that a virtuoso conductor must have. But Mr. Thomas is different. He is, apparently, a fully mature maestro. He does not need any theatrical effects to get himself noticed. His podium demeanor is serious, earnest, unexhibitionistic, and masculine. His beat is clear, and since I last watched him it has become more reserved and modest—or perhaps it has merely become more assured; on that occasion he substituted at the last minute for William Steinberg and may have been nervous and overanxious. At any rate, here is a young conductor with everything the profession demands, and I shall watch his career with special interest.

Last Wednesday evening, Mr. Thomas appeared in Philharmonic Hall as conductor of the Boston Symphony—a post he has been filling during the illness of Mr. Steinberg. His program involved three entirely different kinds of music, and he seemed equally at home in all of them. He started off with Johann Christian Bach's not very often played Symphony for Double Orchestra in E Flat, Opus 18, No. 1. It is a work of Mozartian character, except that very little use is made of

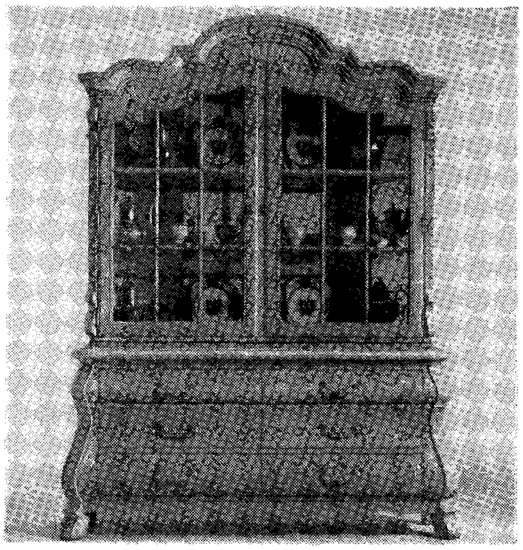
Sea Island's certain pleasures

The Cloister's rare amenities. Full sports staff. Seaside plantation for golf (27 holes, Tony Jacklin's club over here). Beach club, dancing, noted cuisine. Pleasure certain.



the cloister
Sea Island
georgia

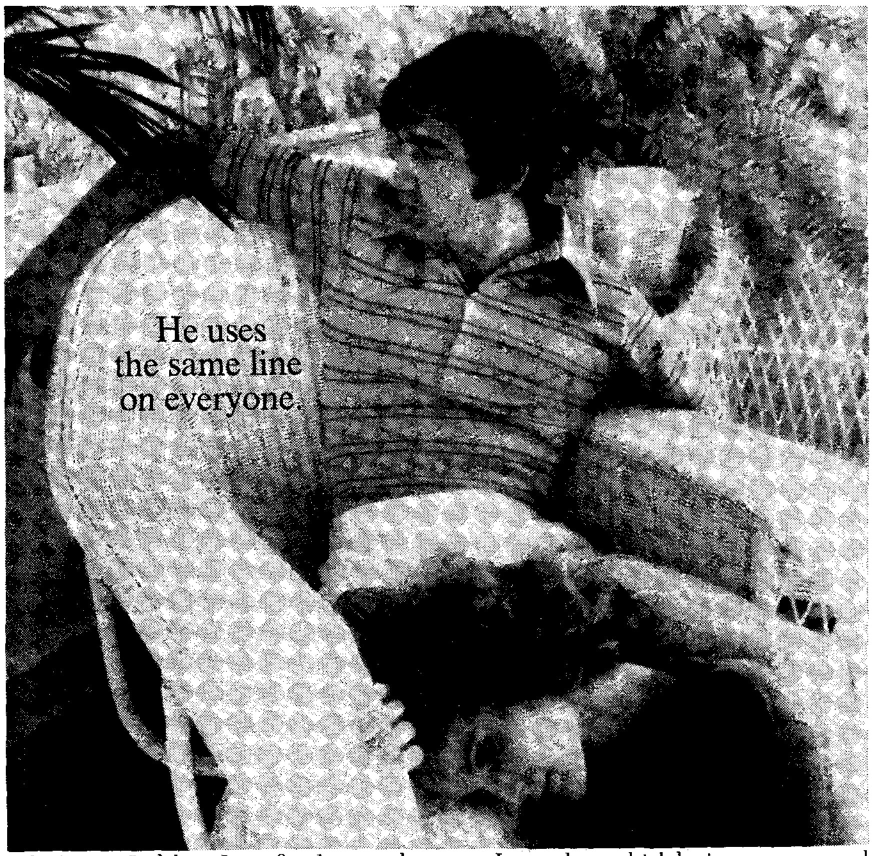
Ask about our golf holiday. Cloister Hotel, Sea Island, Ga. 31561 (912-638-3611). Or Warner's or travel agent. Homesites, rentals.



by Drexel

Flemish Cabinet—a stunning taste of the far-flung flavors in *Et Cetera* . . . of the flair found in all the great Drexel Collections. Send $1 for complete booklet set to Drexel-47, Drexel, N.C. 28619.

MOST TRUSTED NAME IN FURNITURE



The Forge/Ltd. line. It outfits the compleat man. In a style to which he is unaccustomed.

FORGE/LTD
A division of Munsingwear, Inc.

the wind instruments. They are limited, virtually all of the time, to supporting roles. As a consequence, strings dominate all movements. It is nevertheless a quite engaging composition in the classical manner—formal and melodious—and Mr. Thomas, to my mind, did it full justice. Then came Stravinsky's *Symphony in Three Movements*, a work dating from 1945 and containing almost all the basic elements of the Stravinsky style, varied and eclectic though that style has been from time to time. It is a strong composition and an intricate one, admirably clear, and free of stuffing of any kind. It even contains some charming moments in the interlude of the adagio. The outer movements have some of that pounding, machine-like character that is typical of much Stravinsky. But one only need compare Stravinsky's pounding with, say, Honegger's to see immediately how superior in every way Stravinsky's is. And then there are those off-balance rhythmic techniques by which Stravinsky leads you to expect a strong beat and then fools you. I enjoyed hearing the Symphony, and I thought that Mr. Thomas's handling of it was expert. It is, by the way, a completely tonal composition.

After the intermission, Mr. Thomas conducted Tchaikovsky's not very often heard First Symphony, and showed that he is a capable Romantic as well as a classical and twentieth-century conductor. This is, in general, an appealing work, though I find its last movement a bit long and tedious. There are passages that recall Rachmaninoff until one realizes that Rachmaninoff must have got *his* ideas from Tchaikovsky, who thought them up much earlier. The Russian folk idiom is prominent here—stronger, in fact, than it is in some of Tchaikovsky's later and more popular symphonies. Taken as a whole, the evening was an enjoyable one, and it showed that Mr. Thomas has considerable skill in building interesting programs, along with all the other skills he seems endowed with.

LAST Monday night's "Le Nozze di Figaro," at the Metropolitan Opera House, had most of the virtues of thoroughly professional Metropolitan craftsmanship, and it served to introduce me to the singing of Teresa Zylis-Gara, a splendid Central European soprano who is quite famous but whom I had not, for some reason, heard before. As the Countess, she presented an attractive appearance and a rich soprano voice, as well as admirable musical style and considerable emotional warmth. She was singing her role for the first time at the Met, and a good many other members of the cast were also making débuts in their roles. Teresa Stratas was new as Susanna, acting with a fine understanding of the part's comic and human values. Her voice is not quite the pure instrument that Judith Raskin's was in this role, but it has an edge that adds drama, and it is pleasing in its own way. Nedda Casei was also new, and very funny, as Marcellina, and another newcomer was Nico Castel, a New York City Opera stalwart who was making his Metropolitan début, in the role of Don Basilio. Also a newcomer to his role was Paul Plishka, whose large bass voice was a distinct asset to the role of Don Bartolo, and still another was Gail Robinson, who was acceptable in the minor part of Barbarina. The rest were familiar. I have come to judge all Count Almavivas in terms of the performances I have seen by that master singer and actor Eberhard Wächter. By these standards, Tom Krause, who did the role the other night, was not outstanding, though he sang well. His appearance is a trifle boyish for so sophisticated a character, and his wig and makeup made him seem even more so. Cesare Siepi was his old, dependable self as Figaro, even if he sounded slightly husky because he had a cold. Lorenzo Alvary did his comic bit as the gardener memorably. Nikolaus Lehnhoff had toned down Cyril Ritchard's originally overfarcical production, so everything was in good taste. Josef Krips, however, conducted with an iron fist, and was so rigid about it all that numerous times the singers got out of step with him.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

DEAR MR. S——:

Thank you for taking the time from your busy day to read my letter.

Your address, and the car you drive, a 1967 Volkswagen, are indicative of your appreciation of the finest developments in American industry.—*Letter from the Admiral Corporation, Chicago.*

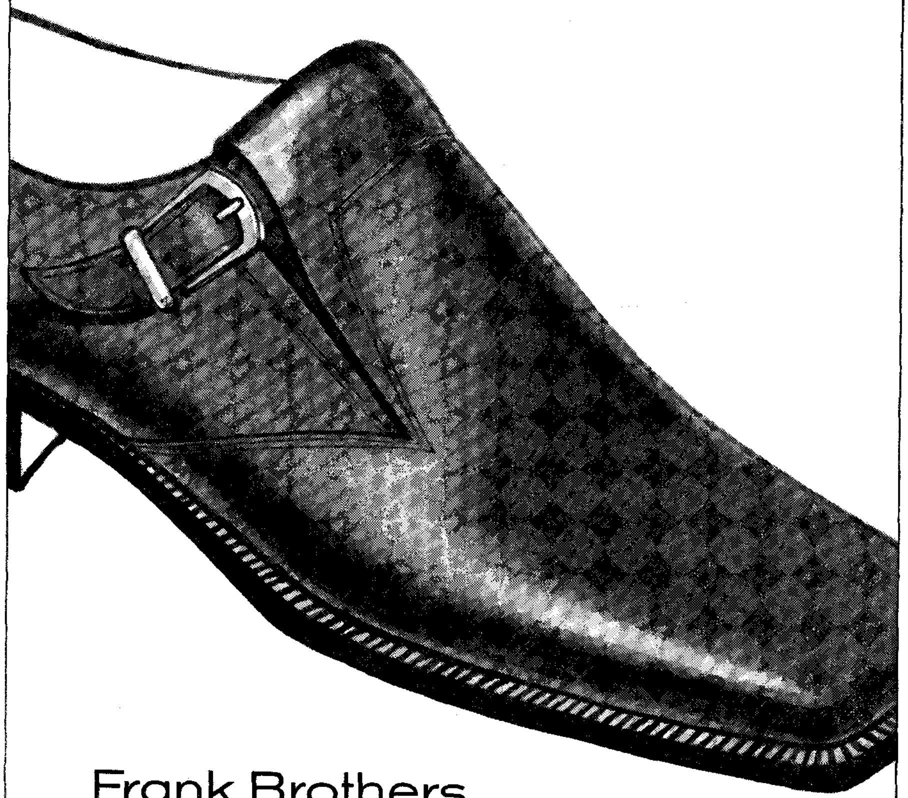
There goes that computer, blowing it again!

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*J. R. Isaacs in Good Housekeeping, February, 1919*]

Almost everybody is glad to pay an income tax. It is one of the most satisfactory taxes ever devised, since it permits every one, men and women alike, to share the burdens of the country according to their means.

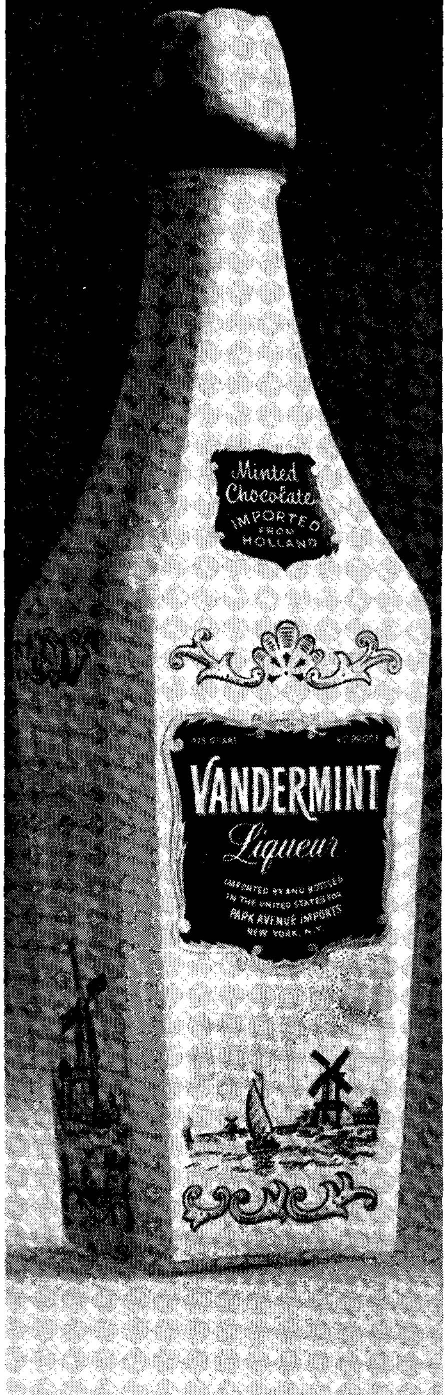


Frank Brothers
is more than
feeling and fit...
just look!

The name is Montgomery Street. Not just a shoe . . . a symbol. The classic yet always apropo personality of Frank Brothers. In front, but never too far ahead. Take a look at the sculptured toe . . . careful shaping with just enough 'square'. And thanks to the easy elastic side gores, you're in and out in-a-second. Note the neat, not too big, buckle on the side. It's fashion. It's Frank Brothers. The booted-slip-on in black or golden bronze smooth calfskin. $45.

FRANK BROTHERS
The most distinguished shoe in America
Genesco Park, Nashville, Tenn. Genesco Everything to wear.

Vandermint.
The 60 proof chocolate after-dinner mint.

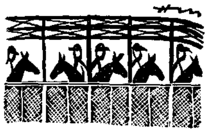

Minted Chocolate
IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND
VANDERMINT
Liqueur
IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED STATES FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS NEW YORK, N.Y.

All the way from Holland, a very cordial new cordial: Vandermint Minted Chocolate Liqueur.

IMPORTED BY & BOTTLED IN THE U.S. FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 60 PROOF.

THE RACE TRACK

Another Idol Falls



SILENT SCREEN joined the list of toppled idols last weekend, finishing third to Native Royalty and Delaware Chief in the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct. I don't for a moment suggest that he's fallen irretrievably, but his performance was hardly what the talent expected from a colt who was their unanimous choice as the best of his age last season. Still, he faced a pretty large order, for it was his first race in a month and he had to give big weight to all but one of the other starters. He looked ready for it, though. And I might add that he's grown and developed into a handsome individual. He is not quite the beau ideal that Majestic Prince was this time last year, but he'll do. Silent Screen is a bit over medium size and chestnut in color (about the same shade as Arts and Letters); he has great quality, good length for his height, powerful shoulders and quarters, and a fine, intelligent head. Altogether, he was the pick of the three-year-olds he met.

After the break, Silent Screen appeared to be going easily, just behind Delaware Chief and just ahead of Personality, in the run down the backstretch and on the long turn for home. The chart doesn't show it, but he took the lead in the stretch, then lost it. Cordero, riding Native Royalty with the confidence of a man in complete control of the situation, brought his colt up on the outside and caught both Silent Screen and Delaware Chief. Delaware Chief, too, drew away from Silent Screen in the last fifty yards. That's when the twelve-pound advantage in the weights showed. It's true that Delaware Chief set a fast pace for the first half of the mile gallop, but I don't believe that was what did Silent Screen in. Rather, I thought he was short of work. We'll know more about that if he runs for the Wood Memorial on the eighteenth. Both Native Royalty and Delaware Chief were at concert pitch for the Gotham, having finished second and third behind Sunny Tim in the Bay Shore a fortnight before. To me, the surprise in the Gotham was Sunny Tim. He looked good, but he was away slowly, got into close quarters, and was never better than fifth. Native Royalty, a rangy bay colt by Raise a Native out of Queen Nasra, is owned by three brothers—Gary, Martin, and Stephen Wolfson, whose father, Louis Wolfson, used to race the Harbor View Farm horses. Native Royalty was 80–1 in the Caliente future book's first line on the Kentucky Derby. Silent Screen was the favorite, at 3–1. Wonder what they are now.

AFTER five days of weather that wasn't fit for man or beast, the Big A had a reasonably clear Saturday afternoon, and a crowd of fifty-four thousand went to the races, tossing $6,060,559 into the tote. Which reminds me: New York horseplayers may soon be playing the exacta, a betting gimmick that will give them another spin of the wheel and increase the mutuel handle. The New York Racing Association is thinking seriously about introducing this kind of bet, which you win if you call the finish in a race one, two. The payoff sometimes runs into boxcar numbers.

WHEN they met in the Santa Anita Handicap last month, Quicken Tree beat Fiddle Isle. They met again last Saturday in the San Juan Capistrano, at about a mile and six furlongs over the turf course, and this time they finished in a dead heat. Fort Marcy was third, a nose behind. The riders of Fort Marcy and Hitchcock, who was fourth, both entered claims of foul, charging that Fiddle Isle had impeded them in the stretch. These claims were dismissed. According to the chart, Quicken Tree and Fiddle Isle began slowly, as they did in the Santa Anita, and came through with a furious drive to the wire. It must have been a good show. I wish I'd been there to see it.

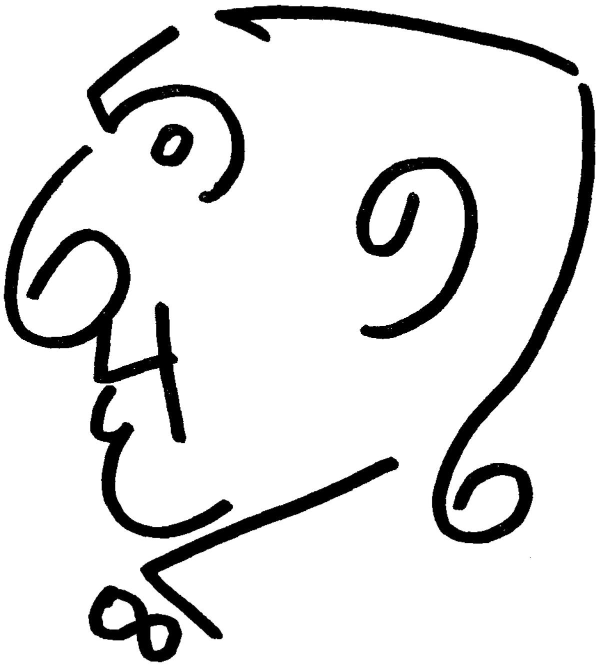
AS you know, Fort Marcy is owned by Paul Mellon. Earlier in the afternoon of the San Juan Capistrano, something named Vulture, owned by Mr. Mellon's cousin, R. K. Mellon, finished second in England's Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase. Gay Trip, a 15–1 shot, won. Twenty-eight started over the four miles, eight hundred and fifty-six yards of the Aintree course. Seven finished. That's the Grand National for you—the greatest jumping race in the world.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

PEACE CORPS EXPELS 13
FOR ANTI-WAR ACTIVITY
—*Headline in the Washington Star.*

Fuzzy-brained idealists, probably.



It's just not in us to make a number out of you.

If you've been out in the world lately, you've been up against the number-makers.

Not that anybody really wants to turn you into a number. But with everything going whiz-bang, people sort of forget what being a person means.

At Air-India we couldn't forget if we tried. Our good manners come to us as naturally as breathing, because they go 5,000 years deep.

When you fly with us and get the feeling you're in another world entirely, you really are. A world of silken saris, soft voices and a hundred small kindnesses, that stay with you even after you leave the plane.

"Namaste." Welcome to Air-India, the airline that holds on to the personal.

Leaving for London and most of the world any 8:30 p.m. in a big silver jet from Kennedy.

Air-India

The airline that treats you like a maharajah. Over 37 years of flying experience. For reservations call your travel agent or Air-India, 666 Fifth Avenue corner of 52nd Street, 751-6200.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

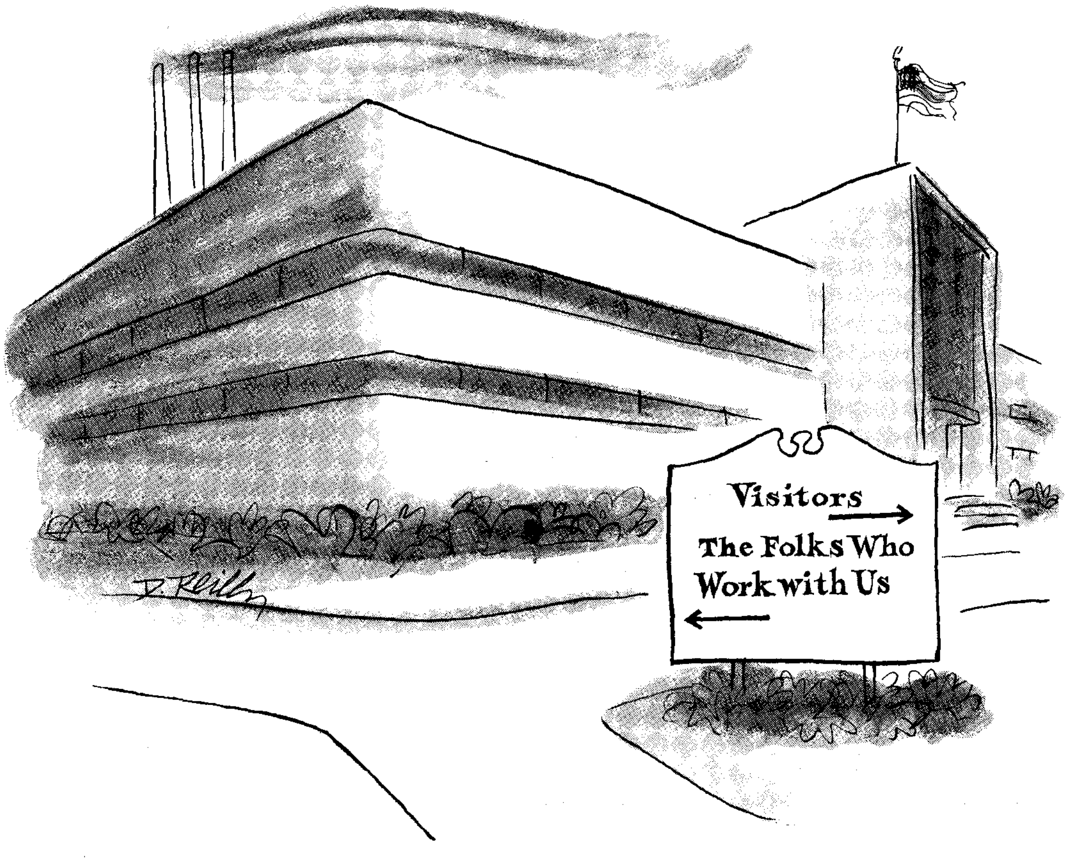
INDIAN JOURNAL

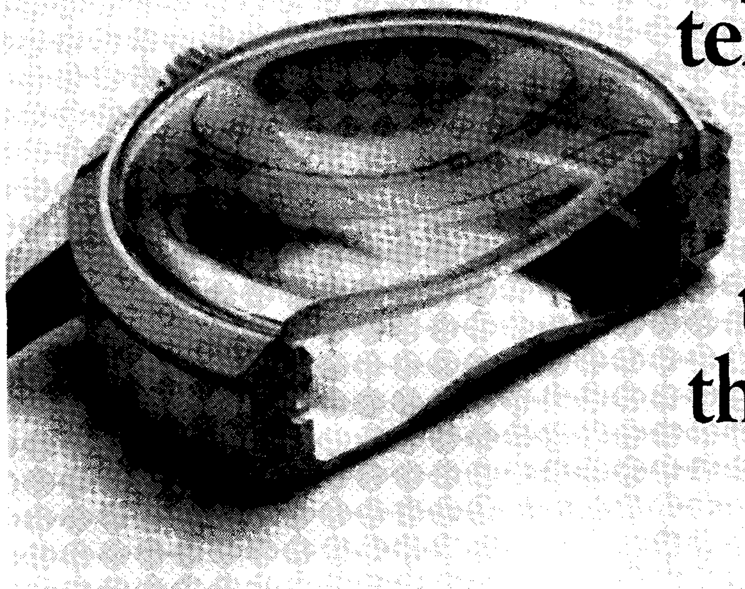
LEADEN ECHO, GOLDEN ECHO

REFLECTIONS—“GAZE OF LAZARUS”: It is 1966, and for the past several months I have been travelling from place to place in India. As I think about the few weeks I have just spent in Calcutta, the “packed and pestilential town,” I can find no words to describe its filth, its disease, and its misery. At first, I felt that I could accept Calcutta, that it wasn’t as bad as I had thought it would be. But now I know I cannot accept Calcutta. I dwell on the names of the Britons celebrated by the monuments in Calcutta’s streets—deaths endowed with purpose by later generations—but then I think of the countless deaths of the unnoticed Indians on those streets, forgotten in death as in life. I remember the time I spent with Satyajit Ray—a man of great talent who survives in the midst of Calcutta’s chaos and suffering—but though “Nayak,” the film he has just finished, deals with modern, prosperous, middle-class Indians, it is soon seen to be also about death, and about how these modern Indians have lost even their parents’ sustaining faith in reincarnation. The perception that Calcutta forces upon me is not of the fact of death—which perhaps I can accept—but of the process of dying, possibly the dying of an entire population, for Calcutta’s spreading poverty, like the slow strangulation of the Hooghly River, which originally brought the city into being and made it a great Eastern port, foreshadows something more frightening than personal death: it foreshadows racial extinction. I fear Calcutta. I reject Calcutta. But how can I prevent Calcutta from obsessing me? Feeling near hysteria, I ask myself how the species could have reached such a point of degradation and yet have adapted itself to that degradation, for the adaptation seems to show only how the will to survive bends us downward. In my head, images of Calcutta surface like suppressed nightmares rising to haunt the conscious mind. A leprous beggar drags himself through a crowded Calcutta bazaar; his face is ulcerated, his hands are mutilated, and his lungs and vocal cords are so damaged that his plea for alms is little more than a croaking sob; the people, themselves thin and sickly-looking, shrink back to make way for him, their faces showing the dread of contagion. I am reminded once more that this incurable disease appears wherever there is squalor and malnutrition, and that therefore there are probably more lepers in Calcutta than anywhere else, even as I am reminded of the words of a Calcutta friend: “To all the rich of the world, if you really come down to it, all the poor of the world are, in a sense, lepers.” If there were any consolation in the belief commonly held among the well-off that since Calcutta’s poor live like animals their pain is less than human, the crying leper destroys that belief and leaves me with no consolation whatever.

I recall that in earlier times in Europe a poor, diseased person, especially a leper, was called a “lazar,” that “lazar” came from the name of Lazarus, and that Lazarus is mentioned in the Bible in two connections: in a parable of Jesus in Luke, and in an account of a miracle of Jesus in John. In Luke, Lazarus was a leprous beggar who had collapsed at the gate of a rich man’s house, where he begged for scraps from the rich man’s table. When Lazarus died, he went to Heaven and was comforted by Abraham, but when the rich man died, he went to Hell and was tormented by flames. The rich man looked up from Hell and saw Lazarus with Abraham, and begged Abraham to send Lazarus to him with a few drops of water. Abraham answered, “Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.” The rich man asked Abraham, then, to raise Lazarus from the dead, so that he might testify to the living members of the rich man’s family about the torments of Hell. Abraham answered that if the rich man’s family would not heed Moses and the prophets, they would not heed someone raised from the dead. In John, a sick man named Lazarus of Bethany died and was buried for four days in a cave sealed by a stone. Jesus went to the cave with the sisters of Lazarus, ordered the stone removed, and cried out, “Lazarus, come forth!” The account continues, “And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, ‘Loose him, and let him go.’ ”

Although there are other


Visitors →
The Folks Who Work with Us ←



Next time somebody tells you they have an amazing, new waterproof watch... tell them about the crushed Oyster.

We dropped a standard Rolex Oyster case (the Explorer, guaranteed down to 330 feet) into a pressure tank.

Then we took the pressure down to 1,000 feet to see what happened.

Nothing happened.

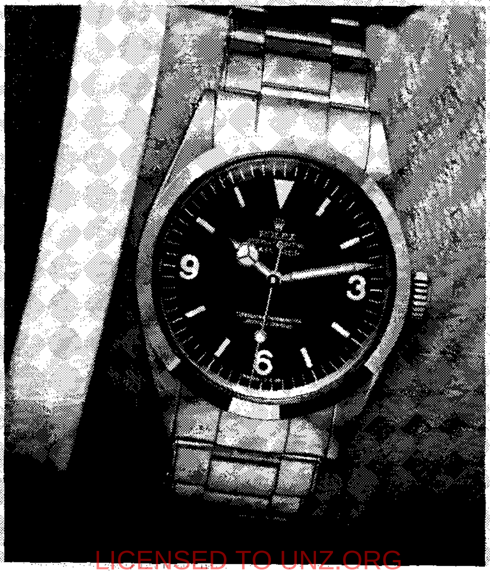
Then we went down to 1,500 feet. And nothing happened.

At 1,700 feet the crystal began to bend a bit.

And at 1,900 feet the back showed signs of bending.

At 2,000 feet the crystal and the back bent severely. And if there had been a movement inside it would have been crushed. But it wouldn't have been wet. The Oyster case was still watertight.

Which is not bad for a watch we guarantee to 330 feet.



THE EXPLORER: 26-jewel chronometer.
Stainless steel Oyster case with
matching bracelet $210.

ROLEX

AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORPORATION,
580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.
Also available in Canada. Write for free color catalog.

Sharkskin swirls in Arnel

Fleischman of San Francisco likes you in swirly pleats of Arnel triacetate. A cool blue or green swirl print from Folker Fabrics. 8-16, about $33. Best & Co., New York; Woolf Bros., Kansas City.

Celanese® Arnel®

CELANESE ARNEL

A Celanese fashion fiber in tested fabrics

references to the resurrected Lazarus in the Bible, almost nothing is said about what happened to him in his second life, but I remember once reading a weird, haunting psychological meditation on the life of the resurrected Lazarus. It was a fable entitled "Lazarus," by the Russian writer Leonid Andreyev (1871-1919). "When Lazarus rose from . . . the mysterious thralldom of death, and returned alive to his home," the fable opened, "it was a long time before anyone noticed the evil peculiarities in him that were later to make his very name terrible." People noticed, however, that his body was bloated, his skin cracked and slimy, his color livid, and his look solemn and incommunicative, and that he had about him the stench of death. During the festivities at which his relatives and friends celebrated his resurrection, one of the merrymakers asked him, "Why don't you tell us, Lazarus, what was There?" Lazarus said nothing, but the merrymakers saw that he was "looking straight at them, embracing all with one glance, heavy and terrible." From then on, all who happened to meet his eyes were permanently seized by an incomprehensible lassitude and dread; his relatives and friends came to fear and avoid him. All day long, Lazarus would sit in front of his house in Judaea, alone and motionless, and stare into the sun. "The thought suggested itself to people that the cold of the . . . grave had been so intense, its darkness so deep, that there was not in all the earth enough heat or light to warm Lazarus and lighten the gloom of his eyes," Andreyev wrote. At the end of the day, Lazarus would follow the sun into the desert, and anyone who saw him there, walking always toward the sun, found it impossible to forget the sight of his black silhouette against the huge red disc of the sun. People who heard about the "evil peculiarities" of Lazarus scoffed at the reports of his power and came from far away to see him for themselves.

Those who felt any desire to speak, after they had been stricken by the gaze of Lazarus [Andreyev wrote], described the change that had come over them somewhat like this:

> *All objects seen by the eye and palpable to the hand became empty, light, and transparent, as though they were light shadows in the darkness. . . . [The darkness] was dispelled neither by the sun, nor by the moon, nor by the stars. . . .*
>
> *The vast emptiness which surrounds the universe . . . stretched boundless, penetrating everywhere, disuniting everything, body from body, particle from particle. . . . There was no more a sense of time; the beginning of all things and their end merged into one. . . . A man was just born, and funeral candles were already lighted at his head, and then were extinguished; and soon there was emptiness where before had been the man and the candles.*

One day, Andreyev continued, a famous sculptor decided to go from Rome, where he lived, to Judaea to see Lazarus. Although the sculptor was renowned throughout the empire for the beauty of his work, he felt that his sculpture lacked "life," "soul," and "radiance," and he hoped to be inspired by the sight of a man miraculously raised from the dead. He saw Lazarus and, like all the others who had come to see him, was transformed by the experience. The sculptor returned to Rome and afterward created only one sculpture, "a thing monstrous, possessing none of the forms familiar to the eye, yet not devoid of a hint of some new unknown form." Someone happened to notice, however, that under one of the monstrous projections of this sculpture was a beautifully carved butterfly, "trembling as though with a weak longing to fly." Although the sculptor felt that this work was the truest thing he had done and that what everyone else considered beautiful was "a lie," his friends were shocked and revolted by the sculpture, and one of them destroyed it with a hammer, sparing only the butterfly.

The Emperor Augustus felt that he was invincible against the curse of Lazarus, and summoned Lazarus to Rome in order to confront him. At the encounter that followed, Augustus said to Lazarus, "My empire is the land of the living; my people are a people of the living and not of the dead. . . . I do not know what you have seen There, but if you lie, I hate your lies, and if you tell the truth, I hate your truth. In my heart I feel the pulse of life; in my hands I feel power, and my proud thoughts, like eagles, fly through space. Behind my back, under the protection of my authority, under the shadow of the laws I have created, men live and labor and rejoice." Augustus, who had previously commanded Lazarus to sit with his face averted, now boldly looked into his eyes, to see Rome and the empire, all the cities, kingdoms, and civilizations throughout time "swallowed up in the black maw of the Infinite." Augustus felt stricken by the knowledge of death, but then he thought with tenderness of his subjects, "fragile vessels with life-agitated blood and

Towle introduces "The Second Chance."

If, within a year, you decide you've chosen the wrong sterling pattern, we'll take it back.

Until now, the minute your sterling walked into your house it was there to stay.

Even if the first time you ate with it, you decided you hated it, there was no way you could change your pattern.

Well, Towle thinks one of the privileges of being a woman is having the right to change your mind.

So we've created a new way to buy sterling called "The Second Chance."

Here's how it works:

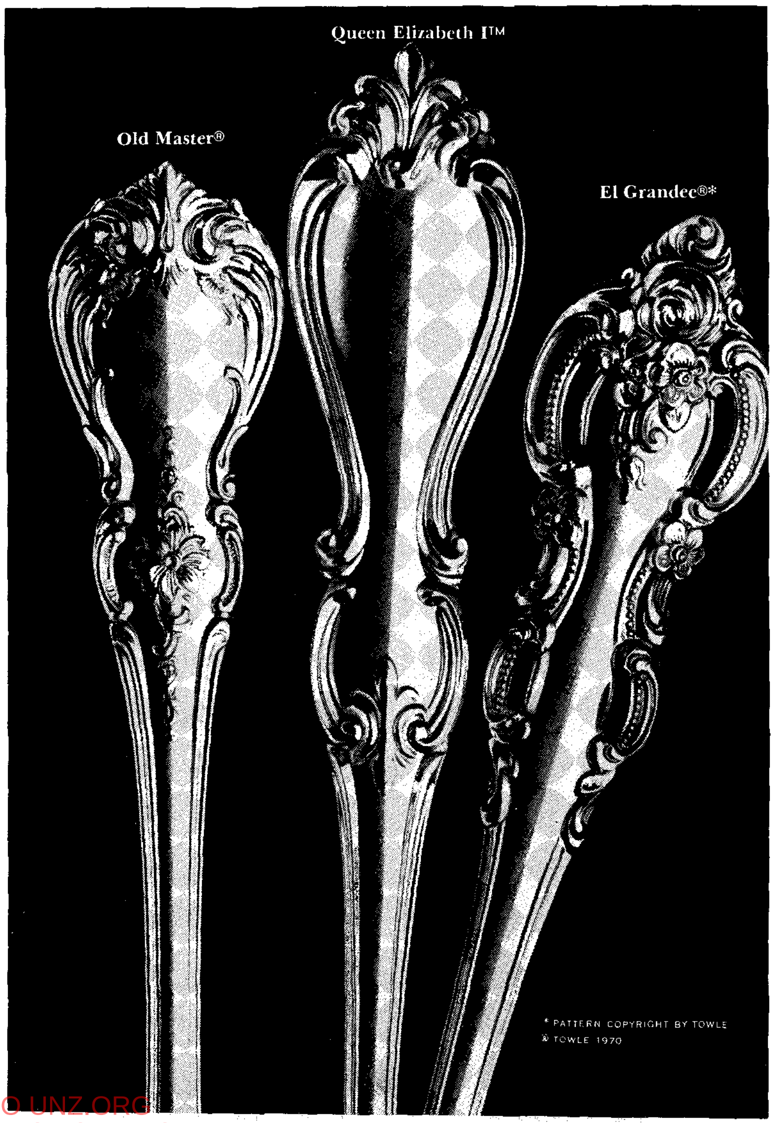
Buy any Towle sterling pattern and eat with it for a year. Even monogram it, if you like. If at any time during those twelve months you decide the pattern is wrong for you, return your sterling to us. We'll ship it right to the melting pot and promptly send you any other Towle pattern of the same price. No questions asked.

You may also replace your pattern with a more expensive one and make up the difference. Or you may replace it with a less expensive pattern and receive the difference in additional Towle sterling.

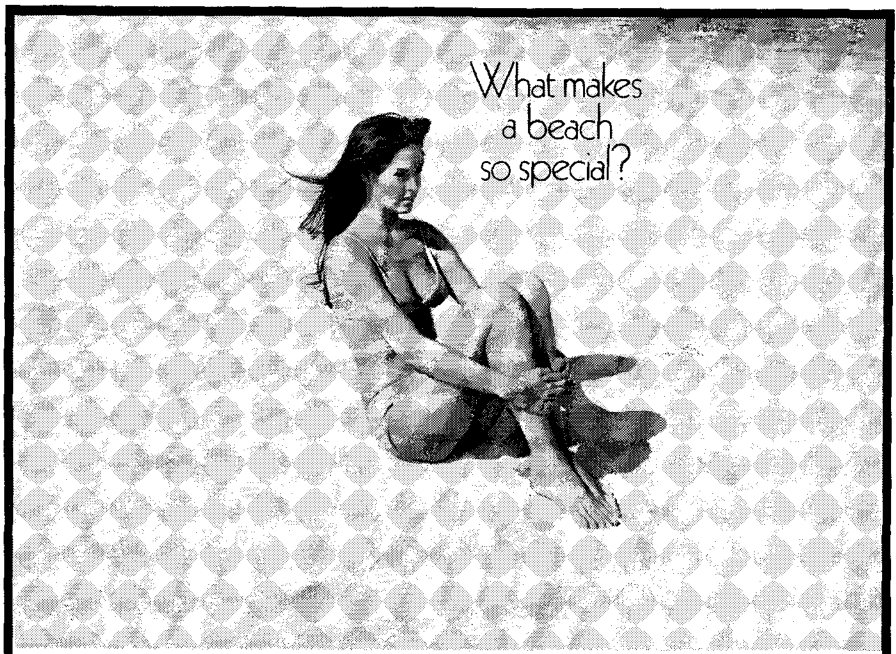
And now that we've extended you the opportunity of exchanging Towle patterns, let us extend you the opportunity of seeing them.

Just drop a line to Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass. and we'll rush you a booklet of Towle patterns. Or you can see them in the flesh at the nearest authorized Towle dealer.

Towle's "Second Chance:" It gives you something no silversmith ever gave you before. The right to be wrong.



* PATTERN COPYRIGHT BY TOWLE
© TOWLE 1970

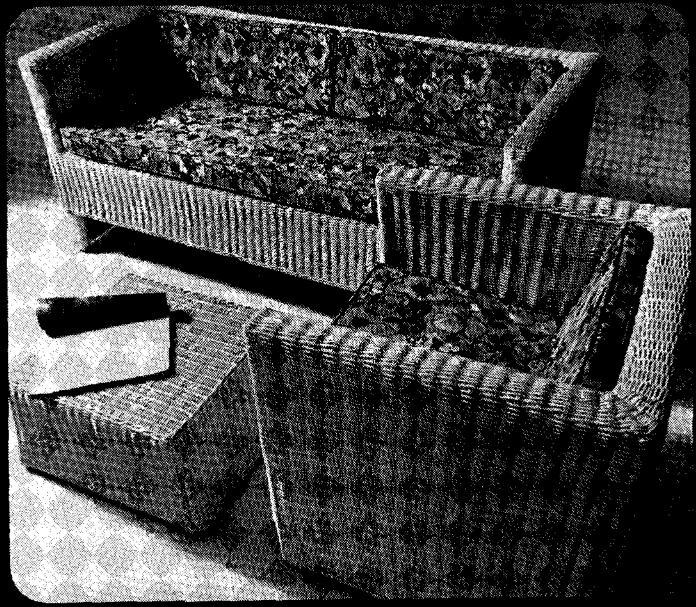

What makes a beach so special?

A beach should be sugar white and powder soft and peaceful and lazy. That's why ours is. And we don't give you a patch of sand. Our beach is one third mile long. Long enough to be alone on.

NASSAU • BAHAMAS
Emerald Beach Plantation
AND HOTEL
Jim Bearce, Vice President & General Manager

A Member of the Distinguished Hotels of the World • See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. • (212) JU 6-4500 • Boston • Chicago • Washington • Miami • Toronto

When we mention rattan, if all you think of is "White Cargo," you better come see what's new.



Sure, we've got the kind of rattan furniture films made popular. Things Tondelayo would just adore. But we can show you outstanding contemporary designs, too. Like this tuxedo sofa, ottoman and chair. See them in our showroom. Or send $1.00 for our catalog. It's full of things to keep the natives from getting restless this summer.

Deutsch, Inc.
Dept. Y1, 196 Lexington Ave. at 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016. MU-3-8746
Through Decorators, Dealers and Architects

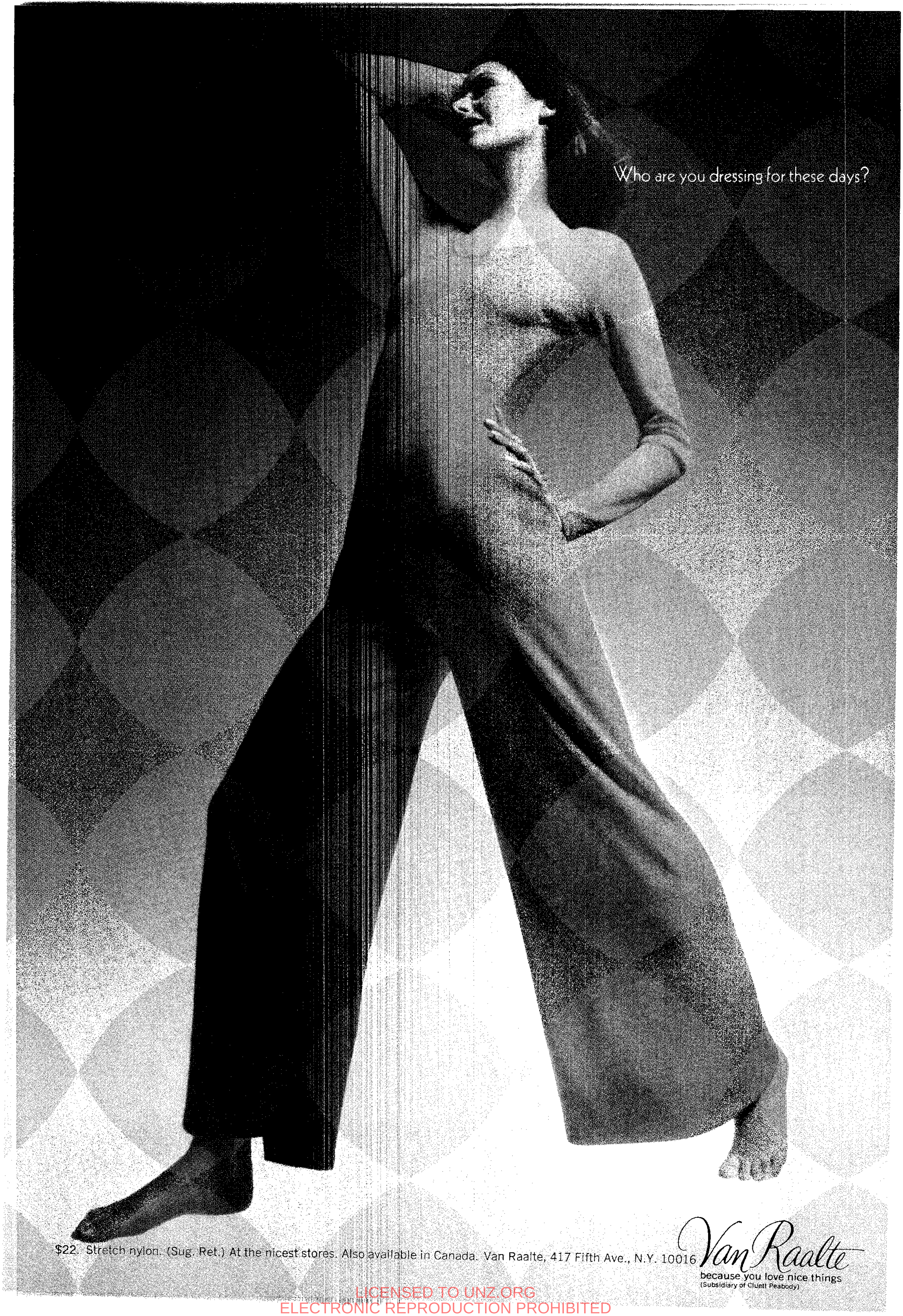
hearts that knew both sorrow and great joy." He gradually regained his hold on life, and he ordered Lazarus' eyes to be put out with hot irons. Lazarus died in the desert of Judaea, shunned and alone, a spiritual leper.

The Russian fable is nineteenth-century rhetoric at its morbid extreme, but its central idea—the power that the knowledge of death can have over the living—modulates in my mind, here in India, like a sombre musical theme; the theme of "Lazarus" shifts to E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India," and I think of the elderly Englishwoman whose hold on the value of life was undermined by her experience in one of the many, identical Marabar caves, a dark, circular, tomblike chamber that responded to all distinct human sounds—the squeak of a boot or the blowing of a nose, a fragment of spoken poetry or an outburst of profanity—with a single, reverberating echo, which, insofar as it could be expressed by the human tongue, was "boum" or "bou-oum," or "ou-boum." For her, afterward, religious faith, devotion to truth, appreciation of beauty, generosity of spirit, strength of purpose, subtlety of mind, fineness of feeling, eloquence of expression, nobility of action, all human accomplishment—indeed, all human effort, experience, and understanding—existed but had no value.

> She had come to that state [Forster wrote] where the horror of the universe and its smallness are both visible at the same time—the twilight of the double vision.... If this world is not to our taste, well, at all events there is Heaven, Hell, Annihilation—one or other of those large things, that huge scenic background of stars, fires, blue or black air. All heroic endeavor, and all that is known as art, assumes that there is such a background, just as all practical endeavor, when the world is to our taste, assumes that the world is all. But in the twilight of the double vision, a spiritual muddledom is set up for which no high-sounding words can be found; we can neither act nor refrain from action, we can neither ignore nor respect Infinity.... What had spoken to her in that scoured-out cavity of the granite? What dwelt in the first of the caves? Something very old and very small. Before time, it was before space also. Something snub-nosed, incapable of generosity—the undying worm itself.... The abyss also may be petty, the serpent of eternity made of maggots....

But even what spoke to her in the cave was lost in the twilight of the double vision:

> As she drove through the huge city [Bombay] which the West has built and abandoned with a gesture of despair, she longed to stop ... and disentangle the hundred Indias that passed each other in its streets. The feet of the horses


Who are you dressing for these days?

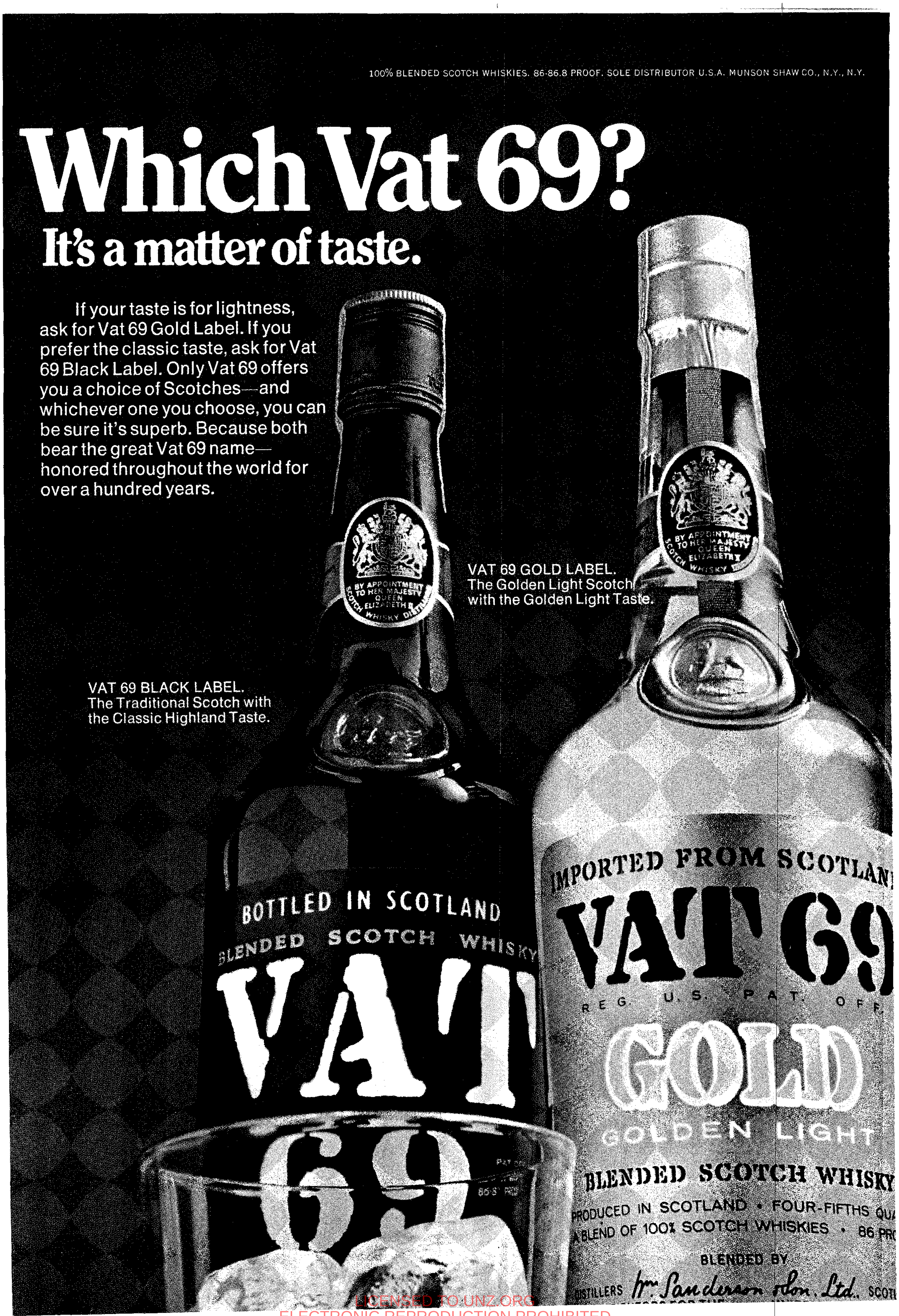
$22. Stretch nylon. (Sug. Ret.) At the nicest stores. Also available in Canada. Van Raalte, 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10016 Van Raalte
because you love nice things
(Subsidiary of Cluett Peabody)

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES. 86-86.8 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO., N.Y., N.Y.

Which Vat 69?

It's a matter of taste.

If your taste is for lightness, ask for Vat 69 Gold Label. If you prefer the classic taste, ask for Vat 69 Black Label. Only Vat 69 offers you a choice of Scotches—and whichever one you choose, you can be sure it's superb. Because both bear the great Vat 69 name—honored throughout the world for over a hundred years.


BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT
69
IMPORTED FROM SCOTLAN
VAT 69
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GOLD
GOLDEN LIGHT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCED IN SCOTLAND • FOUR-FIFTHS QU
A BLEND OF 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES • 86 PR
BLENDED BY
DISTILLERS Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd. SCOT

VAT 69 GOLD LABEL.
The Golden Light Scotch with the Golden Light Taste.

VAT 69 BLACK LABEL.
The Traditional Scotch with the Classic Highland Taste.

moved her on, and presently the boat sailed and thousands of coconut palms appeared all round the anchorage and climbed the hills to wave her farewell. "So you thought an echo was India; you took the Marabar caves as final?" they laughed. "What have we in common with them? . . . Good-bye!"

So, at the close of the journey, India, in her vastness, mocked what the Englishwoman thought she had seen there—the abyss she had taken as final. In a different way, what had spoken to me in Calcutta—through, for instance, the crying leper—seemed to me, for a time, final, too. It was as though in Calcutta I had confronted the Lazarus of Andreyev.

But, gradually, I somehow managed to resume travelling and working. While knowing that I could never again be free of Calcutta, in time I came to realize that the leper was one India in "the hundred Indias" that I passed in the streets, one theme in the many that my journey introduced and developed in my mind. Now, as I continue my explorations, old refrains, figures, and phrases return, and are picked up and restated, in a dissonant crescendo of leaden tones against golden tones.

RELIGION—"WE DON'T AGREE": From a makeshift stage under a *shamiana*, or cloth canopy, at Palam Airport, in New Delhi, a Sikh serving as master of ceremonies, who is dressed in yellow robes and a blue turban and wears a long, neatly groomed beard, calls out through a microphone in Punjabi, "Khalsa, shout with me! '*Vah guru ji ka Khalsa! Vah guru ji ki fateh!*' ["The pure are the chosen of God! Victory be to our God!"]" With him on the stage are Indian politicians and dignitaries, and all around the stage are *sirdars* and *sirdarnis* (Sikh men and women)—thousands, tens of thousands of them, a sea of beards and turbans, chignons and veils.

"*Vah guru ji ka Khalsa! Vah guru ji ki fateh!*" roars the crowd.

"In the name of the Prime Minister of India, in the name of the Home Minister of India, in the name of the Governor of the Punjab, shout with me, Khalsa, in greeting! '*Sat Sri Akal!*' ["True Timeless One!"]"

"*Sat Sri Akal!*" responds the crowd.

"Khalsa, it's after twelve. The airplane is due. Get ready to shout your greeting! Shout your greeting to the relics. Khalsa, be ready to shout '*Sat Sri Akal!*' so loudly that our voices will be louder than the engine of the plane and will reach the ears of the pilot. Be ready to shout off his ears!"

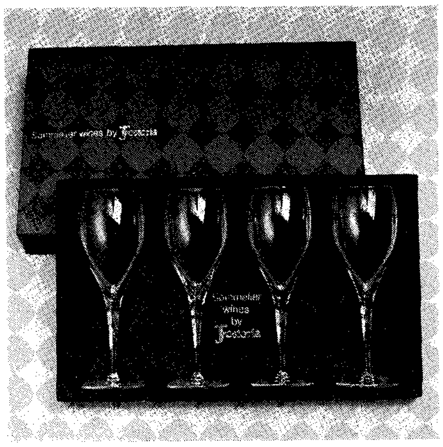
The airplane is bringing home the

THE LOOK.
GGG CREATES IT.

Flown to Barbados by BWIA International
GGG
CLOTHES
Write for "The Look", colorful new style booklet. GGG Clothes, 12 E. 14th St. Dept.D, New York 10003.

The Sommelier Collection by Fostoria

Gift-Boxed for Gourmets. Simple, handcrafted lead crystal wine glasses. Thin-stemmed. Good-sized. Everything a glass should be to showcase the wine. Five glamorous shapes: four-of-a-kind in a handsome box. With Fostoria's "Bit About Wine" booklet in each. Superb to give. Superb to own—enhancing any stemware pattern. Open stock, also. Look for The Sommelier Collection at fine stores. Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, W.Va. 26041.



relics of Guru Gobind Singh (1666-1708), who was the last in a succession of ten Sikh *gurus*, and the crush here today is only a small part of a crowd that lines the route from the airport all the way to the center of the city. The arrangements for the welcoming reception about to get under way are set forth in an official program, in English:

12:20 P.M.
1. The relics will arrive at Palam Airport.
12:25 P.M.
2. They will be brought down from the plane by . . . officials in uniform.
12:25 P.M.
3. They will be received near the plane by the Prime Minister of India.
12:30 P.M.
4. They will be handed over by the Prime Minister to the Governor of Punjab at the same place.
12:35 P.M.
5. They will be carried by selected Panj Piaras ["five loved ones," who represent Guru Gobind Singh's first five disciples] to the *shamiana* in the airport grounds where V.I.P.s are generally received.
12:35 P.M.
6. Ninety Sikhs in uniform will provide a guard of honor for the relics.
12:40 P.M.
7. In the *shamiana* the relics will be placed on a platform.
12:40 P.M. to 1:15 P.M.
8. The Prime Minister, the Governor, and the Chief Minister of Punjab will make brief speeches, if they so desire.
9. The relics will then be in the charge of the Government of Punjab. That Government has arranged to carry them from the Palam Airport in a procession to the Rakabganj Gurdwara.
10. A military band will be in attendance at the airport and play suitable tunes at appropriate times.
11. An aircraft will shower petals on the relics while they are taken out of the plane and taken to the *shamiana*. (If the Delhi Flying Club, which has been requested, agrees to do so.)

The story of the return of these relics, according to notes in the back of the program, began in 1964, when Tara Singh, the greatest modern leader of the Sikhs, pressed the Indian government to undertake a search for Guru Gobind Singh's *kalgi tora*—a plume studded with semiprecious stones which was used as a turban ornament by princes. (Tara Singh's quest was part of a recent resurgence of interest among most of India's religious and ethnic communities in the mementos and records of their past.) For two years, the government searched the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum for some trace of the Guru's plume, but wasn't able to locate it. The researchers discovered, however, that a number of weapons thought to have once belonged to the Guru—and therefore considered relics of the faith—had in 1849 fallen into the hands of James Andrew Broun Ramsay, the First Marquess of Dalhousie and Governor-General of India, when, after the Anglo-Sikh wars (1845-46 and 1848-49), he annexed to the territories of the East India Company most of the Punjab, then under the dominion of the Sikhs. The Marquess had subsequently written about the booty, in a letter to the East India Company's board of directors in London:

> It would not be politic . . . to permit any Sikh institution to obtain possession, either by way of gift (for the intrinsic value of them is insignificant) or by means of sale, of these sacred and warlike symbols of a warlike faith. If your Hon'ble Court should desire to have these arms for your collection, they shall be transmitted; but if your Hon'ble Court are not solicitous regarding them, I shall feel gratified by receiving your permission to purchase them . . . for myself. They have naturally much interest in my eyes; and would form a memorial which would hereafter be highly prized as well by myself as by those who may follow me.

The Marquess of Dalhousie had eventually been permitted to keep all the relics except one sword, which was placed in the Museum of the East India Company, in Madras, and in 1966 the Indian government, upon making inquiries, learned that some of these relics—two spears, two shields, a scimitar, and a golden quoit—were now in England, in the possession of a descendant of Dalhousie, Lady Edith Broun Lindsay. She agreed to restore them to the Sikhs.

Sikhism, which was founded by a Hindu reformer, Guru Nanak, in the fifteenth century—a period of strife, anarchy, and forced conversions of Hindus to Islam—has a long history of warlike traditions, especially since the time of Guru Gobind, who organized the Sikhs into a militant theocracy. The Guru initiated five of his disciples, the original Panj Piaras, into a casteless, martial fraternity, which he called the Khalsa ("the pure"). They were from different castes, but he made them all drink *amrit*, or nectar—stirred with a double-edged dagger—out of one bowl, and gave them the new Khalsa surname, Singh, which means "lion." He made each of them vow always to wear *kesh* (unshorn hair and unshorn beard), a *kanga* (comb), a *kara* (steel bracelet), a *kirpan* (sabre), and *kachha* (knee-length drawers), and laid down four rules of conduct for the Khalsa: never to cut or shave the hair anywhere on the body; never to use alcohol or tobacco; never to eat meat

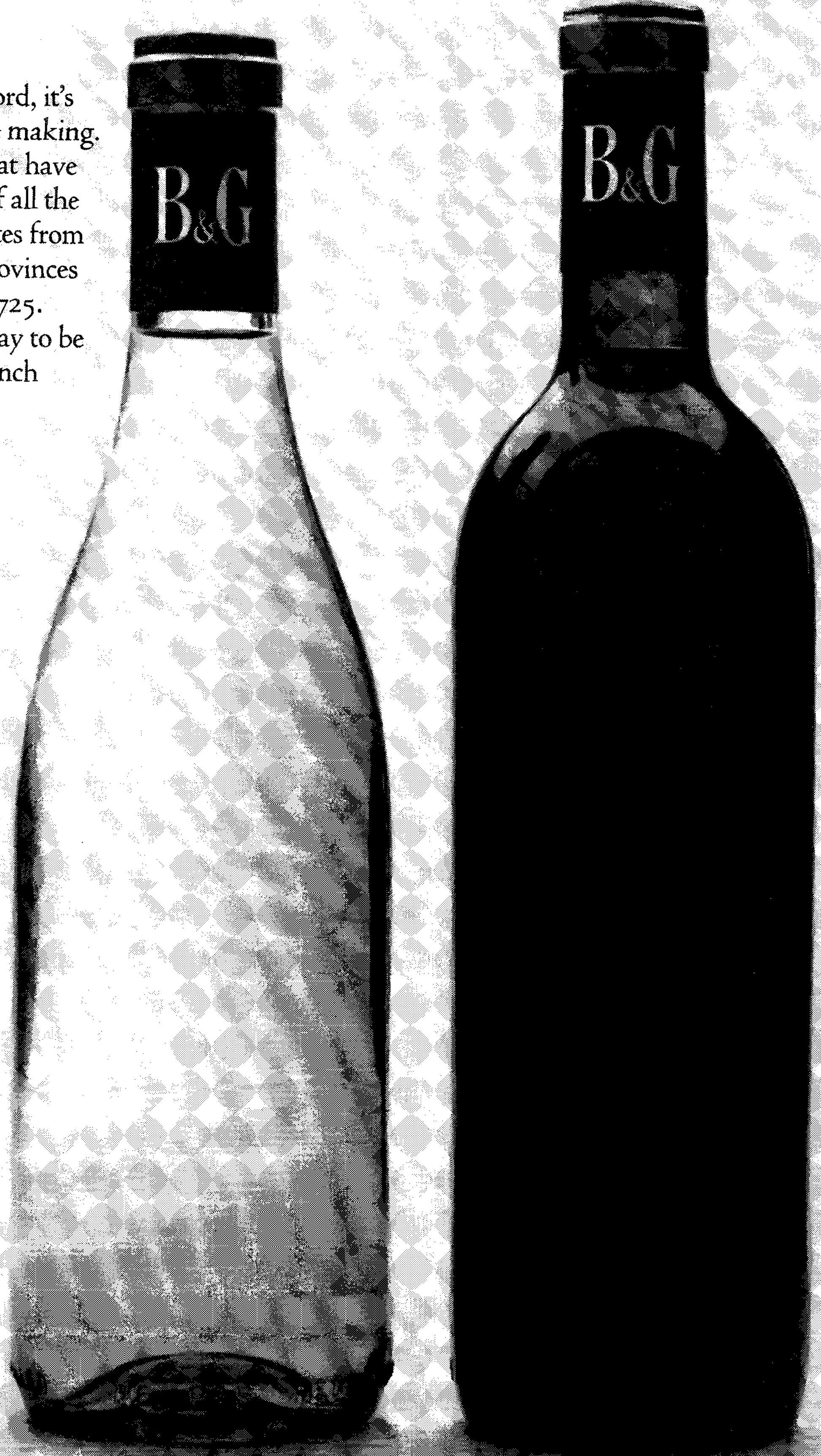
A Two-Letter Course in Fine French Wines.

B & G. In a word, it's 245 years of wine making.

Two letters that have meant the pick of all the reds and the whites from the great wine provinces of France since 1725.

It's the easy way to be choosy about French wines.

In a word.



B&G. French made easy.

BARTON & GUESTIER. 36 FINE WINES IN ONE FINE FAMILY.

Imported by General Wine and Spirits Company, Browne-Vintners Division, NYC.

from animals slaughtered according to Muslim law; and never to take revenge on Muslims by raping their women. The Guru, proclaiming all Sikhs equal, asked to be received into the Khalsa himself, and after this had been done, he declared that the succession of *gurus* was at an end and that the Granth, a compendium of teachings, sayings, and hymns from the first five and the ninth of the Sikh *gurus* (and from Hindu and Muslim saints as well), was the personal, immortal *guru* of every Sikh. He hailed the Khalsa with the words "*Vah guru ji ka Khalsa. Vah guru ji ki fateh.*" Within a few days, eighty thousand followers and disciples had joined the Khalsa. (The word "Sikh" is probably derived from the Pali "*sikha*" or the Sanskrit "*shishya*," either of which means "disciple.") Today, most Sikhs are members of the Khalsa; those who are not follow Nanakpanthi, or Nanak's Way, concentrating on the peaceful teachings of Guru Nanak. The Sikhs, who at present number eight or nine million, have no official priesthood, all adults being free to officiate at religious rites. Most of the Sikhs, men and women, wear the five emblems—or the Five Ks, as they have come to be called—and observe the rules of conduct of the Khalsa. Although Sikh theologians are still debating the precise significance of the emblems and the rules, there is general agreement that Guru Gobind Singh intended the Khalsa to be an army of soldier-saints to fight for righteous causes, that some of the emblems may have been adapted from Hindu customs (Hindu holy men wore long hair and beards, and Hindu soldiers wore a thread or amulet around the wrist as a talisman in battle and knee-length drawers as a basic uniform), and that the four injunctions were probably meant as a rudimentary code for the soldier's way of life. Indeed, Sikhs refer to themselves in their writings as the Fawj, or army, and all men have the surname Singh (although not all Indians named Singh are Sikhs). All Sikhs think and speak of the Granth as though it were a living spiritual instructor, popularly referring to the book as Guru Granth Sahib, or Sacha Padshah ("true emperor"), taking the book out in processions, and venerating it in a temple, which they call a *gurdwara* ("house of the *guru*"). In the *gurdwara*, the Granth is exhibited daily with great ceremony; every morning it is wrapped in silks and placed on a divan under a canopy. Throughout the day, worshippers bring offerings of cash or kind, make their obeisances, and hear read-

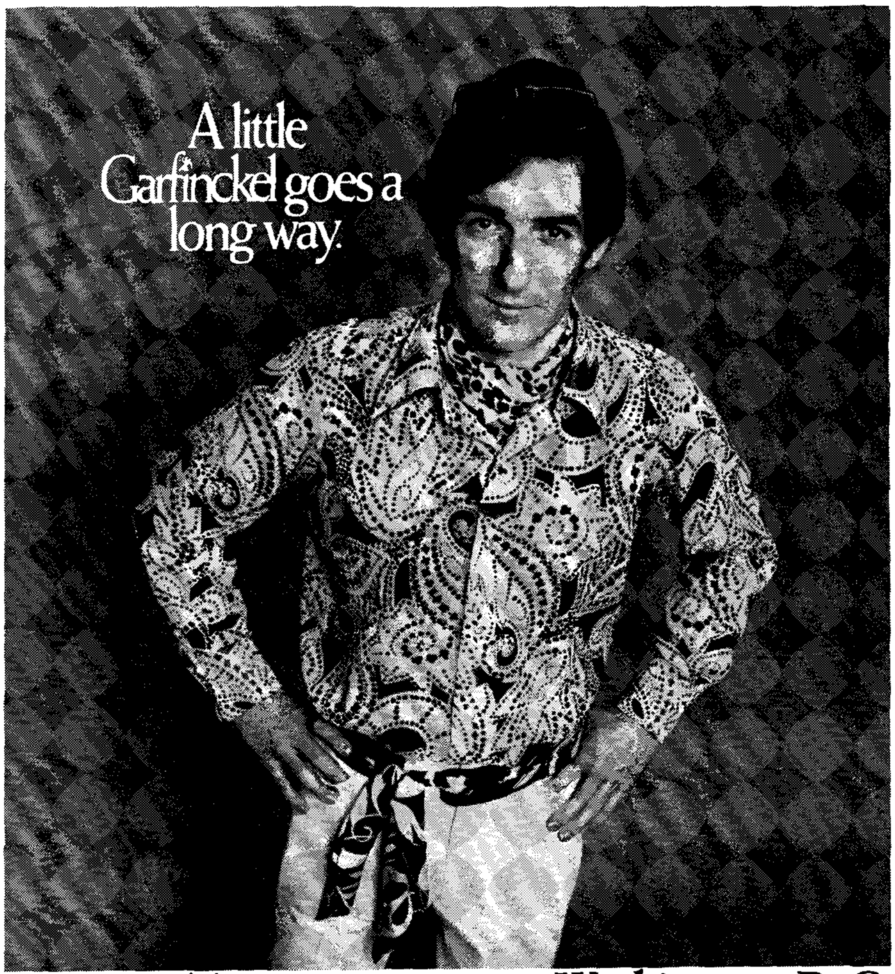
OPENING MAY 1, 1970

A NEW HOTEL. CLOSE TO EVERYTHING IN LONDON.
BUT NOTHING IN LONDON WILL COME CLOSE TO IT!

THE CHURCHILL
PORTMAN SQUARE ▨ CENTRAL LONDON

▨ 500 ROOMS, FROM $24. ▨ COLOUR TV IN EVERY ROOM ▨ INDIVIDUALLY CONTROLLED CLIMATE, HEAT AND AIR CONDITIONING ▨ 2 TELEPHONES IN EVERY ROOM ▨ BEDSIDE CONTROL OF ELECTRICAL CONVENIENCES ▨ CONTACT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR LOCAL LOEW'S RESERVATION OFFICE.

A LOEW'S HOTEL. PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT.


A little Garfinckel goes a long way.

A long wild way. Washington, D. C.

ings and chants from the Granth—readings that, on occasion, continue for days or weeks.

Now, at the Palam Airport, the master of ceremonies is shouting again and again, with mounting intensity, *"Sat Sri Akal! Vah guru ji ka Khalsa! Vah guru ji ki fateh! Sat Sri Akal!"* The plane carrying the relics is about to land, and lined up near the runway are elephants, camels, horses, and a truck equipped with a revolving display case and a copy of the Granth—all this being the regalia for the procession to the Rakabganj Gurdwara. "Khalsaji, calm yourselves—sit down," the master of ceremonies is saying. "Don't be restless. Why don't you sit down, Khalsaji?"

A *sirdarni* in rich-looking *salwar* and *kameez* (Punjabi-style trousers and shirt) who is standing next to me moans, "But where is the Guruji's *kalgi tora*? The British have robbed our religion of the sacred *kalgi tora!*"

"The Prime Minister of India will soon be speaking to you," the master of ceremonies continues.

"What does the Prime Minister care about our relics?" the *sirdarni* cries. "The Prime Minister is here only to deceive the Khalsa. But no one is going to rob us of Punjabi Suba."

Suddenly the plane lands, and the crowd gives a deafening roar. *"Sat Sri Akal!"* everybody shouts as the plane taxis in.

EVER since the time of Guru Gobind Singh, the daily prayer of the Sikhs has included the chant *"Raj karey ga Khalsa"* ("The Sikhs shall rule"). For a while, after the decline of the Mogul Empire in the eighteenth century, the Sikhs did rule the Punjab, which they consider their homeland, but the British won it from them in the Anglo-Sikh wars. Thereafter, under the raj, the Sikhs, the Hindus, and a good many Muslims were united in the national struggle for independence, but in 1947, when the Punjab was divided, with East Punjab going to independent India and West Punjab going to the newly created Muslim nation of Pakistan, there were widespread riots and religious massacres. As a result, millions of Hindus and Sikhs fled from West Punjab, where Muslims were in the majority, to East Punjab, where Hindus and Sikhs were in the majority, and, similarly, millions of Muslims fled from East Punjab to West Punjab. The Sikhs, who, partly as a matter of self-protection, had all along opposed the formation of a Muslim nation, now demanded that part of East Punjab be

WALLABEE®

...the shoe
that makes concrete
feel like grass

Handmade
in Ireland

Impossible? Not in this case. Because the Wallabee is an entirely new kind of shoe. It was designed by an engineer for pure comfort — then styled by Clarks for distinctive good looks. Result: A sturdy, smart casual that's even more comfortable than a soft suede slipper.

What's different? Exclusive features never before combined in a single shoe: An improved, genuine moccasin construction. Elasticized laces that stretch as you walk. Plantation crepe soles. A radically different last that enables us to assure a perfect fit.

Popular with world travelers, outdoorsmen, weekenders. And with people who want plain, foot comfort. In sand or brown suede, black or brown calf, $25. Women's $23. Or men's boot in sand only at $26. It must say Clarks to be a genuine **Wallabee.**

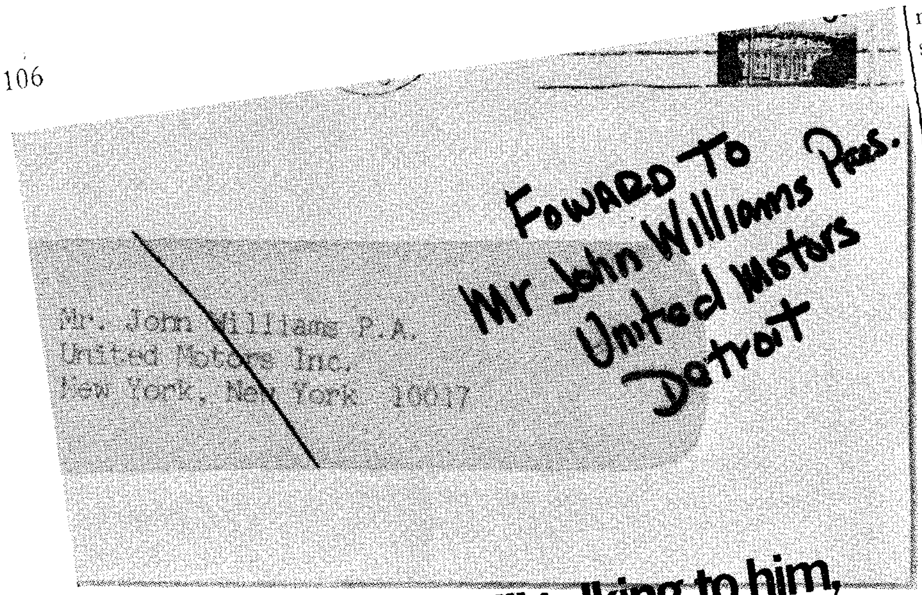
EXCLUSIVELY Clarks®

568 Main Avenue, Norwalk, Conn. 06851

For name of your nearest Wallabee dealer, call this special number, 800-243-6000 any time without charge. In Conn., call 800-942-0655.

® REG. TRADEMARK

© CLARKS



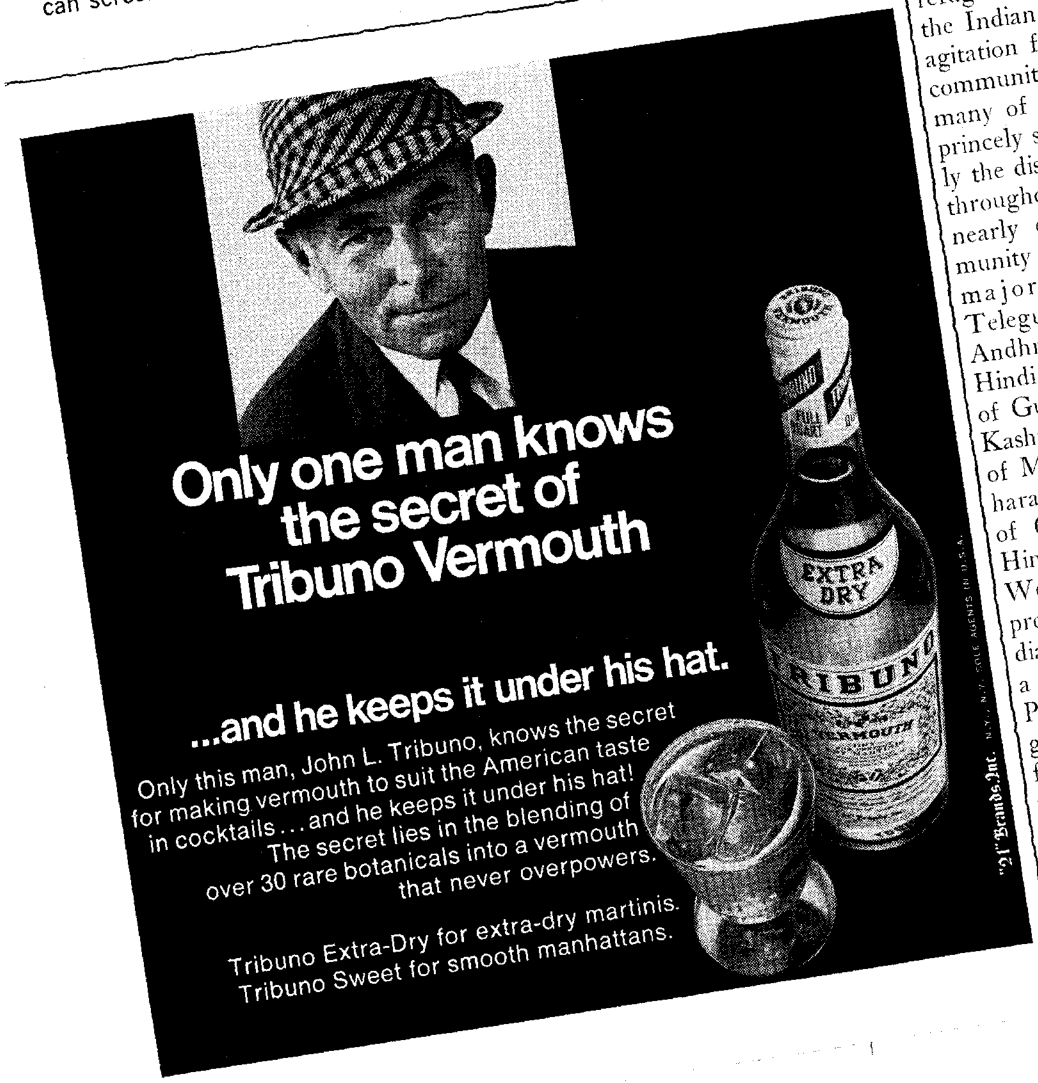
If his wife is still talking to him, chances are he talked to Homerica.

At Homerica we take the time and tension out of relocating executives to distant areas. Counseling families and helping them to select the right neighborhood and home in an unfamiliar area is our business.

Relocating the Homerica way is uncomplicated, rapid and extremely personalized. We know over 5,000 key communities intimately and can tell you all about those that best suit your family's way of life. And we can screen them rapidly for homes that best meet your requirements.

After we're through, we'll make arrangements for you to inspect each area and screened home, limiting your problems to selection only. Why not talk to us . . . about you.

THE NATION'S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE
HOMERICA
A DIVISION OF HOMÉQUITY, INC.
Write Dept. R-411
200 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212) 661-3111
1901 Ave. of Stars, Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111



Only one man knows the secret of Tribuno Vermouth

...and he keeps it under his hat.

Only this man, John L. Tribuno, knows the secret for making vermouth to suit the American taste in cocktails . . . and he keeps it under his hat! The secret lies in the blending of over 30 rare botanicals into a vermouth that never overpowers.

Tribuno Extra-Dry for extra-dry martinis.
Tribuno Sweet for smooth manhattans.

made into a separate, Punjabi-speaking state, which they referred to as Punjabi Suba ("the province of Punjab"). Some of the more extremist Sikhs spoke of Punjabi Suba as a religious state that would be ruled by Sikhs, would have Punjabi as its official tongue, and, though formed as a state in the Indian Union, would function as an autonomous unit. More moderate Sikhs spoke of Punjabi Suba merely as a linguistic state that would be ruled by Punjabis—both Hindus and Sikhs. All Sikhs soon became fiery partisans of Punjabi Suba in one form or the other, but the Indian government tried to suppress the movement; some of the government officers contended that Punjabi Suba, whether based on religion or language, would mean a division of East Punjab into a Hindi-speaking Hindu state and a Punjabi-speaking Sikh state, and that this Sikh state might one day try to proclaim itself the separate nation of Sikhistan. They contended that East Punjab, with an area of about thirty-seven thousand square miles and a population of about twelve million, was a viable administrative unit just as it was, and that, in any case, the Punjabi-speaking people were not a distinct unilingual community, being also fluent in Hindi. The idea of another partition—this time forced by the Sikhs—with more riots, more massacres, and more refugees, was insupportable. In 1956, the Indian government, in response to agitation from other regional linguistic communities, divided and reorganized many of the old British provinces and princely states to reflect more accurately the distribution of these communities throughout the country and to give nearly every major linguistic community a state in which it enjoyed a majority or a preponderance. Thus, Telegu became the language of Andhra Pradesh; Assamese of Assam; Hindi and Bihari of Bihar; Gujarati of Gujarat; Kashmiri of Jammu and Kashmir; Malayalam of Kerala; Hindi of Madhya Pradesh; Marathi of Maharashtra; Kannada of Mysore; Oriya of Orissa; Rajasthani of Rajasthan; Hindi of Uttar Pradesh; Bengali of West Bengal. However, in order to preserve peace in East Punjab, the Indian government left it much as it was: a bilingual state, using both Hindi and Punjabi. The Sikhs felt that the Indian government had employed one standard for East Punjab and another for the rest of the country, and that discrimination against the language of the Sikhs was discrimination against the Sikhs themselves. They felt that the Indian government was in danger of being

beautiful
things
happen
when you
reach
The
Beautiful
Families*

* Families like the Otis Booths Jr. of San Marino, California. Who do things beautifully. Parties. Vacations. Gardens. Interiors. To them The Beautiful Life is a way of life. House Beautiful hits home with such families every month. More than 4 million readers. Which makes it the beautiful buy for you.

House Beautiful

717 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Ezra wishes a word with you.

Ezra is your wine steward.

"At this Bay Roc, you will find a private beach that stretches for 1700 sugar-white feet. A *sauna and a masseur* to put your body at ease. Rooms that overlook the Caribbean and beachside villas that are so beautiful we call them by name: like Love Beauty Truth.

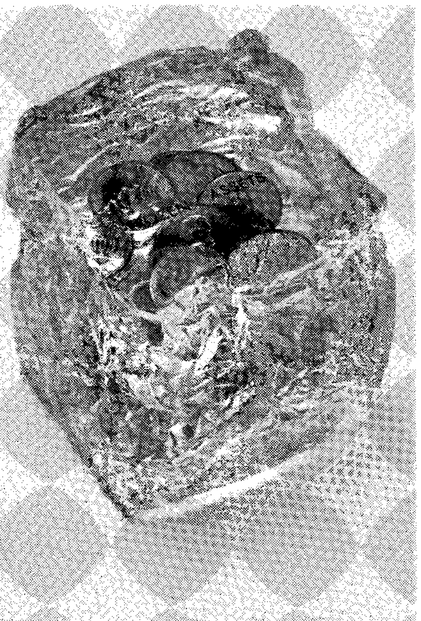
And a chef who can water your mouth with a Parisian Duck Bigarade or a native Stamp-and-Go.

One thing else, mon. Children we love, so they are welcome and will get our happiest smiles."

Bay Roc

One of the five very different hotels of Montego Bay, Jamaica.

See your travel agent or Utell International, Essex House, New York City, JU 2-3226.

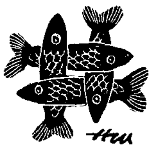


Put something aside and hold it there with our Lucite™ paperweight, a clear cube with shiny pennies inside, looking for all the world like frozen assets. 2-inch, $7; 2½-inch, $11; 3-inch, 17.50. Small Leather Goods Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

overrun by Hindu chauvinists intent on instituting a Hindu raj, in which the Sikhs would be converted to Hinduism and absorbed into an all-Hindu India. The Sikhs, as a small minority, would be in no position to put up resistance for long.

The idea of a Sikh-ruled Punjabi Suba had its strongest champion in Tara Singh, who was born of Hindu parents in 1885 and was converted to Sikhism in his teens. He started fighting for Sikh causes in the early nineteen-twenties, when he joined a Sikh movement to change the system of management of the Golden Temple, the most important temple of the Sikhs, which stands in Amritsar, the holy city of the Sikhs, in East Punjab, a few miles from the border of West Punjab. At that time, the temple was under the hereditary care of a group of devotees who had acquired the reputation of being in the power of local British administrators; indeed, in 1921 the resident British administrator had actually taken possession of the keys to the treasury of the temple, setting off a fierce Sikh struggle—first for the return of the keys and later for complete control of the management of all Sikh temples. The British, after battling the Sikhs for three years, had been compelled to pass the Sikh Gurdwaras Act in 1925. This act placed the management of all Sikh temples under an elected body of Sikhs called the Shiromani Gurdwara Prabandhak (Central Temple Management) Committee. Over the years, this committee grew into a kind of Sikh parliament, collecting tithes, and even maintaining a semi-military corps of volunteers, called Akali Dal, or Army of Immortals. Within the committee, Tara Singh from the very beginning led a faction that wanted to coöperate with the Indian National Congress Party for independence; another faction in the committee was interested only in the advancement of the Sikh community. Tara Singh's faction won control of the committee, and Tara Singh served off and on as its president, taking part in the civil-disobedience movement and occasionally going to jail. At the time of the Second World War, however, he began to drift away from the Congress Party, because he felt that it was being too indulgent to the Muslims and was neglecting the Sikhs. To the day of Partition, he resisted the formation of Pakistan. In fact, it was charged that the worst period of riots over Pakistan had been prompted by one of his speeches, in which he challenged the Muslims to a holy war, saying, "O Hindus and Sikhs! Be ready for self-destruction, like the Japanese and the Nazis. Our motherland is calling for blood, and we shall satiate the thirst of our mother with blood. We shall trample Pakistan. If we can snatch the government from the British, no one can stop us from snatching the government from the Muslims. We have in our grasp the limbs of the Muslim League [the Muslim party that had won Pakistan], and we shall break them. Spread from now on the solemn affirmation that we shall not allow the League to exist. The world has always been ruled by minorities. The Muslims [Moguls and earlier Muslim conquerors] snatched the kingdom from the Hindus, and the Sikhs seized it from the hands of the Muslims, and the Sikhs ruled over the Muslims with their might, and the Sikhs shall even now rule over them. We shall rule over them and shall get the government by fighting. I have sounded the bugle."



After Partition, Tara Singh took up the cause of a Sikh-ruled Punjabi Suba. In a stream of tracts and speeches, he attacked the government for falsely professing secular ideals and for failing to protect the Sikh minority. In one typical compilation of grievances, he listed a number of recent Hindu insults to his religion:

> 1. In the last week of July, 1957, several cigarette cases were thrown into the sacred tank of the Golden Temple, Amritsar.
>
> 2. On the 31st of July, 1957, the sacred *keshas* of Ajit Singh, a boy of twelve years of age, were cut off while he was asleep, by one Baldev Raj, who was arrested, tried, and let off by the Magistrate on furnishing a security of good behavior for one year. . . .
>
> 4. Two cigarettes were sent to one Gurcharan Singh, Prop.: Kuldeep Cloth Store, Patiala, by post on 1st August, 1957. . . .
>
> 9. On 26.9.57, one Hindu, Nandi by name, put a burning cigarette on the head of a Sikh, Rawel Singh, at Kartarpur, District Jullundur.

And so on. In other tracts, Tara Singh listed such economic grievances as the difficulties that Sikh refugees who had gone to West Bengal in search of jobs as drivers encountered in obtaining government transport licenses.

In 1961, on the fourteenth anniversary of Independence, Tara Singh took a vow to "fast unto death" within the precinct of the Golden Temple unless the government granted a Sikh-ruled Punjabi Suba. Public fasts were the ultimate weapon of civil disobedience, and

Picture this.

Your four-door family sedan with a body designed by Pininfarina. With the same flair, the same sleek treatment of contours that mark the Ferrari and Lancia.

Result? The kind of car that gathers a curbside crowd wherever you park it. The unrivaled Italian sporty look you've so often stopped to admire yourself.

The interior, the "soul" of the car, is elegantly French. The fully reclining bucket seats, the thick wall-to-wall carpeting, the built-in adjustable headrests and foldaway armrests—each feature, each detail reflecting that centuries-old French love of luxury.

And the bright warmth of sunlight—how the French love that. A solid steel sliding sunroof lets you enjoy it, too!

All these opulent interior components are standard equipment.

Standard equipment, too, is every engineering advance that gives this car its "international muscle". Each of the four wheels has its own independent suspension, its own power disc brake. A newly designed engine gives you as much as 25 miles to the gallon; lets you cruise at 90 mph all day. The entire body is built of .9mm sheet steel—heavier, safer, longer-lasting than you've had before. It comes with Michelin radial tires. And four-speed synchromesh transmission. This is the car that's built to take any road, anywhere in the world.

The car international auto writers voted "Car of the Year".

The Peugeot 504. Italian style, French soul, International muscle. All new, all yours, the complete car. Air conditioning and fully automatic transmission available, if you want them.

If you want a new car, you'll want to test drive the 504.

It can be your "Car of the Year" for years to come.

For more information see your local Peugeot dealer or write Peugeot, Inc., 107-40 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills, New York 11375.

$3195. p.o.e. East Coast ($3295. p.o.e. West Coast)*

*suggested retail price. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.

Italian style, French soul, International muscle.

The New Peugeot 504

PEUGEOT SALES & SERVICE NATIONWIDE

THE COTTON TOUCH OF CONNAISSANCE.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

Through the foliage and onto the wall. That shiver of excitement you see is "Python" by Connaissance. From the Brazilian collection, this cotton touch can be used as a wall covering, drapery or upholstery fabric. Available in any custom color. Through interior designers and at decorating studios in fine stores.

Cotton Producers Institute,
Box 12253, Memphis, Tennessee 38112.

in the past the threat of such martyrdom had been used against the government, British or Indian, so successfully that the fasts had acquired what amounted to a fixed pattern: the statement of a political issue with great emotional content; the identification of the issue with an important leader; a well-publicized period of negotiations; the announcement of the date and place of the fast; the commencement of the fast, with growing crowds keeping vigil around the leader; and daily—sometimes hourly—bulletins on his health. Before matters reached a crisis, the government usually offered some sort of concession, on the theory that if the leader perished, the hostility of his followers would be such that order could be preserved only by totalitarian means. Tara Singh's fast followed the usual pattern, but the government did not capitulate, and after forty-three days Tara Singh, physically and spiritually worn down, gave up his fast. He was arraigned in the Golden Temple by the Shiromani Gurdwara Prabandhak Committee for breaking his vow and thus betraying the tradition of Sikh martyrdom, and was sentenced to clean the shoes of all the Khalsa who came to worship at the temple during a five-day period. He did his penance, but he was never quite able to regain his old authority over the Sikhs.

The offices and powers once reserved for Tara Singh were gradually assumed by his deputy—and later his adversary—Fateh Singh. Fateh Singh, who was born in 1910 or 1911 (no one seems to know exactly when) of Muslim parents, and, like Tara Singh, was converted to Sikhism in his teens, spent most of his life in relative obscurity, though he managed to make a small reputation by reciting hymns from the Granth and by helping in the construction of new temples. Fateh Singh emphasized the linguistic rather than the religious aspect of Punjabi Suba, and though the government maintained that his linguistic state was merely another version of Tara Singh's more extremist religious state, still, Fateh Singh's demand, because it appeared more reasonable, was harder to ignore. On the seventh and eighth of August, 1965, Fateh Singh discussed Punjabi Suba with Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri at a conference in New Delhi also attended by the Union Home Minister and other leading government officials. Arjan Singh Budhiraja, who accompanied Fateh Singh in the capacity of secretary, kept a record of the talks and subsequently published

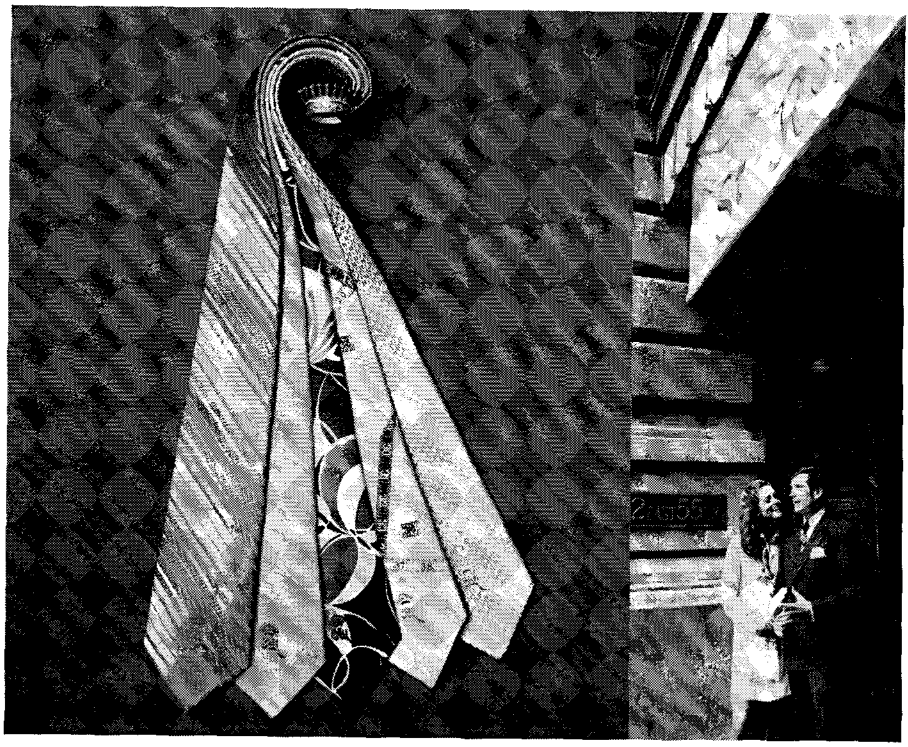
Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY

Great English invention: the raincoat

England invented raincoats, not surprisingly. Aquascutum have made them since 1851 and are still the best at it. This one is Ellesmere. Clear colours or muted country tones: slim, easy lines in pure cotton permanently proofed with exclusive Aqua 5. About $80. At Aquascutum, 100 Regent Street, London and clever stores throughout the States. For the name of your nearest, write or 'phone AQUASCUTUM, 2 East 37th Street, New York 10016, 685-9570.



Countess Mara designs for "one man in a million."

Each new collection of Countess Mara ties evokes new admiration for its originality and versatility. The Countess' inspiration seems boundless. This is amply illustrated in her current offerings, whether in ties priced from $9 to $35, or in those superlative rarities at $100. As always, each tie is discreetly embroidered with the CM coronet, attesting to its authenticity.

Countess Mara, Inc., 110 East 57th St. at Park Ave., New York.

Countess Mara®

Dine in a rooftop supper club that turns Brussels into a living map.

Only at the Brussels Hilton.

From *En Plein Ciel* atop the 28-story Brussels Hilton the city becomes a living map dotted with 15th-century step-gabled houses of rose-red brick. At the bottom of this air-conditioned tower with its American comforts *La Maison de Boeuf* serves *Carbonnade de Boeuf* and sizzling American steak in the traditional setting of an old Belgian country inn. The Brussels Hilton puts you only minutes away from Grand Place and its bargains in handmade lace, antiques, tapestries and crystal, as well as the business districts of Brussels, European Common Market capital. The Brussels Hilton, the Belgian hotel with an American accent.

☎ For reservations, call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel, or Hilton Reservation Service.

BRUSSELS HILTON

it. It is highly colored—Fateh Singh scores all the debating points, while Shastri and his companions sit wide-eyed and silent, registering surprise—but, all the same, the record, which reads like a playlet, captures an atmosphere quite typical of Indian political confrontations. One section goes:

> Santji ["saint," meaning Fateh Singh]: When in other parts of India states have been formed on the basis of language, then what are the obstacles that stand in the way of Punjabi Suba? Our religion is not at all safe in free India. Do you not know that in the Punjab, at several places, the Holy Granth has been burnt? . . . There have also been instances of sacrilege at the Sarovar (Holy Tank) of the Golden Temple in which several packets of forbidden cigarettes were thrown. . . . Even Dr. Sushila Nayyar, the Health Minister of your Central Government, has outraged our religious sentiments.
>
> Shastriji (*hurriedly*): What is that? Just tell me what she has done.
>
> Santji: Dear Sir, please listen patiently. She said here in Delhi that in the days of the Sikh Gurus there were no barbers but now there was no dearth of them. . . . (*Stroking his beard*) Sushila Nayyar had looked down upon the Sikhs who grow beards and uncut hair. . . . She went even beyond this as she later said that Shri Guru Amar Das [the third *guru*] . . . was utterly negligent of his body and concluded that the Sikhs were a dirty lot. . . . Even Vinoba Bhave [a renowned disciple of Gandhi], whom you regard a saint and friend of all, has injured Sikh sentiments while speaking at Gurdwara Jagat Sudhar at Calcutta. He suggested the letter "n" be deleted from the word "*kirpan*" to make it "*kirpa*" (grace). Although he later on apologized for it through a letter, yet why should such malicious suggestions be made at all? What business have your leaders to meddle with our religion? This (*holding his kirpan*) is our religious symbol. . . .
>
> Shastriji: We never heard of all this before. (*He kept looking at Santji in astonishment.*) . . . We could be willing to remove all your grievances to your satisfaction. . . .
>
> Santji: Nothing but Punjabi Suba can delight my soul.

Punjabi Suba was not granted, however, and on August 29, 1965, Fateh Singh wrote, "I have determined my program. Publicly I will burn myself alive. . . . Let all the Sikhs pray for me by reciting the text of the Scriptures: 'O vacillating mind, be firm to resolve; the first step toward the fire has been taken. Now there is no release except through self-immolation.' "

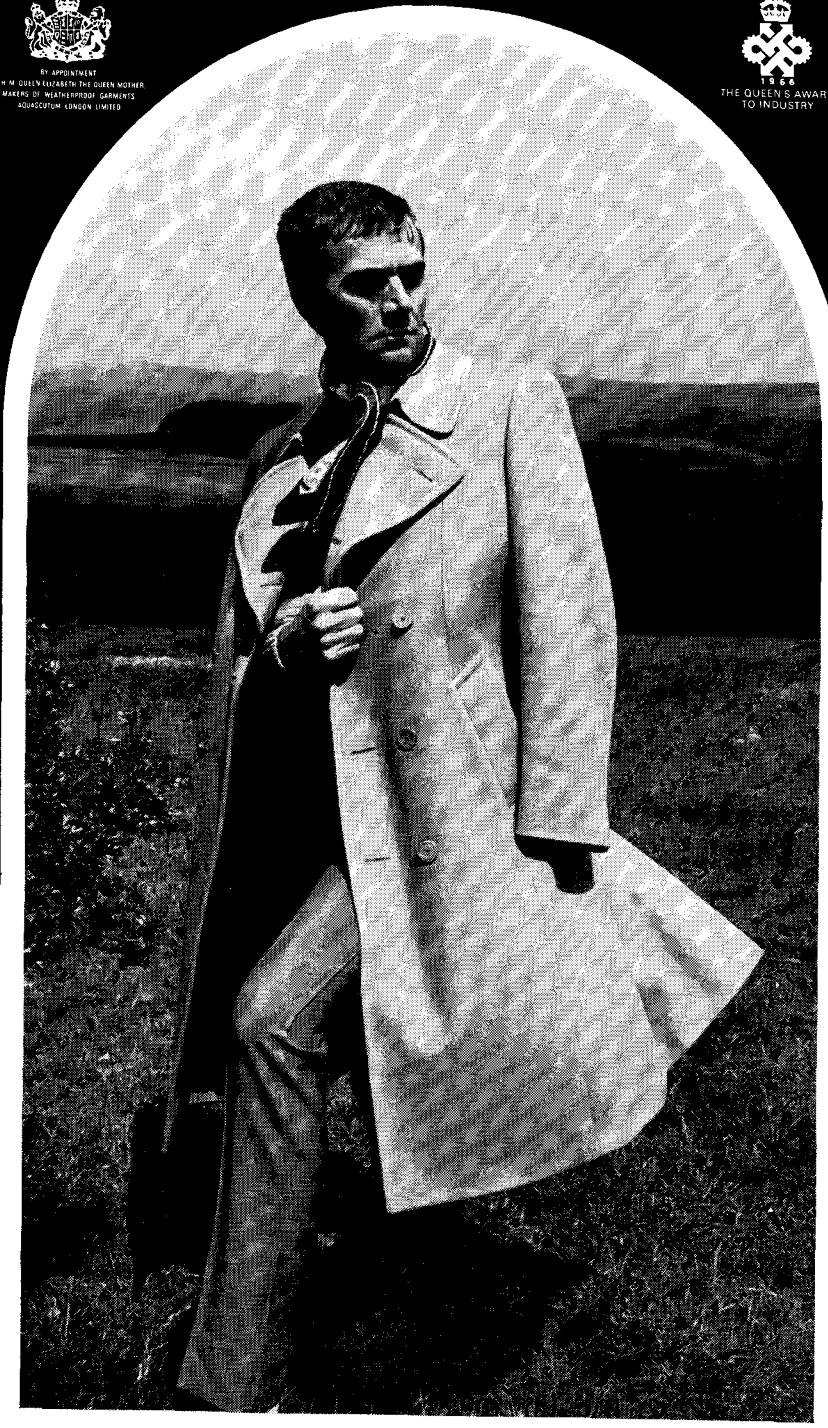
TODAY I am in Amritsar to meet Tara Singh and Fateh Singh. "It's not very difficult to meet Master Tara Singh or Sant Fateh Singh," a friend says. (Tara Singh once taught in a Sikh school and has ever since been known as Master Tara Singh, and

Fateh Singh has been known as Sant Fateh Singh ever since he gained a reputation as a Sikh divine.) The friend goes on, "There's no point in trying to reach Master Tara Singh on the telephone. He has a telephone, but he can't hear well enough to use it; he's eighty-one years old. But anyone can see him by going to his house. He sits and suns himself in his garden most of the day. Sant Fateh Singh has not yet announced the date on which he will burn himself for Punjabi Suba. He has taken sanctuary in the Golden Temple. If he comes out, he'll be arrested for causing political disturbances with his threats of self-immolation. There is only one way to see him. You have to telephone Arjan Singh Budhiraja at Kwality Papermart, the unofficial headquarters of high Sikh politics. Don't say anything to him about Master Tara Singh, because Master Tara Singh and Sant Fateh Singh have been at it hammer and tongs over their Punjabi Subas for years now."

I go to the house of Tara Singh, which is in a run-down part of the city, and find him sitting in a wicker chair by a smoky cooking fire in his garden. He looks very old and weather-beaten, but his beard is feathery and full, reaching down to his chest. "When the water for my bath is boiled, put out the fire!" he calls out in Punjabi to a servant. "And bring two glasses of tea—a plain one for my guest, and one with aniseed and licorice for me. And bring some glucose biscuits, too."

I ask him about his running feud with Fateh Singh.

"Sant Fateh Singh has become the stooge of the central government," he says. "He has betrayed the Sikh cause of a Sikh-ruled Punjabi Suba, even though the Sikhs are in danger of being seduced by Hinduism and losing their religious identity. For a Sikh, conversion to Hinduism has always been easy. All he needs to do is shave his beard and cut his hair. During the British times, there was no great temptation for a Sikh to become a Hindu, because we Sikhs enjoyed special privileges granted to minorities and were protected as a community. After Independence, the government did away with these special privileges, on the ground that the British system only perpetuated social divisions and that in a secular country there was no need for any special protection of minorities. Since then, there has been a rebirth of Hindu chauvinism, and now a Sikh is tempted to pass as a Hindu in order to find employment and get ahead. We



Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H M QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY

See yourself
as a highwayman

The Highwayman by Aquascutum is a new venture in Aqua 5 proofed cotton twill, emphasising the new depth in length.

Boldly styled and in the forefront of fashion. At 100, Regent Street, London, and fine stores throughout the world. For the name of your nearest, write or 'phone

AQUASCUTUM, 2 East 37th Street, New York 10016, 685-9570.

must protect the Sikh, put a stop to the temptation to defile his religion. The only way we can do this is to form a Sikh-ruled Punjabi Suba, with the right of secession, in which the virile Sikhs can multiply and pull our community up, leaving the soft-fleshed Hindus to trail behind."

"What would happen to Hindus living in a Sikh-ruled Punjabi Suba?" I ask.

"Sikhs living in cities like Calcutta will just have to come to our cities, like Amritsar, and take over the property of these Hindus, and the Hindus living in our cities, like Amritsar, will have to move out," he says. "But creating the Sikh-ruled Punjabi Suba won't lead to a religious war, because we will exercise our right of secession only if we continue to be ill-treated by the Hindus."

"SANTJI has said everything that he feels needs to be said about his Punjabi Suba," Arjan Singh Budhiraja tells me when I telephone him. "But if you want to have a *darshana* [holy audience], you can come to the Golden Temple, and I'll see what I can do."

I leave my shoes at an entrance to the precinct of the Golden Temple and walk across the cold marble courtyard. Straight ahead is the temple itself. It is made of carved marble, its domes and pinnacles covered with gold leaf, and it is surrounded by an artificial lake—the Sarovar—in which some of the Khalsa are bathing, with their *salwars* and *kameezes* and *kachhas* billowing around them in the water. To one side is a building called Akal Takht ("throne of the immortal One"), which houses relics of the *gurus* and serves as a meeting place for the Shiromani Gurdwara Prabandhak Committee. It looks like a small fortress. Budhiraja silently leads me through a pair of steel doors in one corner of the Akal Takht, up a spiral staircase, and into a little room, where Fateh Singh, who has a wavy white beard streaked with black, sits on a cot, wrapped in a blanket. Around him are several dishevelled, conspiratorial-looking followers with long *kirpans* hanging at their sides. At his right hand, however, stands a follower in a gray business suit.

"Be seated," Fateh Singh tells me, indicating an armchair opposite him.

Fateh Singh looks rather heavy and pale. I ask after his health.

"I am living on *prasad*," he says, in a mild voice, referring to blessed food. "If the government does not meet all my demands for Punjabi Suba, I will set fire to myself, as I have already declared."

I ask him if the Sikhs would be content to live permanently in India once a Punjabi Suba was formed. Would they feel protected as a religious minority?

"I want Punjabi Suba."

I put the question to him again.

The man in gray intervenes. "A foolish man asks a hundred questions and gets no answer, but a wise man asks one question and then waits and gets all the answers," he says.

My spirits drooping, I ask Fateh Singh what his self-imprisonment in the sanctuary is like.

"I wake up at three o'clock in the morning. I say some prayers. I have tea. I go back to sleep. I wake up again. I say some prayers. I have tea. I go back to sleep. I wake up again. I have tea. I talk to the Khalsa. I say more prayers. I go back to sleep. I wake up again. I write a bit. Then I go back to sleep."

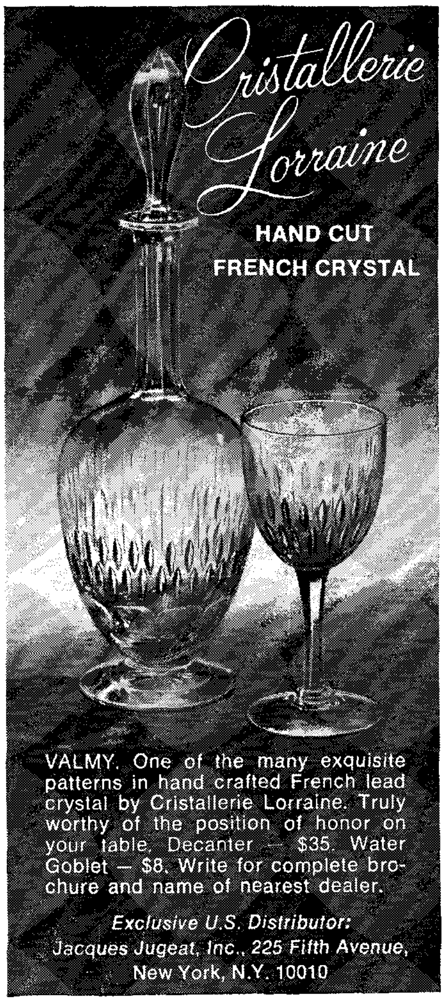
Fateh Singh calls for some tea. From an adjacent room comes the monotonous sound of a hand pump being worked, and in due course tea is served to us in tall brass glasses. Fateh Singh drinks his tea, then lies back on his cot.

KHUSHWANT SINGH, the Sikh writer, whose recently published "A History of the Sikhs" is the most authoritative work on the subject since Captain Joseph Davey Cunningham's "History of the Sikhs," written more than a hundred years ago, argues that in India "the only chance of survival of the Sikhs as a separate community is to create a state in which they form a compact group, where the teaching of . . . the Sikh religion is compulsory, and where there is an atmosphere of respect for the traditions of their Khalsa forefathers." The 1965 war between India and Pakistan and the resulting tensions on the border between East and West Punjab made it urgent that India have the complete allegiance of the Sikhs, and in 1966 (soon after my encounters with Tara Singh and Fateh Singh) the Congress Party leaders conceded, in principle, a linguistic Punjabi Suba. They made it known that the area of East Punjab in which the Sikhs had a majority would become the new state of Punjab, and most of the area of East Punjab in which Hindus had a majority would become the new state of Haryana. (The remaining part of East Pun-

Caribbean Surprise

If you could sip cognac from a tulip, St. Maarten would be the place to do it. Half Dutch and half French, this island is a tropical surprise in the Caribbean, and Little Bay Beach Hotel is right on the most beautiful beach. Every room is air-conditioned and overlooks the water. You're within walking distance of Philipsburg and its freeport shopping. You have a choice of beach or pool, calypso or steel bands. Everything's here including Dutch hospitality. Just a little bit different.

LITTLE BAY BEACH HOTEL
St. Maarten's Hotel of Distinction
See your travel agent or contact:
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC.,
International Representatives
1270 Avenue of the Americas,
New York 10020, Tel. (212) 757-2444
Offices in Miami, Chicago, Toronto,
London, England



Cristallerie Lorraine

HAND CUT
FRENCH CRYSTAL

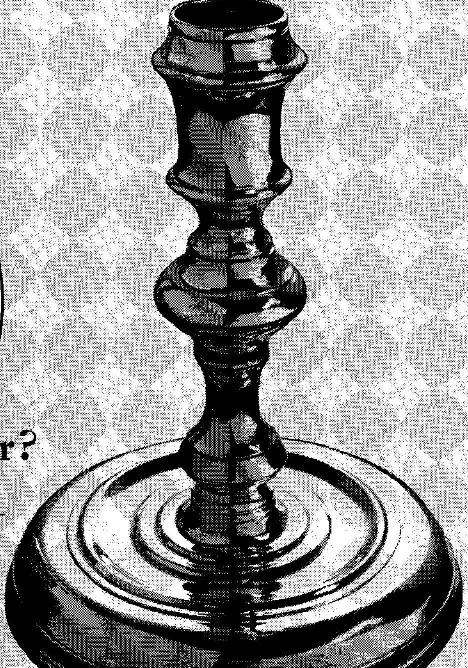
VALMY. One of the many exquisite patterns in hand crafted French lead crystal by Cristallerie Lorraine. Truly worthy of the position of honor on your table. Decanter — $35. Water Goblet — $8. Write for complete brochure and name of nearest dealer.

Exclusive U.S. Distributor:
Jacques Jugeat, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10010

To live.
To laugh.
To forget time.
Cointreau.
COINTREAU
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR SPÉCIALITÉ
LIQUEUR SPÉCIALITÉ
80 Proof. Produced and Bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Lawrenceville, New Jersey

In New York he stays at 160 Central Park South

Marriott's
ESSEX HOUSE
One of the world's great addresses
for reservations: (212) 247-0300 or call free from anywhere (800) 228-9290



WILLIAMSBURG C W RESTORATION

Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

It would still be solid brass, hand-poured — and specially formulated to reproduce the mellow patina of old brass. It would still be fashioned from the original, now in the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg. With the Hallmark, though, you know it's so. Without it, you don't.

The Williamsburg Hallmark is reserved for those products that are crafted by one of the 17 licensed manufacturers of home furnishings and furniture.

For a colorful 144-page book full of Williamsburg® Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Dept. A-1, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

® Identifies trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

jab in which Hindus had a majority would be annexed, chiefly for geographical reasons, to the Union territory of Himachal Pradesh.) This decision appeased the Sikhs but angered the Hindus throughout East Punjab. The Hindus living in the area now allocated to Haryana felt that the richest part of East Punjab would go to the Sikhs and that Haryana would be reduced to the role of poor relation, and the Hindus living in the area now allocated to the new Punjab felt that it would actually be a religious state, in which Hindus would be treated as second-class citizens. Religious riots followed. In one town in East Punjab, a Hindu mob trapped three Congress Party leaders in a local shop and burned them alive. Other acts of brutality followed, but late in 1966, in spite of the protests, the government went ahead and divided up East Punjab. The Hindu politicians of Haryana and the Sikh politicians of Punjab continued to battle, however—now over the city of Chandigarh, the capital of the former state of East Punjab. When the Punjab was originally divided between India and Pakistan, Lahore, its old capital, had gone to Pakistan, and Nehru's government had commissioned Le Corbusier, the French architect, to build a new capital—Chandigarh—for East Punjab. Le Corbusier, just before his death, in 1965, had been able to design the city (in collaboration with another French architect, Pierre Jeanneret, and two British architects, Maxwell Fry and Jane Drew) and to complete the main buildings—the Legislative Assembly, the High Court, and the Secretariat—and these public buildings were regarded by Hindus and Sikhs alike as symbols of new power, so now Haryana and Punjab both claimed Chandigarh as their capital. Yet the public buildings of Chandigarh could not be successfully partitioned or adapted to house two new governments, and the cost of building a second new capital was unthinkable. (Recently, I spent some time in Chandigarh, which was still under construction, with Philip Johnson, the American architect, and although, like others before us, we talked about the city in such terms as "artificial," "eccentric," "alien," and "unsuited to Indian conditions and needs," we still found ourselves admiring its monumental aspiration. Nehru had said when the city was first conceived, "Let this be a new town, symbolic of the freedom of India, unfettered by the traditions of the past.")

About a month and a half after the new states were formed, Fateh Singh, in order to secure Chandigarh—and also the recently built Bhakra-Nangal irrigation project nearby—for Punjab, began a "fast unto death" as a prelude to his threatened self-immolation. (Yogiraj Suryadev, a Hindu leader in Haryana, began a counter-fast to secure Chandigarh and the irrigation project for Haryana.) When Fateh Singh had fasted for nine days, seven of his disciples, who had been keeping watch over him, appeared on the balcony of the Golden Temple in saffron robes, ready to immolate themselves in sympathy with the self-immolation of Fateh Singh, set for the next day. Crowded around the Sarovar, the Khalsa were keeping vigil, brandishing *kirpans* and spears, and calling out *"Sat Sri Akal!"* Over a public-address system, a voice proclaimed, "The time is nigh. Pray to God, for only He can save our Khalsa brothers and our leader." On the roof of the Golden Temple, attendants were preparing ceremonial fires of scented woods and incense. Inside the temple, other attendants were preparing the fire in which the self-immolations were to take place. But a few minutes before the announced time of the self-immolation of the disciples an emissary from the Indian government, himself a Sikh dignitary, raced through the crowds, across the marble floor of the courtyard, and up the steps of the Akal Takht, and was admitted to the presence of Fateh Singh. The time set for the self-immolation of the disciples came and went. The attendants led the Khalsa in prayers, which continued until dusk. Finally, Arjan Singh Budhiraja appeared on the balcony, accompanied by the government emissary, and announced to the Khalsa that a compromise had been reached: Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, who, as successor to Shastri, had inherited the problem, would personally arbitrate the issue of Chandigarh—and also of the Bhakra-Nangal irrigation project—and she would appoint a commission to arbitrate all other disputes between Punjab and Haryana. This compromise, however, was only a restatement of assurances she had given all along, and the crowd shouted, "We don't agree! We don't agree! We want Chandigarh!" Fateh Singh silenced the shouts by appearing on the balcony and breaking his fast with two glasses of orange juice—one drunk as a courtesy to photographers.

Tara Singh denounced the agreement between Fateh Singh and Mrs. Gandhi, and called for a Sikh-ruled Punjabi Suba with the right of secession, and a government officer com-

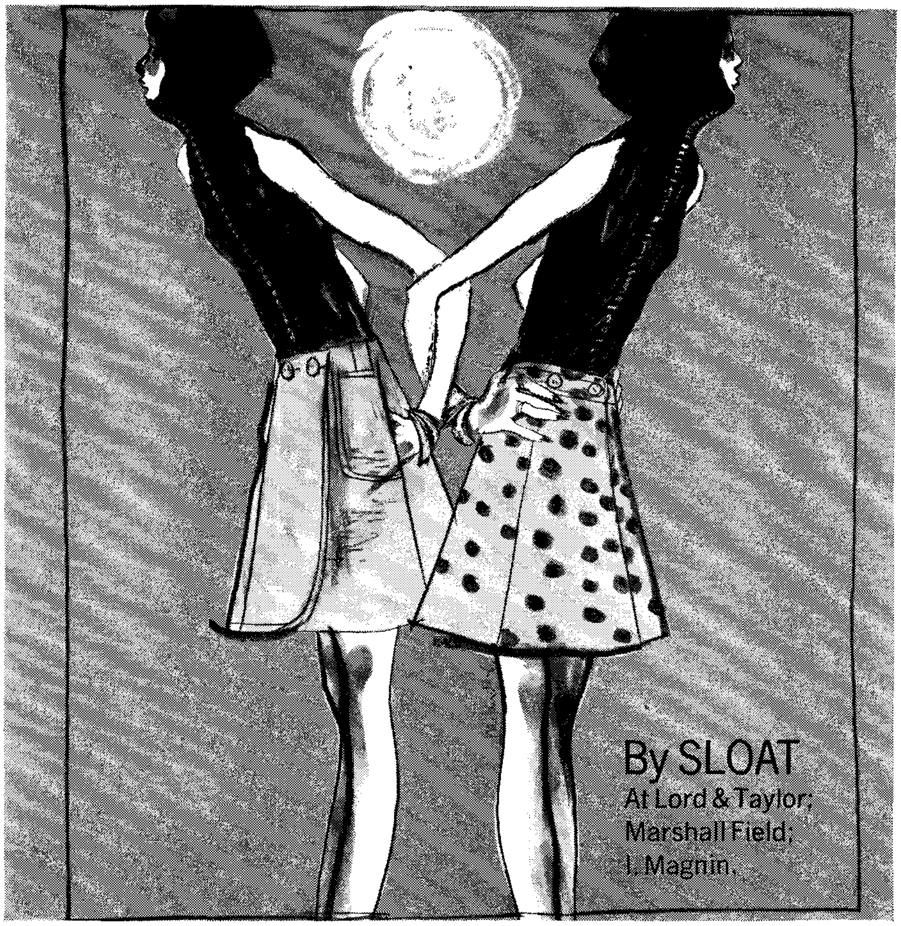
How the other half lives.

Seagram's
Crown Royal
Fine De Luxe
Blended Canadian Whisky
A PRODUCT OF
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Limited
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA
80 PROOF 4/5 QUART

Seagram's Crown Royal.
The legendary Canadian.
In the purple sack.
Understandably expensive.

Seagram's Crown Royal. Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, N.Y., N.Y.

IRISH LINEN BY MOYGASHEL
24 West 40 Street, New York 10018



By SLOAT
At Lord & Taylor;
Marshall Field;
I. Magnin.

The French Empire style cabinet with something to hide or everything to show.

Behind the grille doors of this elegant cabinet lies a storage area that, when curtained, can amply accommodate stereo and speakers or, when not, your most treasured collection. It can also serve handsomely as a buffet. To see more masterpieces from the new Folio Ten Collection, send 50¢ to Henredon, Dept. NY 411-70, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

Henredon

mented, with some exasperation, "Tara Singh himself was born of Hindu parents, and Fateh Singh, as far as anyone can discover, of Muslim parents, but our people have a way of forgetting these things. Guru Nanak set out to found a religion that would bring Hindus and Muslims together under one roof. Now some of these Sikhs want to partition the country to make Sikhistan. They're already trying to partition buildings in the name of religion, and tomorrow they'll be partitioning rooms."

STATE—"THE TEMPLE HAS TO BE BURNED DOWN": Before Independence, Indian nationalists like Tara Singh (he died in 1967) were, by and large, united by the cause of liberating their country from British colonial rule. But since Independence the nationalists have split up into religious and regional factions, with the result that Balkanization has become the greatest political threat to the survival of India as a national entity. Kerala, which the government formed as a linguistic state in 1956 by combining the old Malayalam-speaking princely states of Travancore and Cochin with the Malayalam-speaking section of the old Presidency of Madras, and which has an area of about fifteen thousand square miles, has sometimes been chosen as a model by political scientists studying the effects of Balkanization. It has also been chosen as a model of what may be in store for India twenty years from now. Kerala is fast becoming an agricultural slum; its population has been rising even more rapidly than that of the rest of India, and the amount of arable land is limited, so that more and more people are being forced to rely on less and less land for subsistence. Kerala has one of the highest rates of unemployment in India, partly because more and more people are being displaced from jobs in agriculture and there are no new jobs opening up in industry. Kerala also has the highest rate of literacy in India, and a great deal of political and social unrest; the power of the state government has frequently been eroded to the point of anarchy and mob rule. As a state, Kerala held its first elections in 1957 and elected a Communist government—the first time that Communists had come to power through free popular ballot in a major election in India or anywhere else in the world.

Today, I begin a leisurely tour of Kerala in a hired car with a stiff, elderly driver who wears a starched uniform of dark-blue broadcloth and

Lees gives you more carpet to the yard with Kodel®

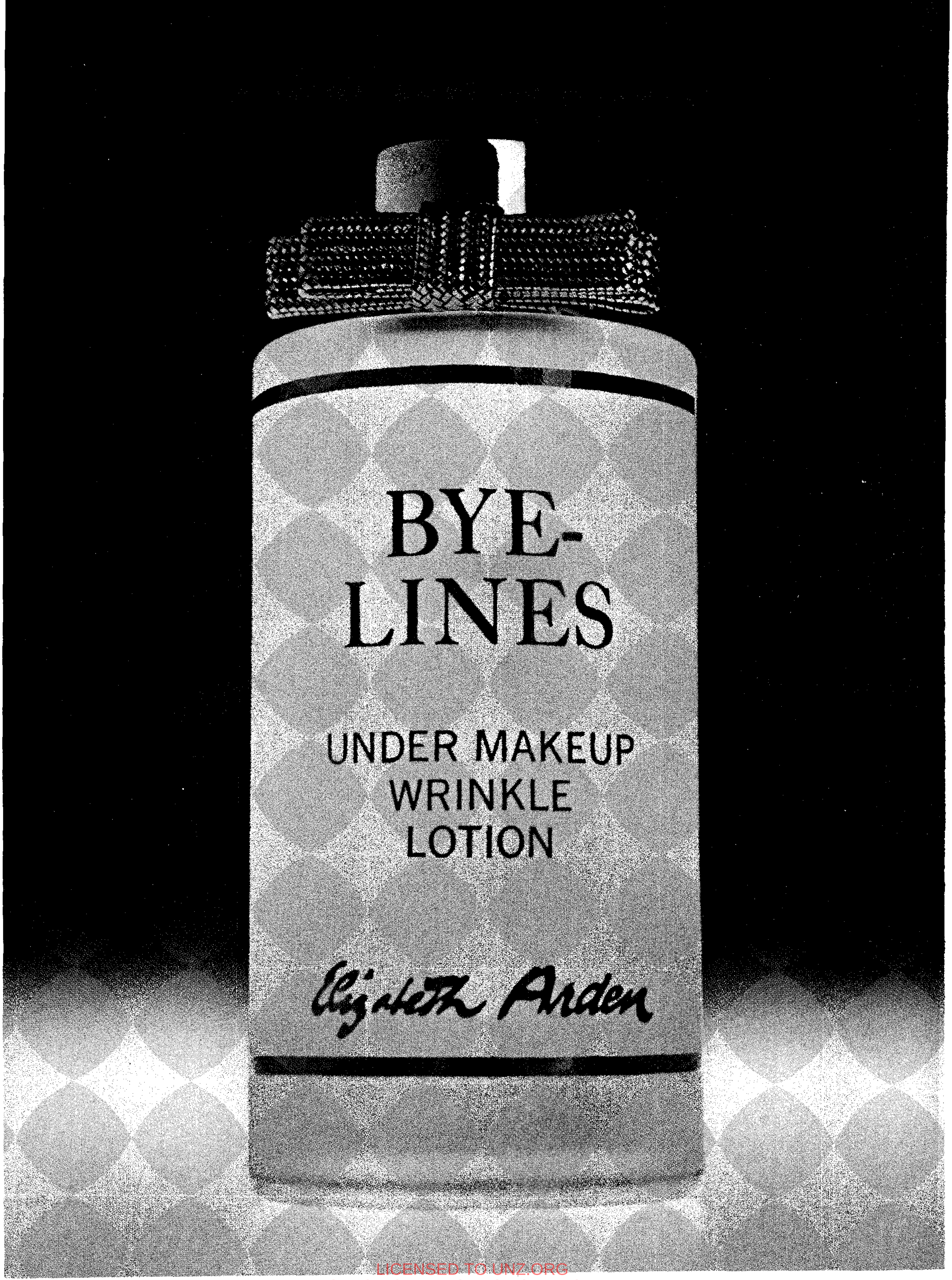
Moving into a new home or redoing an old one? Choose this multi-level patterned carpet of 100% Kodel polyester fiber for a look of lasting luxury. Special Kodel produces a fuller yarn than other polyesters to create a thicker, richer pile. Weight for weight, it gives you more carpet to the yard. "Park Arbor" by Lees, a Div. of Burlington Industries, comes in Copper and 13 other stunning colors. Made to sell for about $9 sq. yd.

Look for "Park Arbor" from Lees at quality carpet stores and department stores.

KODEL®
POLYESTER
MORE CARPET TO THE YARD

Write to Dept. NY-4 for a free color-illustrated booklet, "Plan-a-House with Kodel."
EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, 1133 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036.
Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not carpets.

A whole new way to cope! 10.00


BYE-
LINES
UNDER MAKEUP
WRINKLE
LOTION
Elizabeth Arden

keeps his only worldly possessions, a change of clothes, wrapped up in a newspaper parcel next to him on the seat. The state occupies a narrow strip between the Western Ghats and the Arabian Sea, on south India's Malabar Coast; it has extremely lush lowlands along the sea and heavily forested highlands along the mountain range. On the coast, unspoiled white beaches are washed by a gentle surf, and the entire countryside, being watered by rivers that flow down from the mountains, is laced with canals and lakes. Everywhere, there are groves of palm trees, tall and cool-looking, and so numerous and dense that for miles they cover the land like a canopy. We drive past plantations of tea, coffee, and rubber, gardens of pepper vines, orchards of fruit and nut trees, and fields of sugarcane, paddy, cassava, beans, peas, and lentils. Along the roads are palm-thatched huts, coconut and toddy shops, and cluster after cluster of small homesteads, one cluster scarcely thinning out before another begins. In fact, the countryside is so thickly populated that the state looks like one continuous tropical village.

I break my journey at Trivandrum, the capital of Kerala, and put up at the state Guest House, a white colonial building with well-tended lawns and flower beds, wide verandas, and large, high-ceilinged rooms containing such old-fashioned furniture as carved and fluted side tables and glass-fronted china cupboards. In the dining room, above a sideboard, there hangs in a carved oval frame a black-and-white print showing a woman at the seashore, her long hair swept up on her head and her hand daintily lifting her long skirts as she stoops to pick up something—perhaps a sea shell. Lining the wall all the way from the bottom of the staircase in the foyer to the door of my room upstairs are rococo-framed reproductions of Hogarth's engravings "Marriage à la Mode." Between the last two Hogarths is another romantic-looking woman, this time in color—blue eyes, rosy lips, flaxen hair in ringlets and kiss curls—set in another carved oval frame, whorled and lacy.

IN ancient times, it is said, Phoenician, Israelite, Greek, Roman, and Arab traders all visited or settled on the Malabar Coast, and in more recent times Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English merchants successively established colonies in the Malabar area. The descendants of many of the early settlers still live in their own distinct—and often antagonistic—communities

V. I. P.'s play here all winter long.

You can play here this summer for $22.50 a day. And we don't change a thing.

You'll find the same spacious, elegant way of life at Dorado Beach in summer as in winter.

The same two miles of beaches. *(Miles.)* The same tennis and two seaside golf courses, wending their way through palm trees. The same surf, sailing, sunsets, and saltwater pools to laze in.

We don't change the Ocean Terrace either. You can still dine there by candlelight under starlight to the sound of surf and guitars.

We just add a free day camp, so you can have fun with the kids or without them. And a bunch of Summer Vacation Plans that make our sunlit 1500 acres the best vacation buy in the world.

The rate in our headline is per person double, including breakfast and dinner (May 1-Oct. 20). See your travel agent for details or write for free Vacation Plan brochures to: Suite 1005, 30 Rockefeller Plaza W., New York 10020. Tel. (212) 586-1141. Chicago (312) 372-4489. Washington, D.C. (202) 347-4951.

DORADO BEACH HOTEL
PUERTO RICO U.S.A.

Operated by ROCKRESORTS • INC.

dress shirts
EXTRA LARGE
OR
EXTRA TALL

Excello makes the fashion scene exclusively for our store in extra large or extra tall sizes. Full designer's collar and French cuffs in fine imported cottons. Select deep fashion shades of brown, blue, burgundy, green or grey with today's contrasting stripes. $11.00.

Neck sizes: 15 to 20.
Sleeves: 33 to 38.
Write for catalog NY.

Imperial Wear

26 West 40th Street, N.Y. 10018
(212) WI 7-3660

COTTON BOLLS

. . . woven in Europe into the all-silk fabric of these handsome ties. Navy, black, maroon, dark green, brown, or red. Specify classic or wider shape. Add 50c for postage and handling. **8.50**
P. O. Box 1950, Memphis, Tennessee.

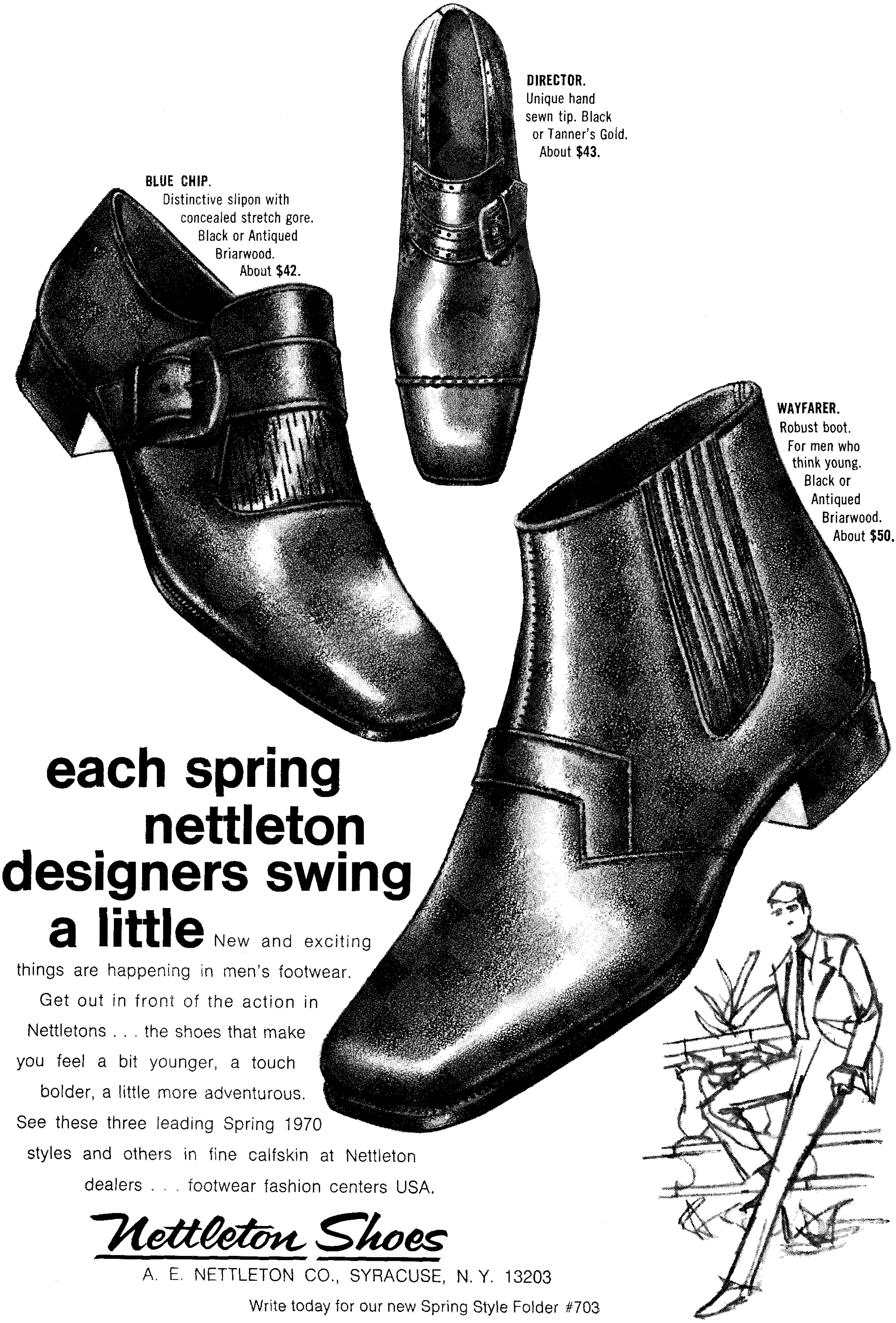
Alfred's

Second at Court • 420 S. Perkins Extended
Memphis, Tennessee

in Kerala. To a large degree, Keralan politics, which are known for their turbulence, are dominated by the clashing of caste and communal pressure groups.

The state has a population of twenty million, about sixty per cent of the people being Hindu, about twenty-one per cent Christian, and about eighteen per cent Muslim. Among the Hindus, there are some four hundred and twenty castes and subcastes, with Brahmans, by religious tradition, the highest, and Pulayas, who are aboriginal tribesmen, the lowest, but more than half of the Keralan Hindus belong to one of two castes: the Nairs, who are in general the wealthiest and most influential, and who number two million four hundred thousand, and the Ezhavas, who are in general the poorest and most depressed, and who number three million seven hundred thousand. The Nairs are known for their martial and authoritarian traditions and for their matriarchal feudalism. Until recently, a few Nair families controlled vast estates, which were cultivated by lower-caste, serflike tenants. The Ezhavas include plantation workers, tenant farmers, landless laborers, and fishermen, but most of them are toddy-tappers—a traditional occupation of the lower castes in south India. Until recently, the Ezhavas were not admitted into the presence of high-caste Hindus—were not allowed to enter the houses of high-caste Hindus, come near Hindu temples, attend public schools, or even use public roads, because, in the social system of the region, the Ezhavas were considered "untouchables," and a high-caste Hindu thought any contact with an untouchable defiling. Although technically the Ezhavas are no longer classified among India's "scheduled castes and tribes" (a euphemism for "untouchables," derived from a list of groups that are guaranteed special protection by the Constitution), in actuality they are still part of this outcast population, which, in India, numbers over a hundred million. Among the Christians, again, there are many sects and denominations, but more than half of the Keralan Christians are Catholics and belong to one of two sects: the Syro-Malabar Christians, who are in general the wealthiest and most influential as a sect, and who number a million four hundred thousand, and the Malabar Latin Christians, who are in general the poorest and most depressed as a sect, and who number a million. The Syro-Malabar Christians are considered to be descendants of the first high-caste Hindu converts to Catholicism, and have a social and economic status parallel to that of the Nairs; the Malabar Latin Christians are considered to be descendants of more recent, lower-caste Hindu converts to Catholicism, and have a social and economic status parallel to that of the Ezhavas. The Muslims, who are descendants either of Arab traders believed to have come to the Malabar Coast in the ninth century (these descendants are called Moplahs) or of Hindu converts, are, like the Christians, divided into various groups that mirror in some ways the caste distinctions of Hindu society.

The political history of the state really began in 1957, with the Communist government. The Communists came to power mainly through the support of the Ezhavas and the scheduled castes, who had grown to respect the Party volunteers for their dedicated work on behalf of the poor in the villages. Two years later, the Communists lost power, mainly because of a violent protest movement led by Christians and Nairs, whose hostility was aroused by the Communist government's sponsorship of comprehensive bills for state control of education and for land reform; the Christians favored land reform but opposed any state interference in their schools, and the Nairs favored state education but opposed any government redistribution of their estates. Together, the Christians and the Nairs dominated the state Congress Party, which charged the Communist government with reducing Kerala to anarchy. The Communists, in turn, charged the Congress Party with engineering disturbances in order to have a pretext for deposing the Communist government before it had had a chance to prove itself in office. In 1959, the Congress government in Delhi, in accordance with a constitutional provision that grants the President of India the authority to declare a state incapable of governing itself and to assume temporarily the powers of state government, dismissed the Communist government in Kerala and proclaimed President's Rule. Elections were held in the state in 1960, but the factionalism now cut so deep that no party was able to win a clear majority. The Congress Party, however, did achieve a plurality and was able to form a shaky anti-Communist coalition government. There was dissension in the coalition, and it was dissolved within two years, but the Congress Party managed to continue in power for



DIRECTOR. Unique hand sewn tip. Black or Tanner's Gold. About **$43.**

BLUE CHIP. Distinctive slipon with concealed stretch gore. Black or Antiqued Briarwood. About **$42.**

WAYFARER. Robust boot. For men who think young. Black or Antiqued Briarwood. About **$50.**

each spring nettleton designers swing a little New and exciting things are happening in men's footwear. Get out in front of the action in Nettletons . . . the shoes that make you feel a bit younger, a touch bolder, a little more adventurous. See these three leading Spring 1970 styles and others in fine calfskin at Nettleton dealers . . . footwear fashion centers USA.

Nettleton Shoes

A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y. 13203

Write today for our new Spring Style Folder #703

MEET A ROTHSCHILD AT DINNER TONIGHT!

A Baron Philippe de Rothschild wine for only $3.19

MOUTON CADET
BARON PHILIPPE DE ROTHSCHILD
1966
MUNSON SHAW C°

Mouton-Cadet 1966

(You can also enjoy this fine vintage Bordeaux at your favorite restaurant for a reasonable price.)

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.: MUNSON SHAW CO., NEW YORK

TAILORED BY

Grieco

Tailored for you. Suitings to live in from spring to fall with your comfort assured, yet your impeccable appearance uncompromised. Fabrics as rich to the touch, as they are to the eye, now await your appraisal.

Atlanta, Ga.	Parks-Chambers	Richmond, Va.	Miller & Rhoads
Dallas, Texas	Clyde Campbell	San Francisco, Calif.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Indianapolis-Cincinnati, O.	Roderick St. John	Springfield, Ill.	Arch Wilson, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif.	Phelps-Wilger	Troy, Mich.	Mackenzie Bostock-Monroe
Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.	Hubert White, Inc.	W. Springfield, Mass.	Yale-Genton

For stores in other cities write: GRIECO BROS., INC., 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICA'S, NEW YORK 10019

another two years. Then it was brought down by the defection of a predominantly Christian wing. Elections were held again in 1965, and again no single party won a clear majority. Most of the candidates nominated by the Communists were in jail, having been put there under the so-called Defense of India Rules, which gave the central government emergency powers to suspend civil liberties in the interests of national security, yet the Communists managed to win a plurality. The elected candidates were not released from jail, however, and so were prevented from forming a government. Instead, Kerala was once more placed under President's Rule. (In subsequent years, the Communists returned to power in Kerala, and also made gains in other states.)

R. SANKAR is an Ezhava who emerged as a Congress leader in Kerala during the anti-Communist protest movement and went on to become Deputy Chief Minister and then Chief Minister of the anti-Communist coalition government. He lives about two hours' drive from Trivandrum, in the town of Quilon, where I go to meet him. His living room is furnished a little like a theatre-in-the-round. Against the walls there are wooden sofas with bright cushions, and in the center of the room there is a round table with four chairs. Sankar is sitting at the table. He is a big, jovial-looking man with a full face and thick, wavy gray hair, which is brushed straight back.

I ask him about the circumstances of the fall of the coalition government.

"The Nairs and Christians could not abide the fact that an Ezhava was the leader of their state government," he says. "The Communists naturally hated my government, but then they are agents of foreign powers and have no use for our Indian democratic setup except as a way of coming to power."

I ask him about the political instability in Kerala.

"We may never have a stable government," he says. "Three-quarters of our people can read now. Because of the enlightened education policies of the old princely governments of Travancore and Cochin, we are ahead of the rest of the country. Among the people who work in, say, a little cigarette factory, you'll find that nine laborers out of ten have clubbed together and hired the tenth to read them the newspapers while they work. But a great many of our people can't find any work. The population increase here—about twenty-five per cent between the census of

1951 and the census of 1961—has far outstripped the number of jobs created by new industries. Everywhere, we have a lot of educated people who can't find jobs and who spend their time reading newspapers and getting grandiose ideas about their political rights."

I ask him about the possibilities of developing industry in Kerala.

"Before Independence, all we had here was one glass factory, one ceramics factory, one titanium factory, and a fertilizer plant," he says. "After Independence, in the First Five-Year Plan, we were awarded a DDT factory, which was built. In the second Five-Year Plan, we were awarded a shipbuilding plant, a heavy-electrical-goods factory, and a photochemical factory. Negotiations for the first plant are still going on. The second plant was reallocated to another state. The third plant was dropped altogether, in favor of an oil refinery, which, fortunately, we have been able to build. In the Third Five-Year Plan, however, we got nothing, though I tried my best with the Planning Commission in Delhi. The country's resources were too limited."

SINCE 1964, there have been two Communist parties in India—the Right Communists, who are formally known as the Communist Party of India, and the Left Communists, who are formally known as the Communist Party of India, Marxist. Each claims to be the true Communist Party, but as a rule the Right Communists follow the Soviet line and the Left Communists the Chinese line. In Kerala, the leader of the Right Communists is Achuta Menon, who at present happens to be in the Soviet Union. Unni Raja, a prominent Keralan Right Communist and the editor of a small Right Communist political weekly published in Malayalam and called *Navayugam* ("new age"), is in Trivandrum, at the headquarters of the Right Communists, a two-story building with a large blazing-red signboard by its entrance, over which flies a red flag. I have come here to meet him. The rooms are large and empty, and look unused. There are no carpets, no curtains—just a few cane-bottomed chairs. In one of the rooms I find Unni Raja, a tall, thin, gray-haired man with a long chin, a wide mouth, and a small gray toothbrush mustache and heavy gray eyebrows. He is wearing a white bush shirt and a white ankle-length south-Indian garment called a *mundu*.

I ask Unni Raja about the ideological differences between the Right

The Peaceful Pleasures of The Homestead

A walk in the woods, a million miles from routine. A friendly foursome on any of three championship golf courses. If you wish, the new slim you that emerges from our Spa. The unpretentiously elegant Homestead way of dining, dancing and entertainment. The cheerful choice of letting your youngsters join your game, or play around on their own.*

THE HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA 24445
America's Favorite Mountain Resort

*Tennis, buckboard and surrey driving, trout fishing, horseback riding, mineral spa, swimming pools, ten-pin and lawn bowling, woodland walking trails, three championship 18-hole golf courses, skeet & trap shooting, children's playground, seventeen thousand acres for loafing. Write for color folder or call (703) 839-5500. The Homestead is easily reached via U.S. Route 220, Piedmont Airlines, or Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.

Communists and the Left Communists.

"We accept the Soviet position that the world Communist revolution can come about through peaceful means," he says. "We think that there is general discontent in India and that the popular democratic forces are turning against Congress. We feel that if we are hasty in taking up arms the people won't support us. But the Left Communists, like the Chinese, believe that world revolution can come about only through violence. The Left Communists deny that they have connections with the Chinese, but we think that they, like the Albanian Communists, are hand in glove with them. Conditions in India today, however, are very different from the conditions in China at the time of her revolution."

I ask him if violent revolution was not one of the original tenets of Marxism.

"Marxism is a proposition, but different conditions require different applications of the proposition," he says. "Dialectical materialism can never change. The fact that the sun rises in the east cannot change. The fact can't get dated. Only the application of the fact to particular conditions—particular countries—changes."

I ask him if he has ever had any doubts about applying the Marxist proposition to Indian conditions.

"Doubts there will always be, no question about it," he says. "Naturally, when we are faced with new problems and a new situation, we have our doubts. In the early days, it was not easy for me to accept such acrobatics of the Party as the denunciation of Stalin or our Party's abandonment of the Calcutta Thesis in 1951. The Calcutta Thesis assumed that India was ready for violent revolution, and advocated the use of subversion and terrorism—tactics that Mao Tse-tung had used to win control of China. From head to foot, I still bear the bodily scars of my fight for the Calcutta Thesis, for which I had gone to prison, for which I had been whipped. When you have lived your life by certain ideas, it's difficult to make adjustments to changes."

I ask him how he became a Communist.

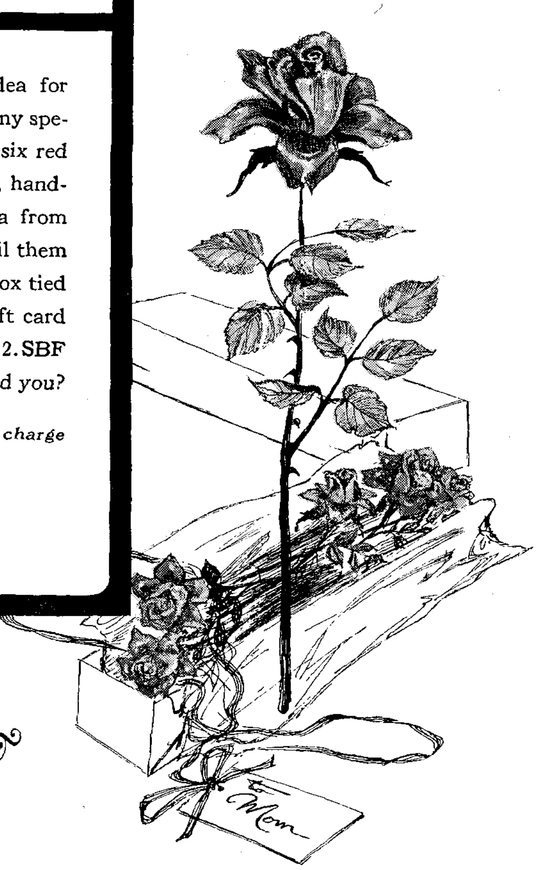
"I broke with the Congress Party when Gandhi persuaded a leader of the untouchables to call off a hunger strike he had undertaken to gain admission to Hindu temples for his people. That was the beginning of my disillusionment. I became an active political worker in the Communist Party. Now the time is past for using civil-disobedience tactics to win admission to the

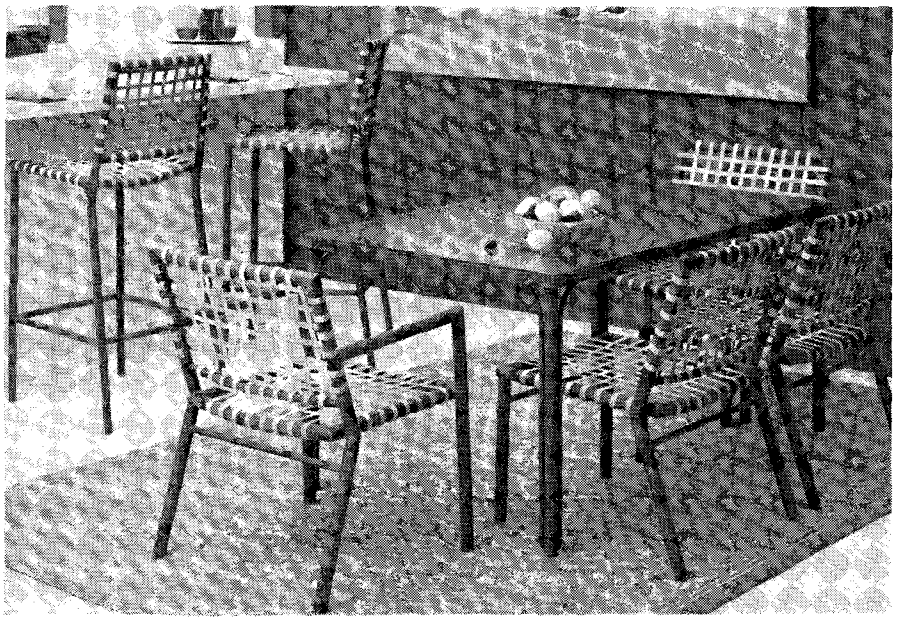
Roses are red...
bone china too!

It's SBF's own idea for Mother's Day, or any special day. Give her six red roses of handmade, hand-painted bone china from England. We'll mail them to you in a florist box tied with gold-corded gift card for your message. $12. SBF China. May we send you?

Add $1 shipping charge

Stix, Baer & Fuller
ST. LOUIS





celebrity
"Furniture that cares for itself"

Made of Alumaloy®, it's strong and lightweight. Indoors or outdoors, It won't rust—*ever!* Through fine stores or your interior designer.

Showroom: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Miami, Chicago, Grand Rapids, Dallas and San Francisco.

alumaloy
molla
FURNITURE

Write for illustrated brochure. Molla, Inc., D&D Bldg., 979 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

temple. Now, in a figurative sense, the temple has to be burned down."

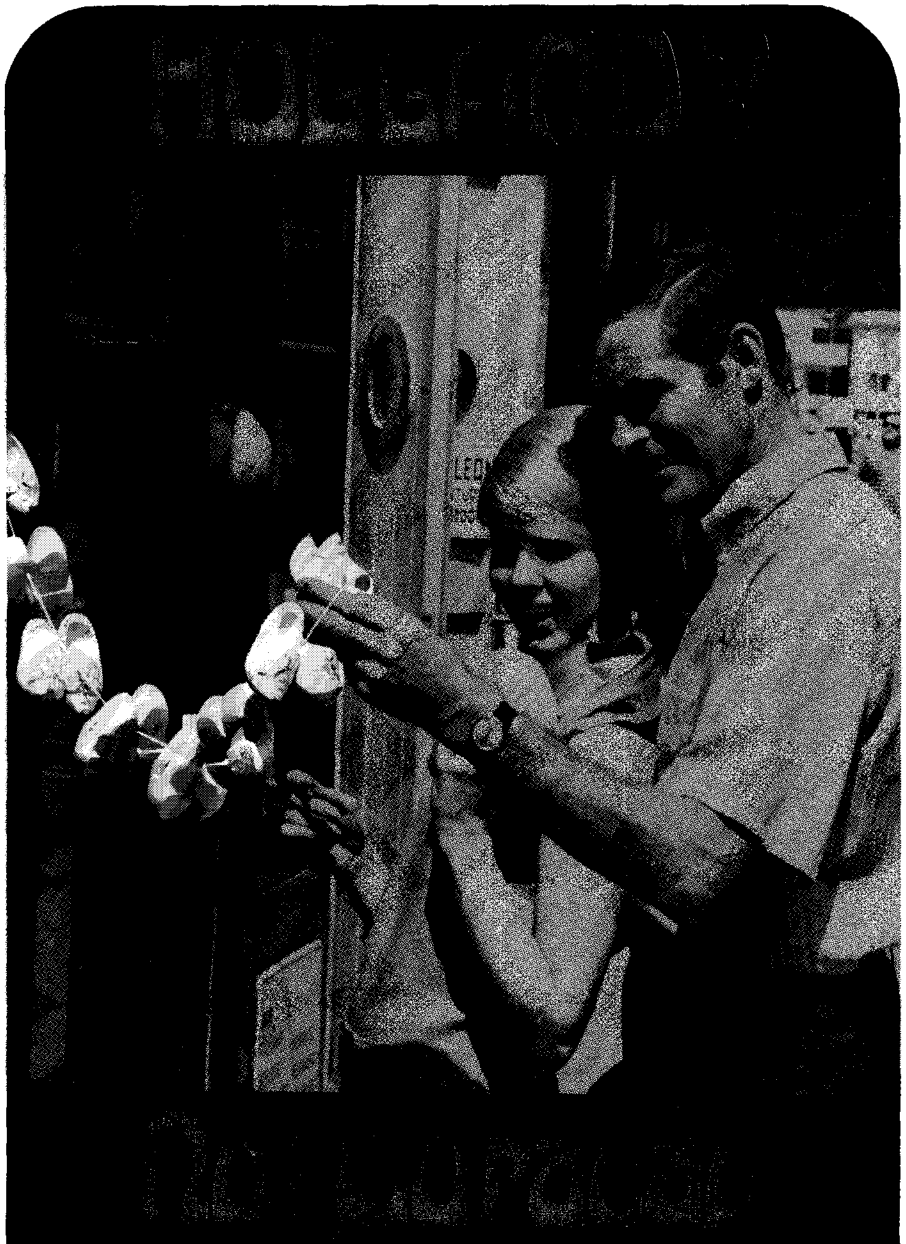
ONE of the most eminent Keralan Brahman communities—the Brahmans of the Brahmans, as it were—is the subcaste of the Namboodiris, who stand at the apex of the caste pyramid, and who, for the most part, still live in feudal isolation as intellectual aristocrats. One of the most eminent Namboodiri families—the Namboodiris of the Namboodiris—is the family of Elamkulam Manakal Sankaran Namboodiripad, the General Secretary of the Communist Party of India, Marxist, and he is one of the two most important Communist leaders in India (the other being S. A. Dange, the Chairman of the Communist Party of India). He was the first Communist in India to hold high office; he served as Chief Minister of the first Communist government in Kerala. (In 1967, he won this office back.) The Indian journalist D. R. Mankekar, in his book "The Red Riddle of Kerala," discusses Namboodiripad:

> Even his bitterest adversaries concede that E. M. S. Namboodiripad is the ablest political operator in Kerala. A person of highest integrity, against whose name there is not a breath of scandal, with a long record of selfless service . . . E. M. S. is adored by the people. . . .
>
> He is an excellent organizer, an outstanding propagandist, and a top party theoretician. He has vision and an imagination in a land where the average run of politicians are small men with petty politics and a narrow communal outlook.
>
> Above all, E. M. S. is human, simple, and natural . . . but ruthless and inexorable in political warfare. . . . There is about him the glamour of a high-class Brahman who sacrificed his wealth and dedicated himself to the service of the people and the Party.

Namboodiripad, like Unni Raja, has his office in Trivandrum—in the headquarters of the Left Communists, a building almost indistinguishable on the outside from the headquarters building of the Right Communists, except that the signboard does not have a red flag over it. I call on Namboodiripad in his office—a cubbyhole barely large enough for a desk and a couple of chairs. He is short and heavy, with gray hair and a smooth, quiet face, which, at a closer look, reveals an underlying tension. He wears glasses, and has on a worn blue bush shirt and a white *mundu*.

I remark that the Right Communists say the split between the two parties is essentially a reflection of the Sino-Soviet split.

"That is their malicious propaganda," he tells me, struggling with a bad stammer. "They say it because their



The decidedly Dutch isle in the Western Hemisphere. Curaçao offers Dutch colonial architecture (in subtle pastel tones), delightful Dutch mementoes (genuine Delft ware, wooden shoes, Edam and Gouda cheese) and Dutch hospitality (with a Papiamento accent). And, charming Curaçao is easy to get to, direct from New York or Miami. No passport or smallpox vaccination is necessary for North American citizens. Your Travel Agent will gladly make like a Dutch-uncle and give you all the delightful details.

Curaçao

NY-411

CURAÇAO & BONAIRE TOURIST BOARDS
604 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020
203 S.W. 13th Street, Miami, Fla. 33130

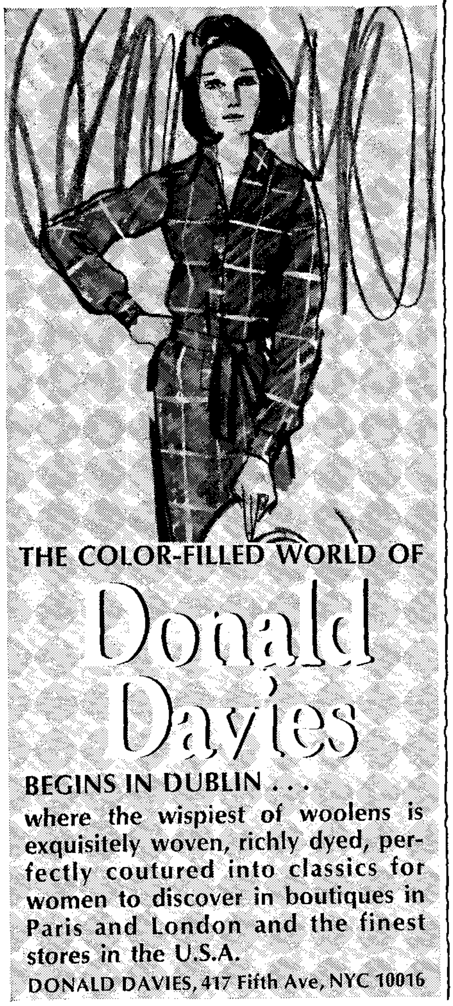
I'm in a Dutch-treat-mood, please send me more facts.

Name ______
Address ______ City ______
State ______ Zip ______

Hand made
De Busschere

PRIMAVERE
$65
Black patent with beige suede trim
Brown baby llama with white buck trim

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.


THE COLOR-FILLED WORLD OF
Donald Davies
BEGINS IN DUBLIN . . .
where the wispiest of woolens is exquisitely woven, richly dyed, perfectly coutured into classics for women to discover in boutiques in Paris and London and the finest stores in the U.S.A.
DONALD DAVIES, 417 Fifth Ave, NYC 10016

position on the issue of Congress rule, on which we broke with them in 1964, is thoroughly unjustifiable. So they allege that we are for violent revolution, which we are not, and that we are foreign agents—the stock charge of all anti-Communists." As he speaks, he fans himself with a newspaper.

I ask him what he thinks are the real differences between the Left and the Right Communists.

"The Right Communists feel that the Congress government in Delhi is—though not fully, at least to a certain extent—pursuing progressive Socialistic policies, that its foreign policy of non-alignment can lead to peace, that its land reform, as far as it goes, is having some success," he says. "We don't think so. We believe that the Congress government is just another monopolistic, bourgeois government, and most Indian Communists agree with us. We now have a card-carrying membership of a hundred and ten thousand—three out of four Indian Communists. But there is not a direct connection between Party membership and popular support. We had a card-carrying membership of just twenty thousand in the election of 1965 in Kerala, yet we polled more than a million votes. Our tactic is to join forces with the Right Communists and other parties to form popular fronts, and so take over the state legislatures. But the question is whether we will be allowed to win by fair means. The Congress Party is a past-master at employing political detention and ruthless suppression."

I ask him what the Communists would do if they should come to national power.

"It would depend upon the stage of the economy when we came to power, but we would almost certainly extend the public sector, redistribute the land, and remove all kinds of burdens—debts, rents, taxes—from the backs of the cultivators. We would nationalize industry, nationalize the financial institutions. We would do away with the use of private capital."

I ask him what kind of policy a Communist government in India would have toward religious, communal, and caste groups.

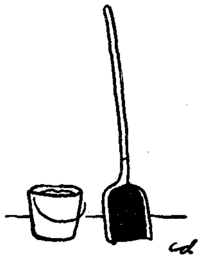
"We would observe a complete separation of the government and religion as long as religious leaders did not try to interfere with the government."

I ask him how he became a Communist.

"I had a traditional Namboodiri upbringing—strict and austere," he says. "I had a traditional Namboodiri education—private tutoring in Malayalam literature and Sanskrit scriptures. I was made to learn the Rig-Veda by heart. After that, the Namboodiri tradition called for me to settle down to a life of devotional prayers and rack-renting. But instead I was sent to a Western-type college, which I abandoned for the nationalist movement for independence. I reached Leninism through Gandhiism. As I look back, it seems to me that Gandhi was a bourgeois leader and Gandhiism simply a stage in the history of Indian capitalism. I left the Congress Party to found the Communist Party in this region. We remained underground until after Britain and the Soviet Union became allies in the Second World War. Then the Communist Party was legalized. I sold my patrimony to raise money to start a Communist newspaper."

V. K. Sukumaran Nayar, who took his doctorate at Yale University, and who is now chairman of the Department of Political Science of the University of Kerala, in Trivandrum, observes Keralan politics with a degree of detachment that the politicians themselves could not be expected to show. Nayar invites me to tea, and we sit in a small drawing room in his house and talk about Kerala.

"India may have the largest democracy in the world, but most of the voters are illiterate," he tells me, speaking rapidly and with ease. "Maybe they know nothing more of a political party than its symbol—yoked bullocks for Congress, corn and sickle for the Right Communists, hammer, sickle, and star for the Left Communists, and so on. Most of the parties in Kerala claim to have Socialist goals of one kind or another." He gets up, walks across the room, and leans against a large glass-fronted cupboard crammed with children's toys—the main piece of furniture in the room. "The differences between the parties I've mentioned, and the other parties in Kerala as well—the Praja Socialists, the Revolutionary Socialists, the Samyukta Socialists, the Kerala Socialists, the Jana Sangh, the Swatantra, the Muslim League, the Kerala Congress—are almost entirely in leadership, in organization, and in the interest groups that support them and have split them into factions. In Kerala, the Congress Party failed to absorb these interest groups and emerge



TAP is 6 unlonely hours in the sky.

There are a lot of people going on your plane. You don't know any of them. You haven't been introduced to any of them. You are traveling with strangers.

Six hours in the air, and you don't know anybody, and nobody knows you. It just isn't right.

TAP is doing something about it. On all our trips from New York to Lisbon, we're going to make sure you meet a lot of the people you're flying with... before flight time.

It will be a get-acquainted time. You'll meet people. And people will meet you.

It's about time somebody did this on transatlantic flights. It was only natural that the Portuguese should start it.

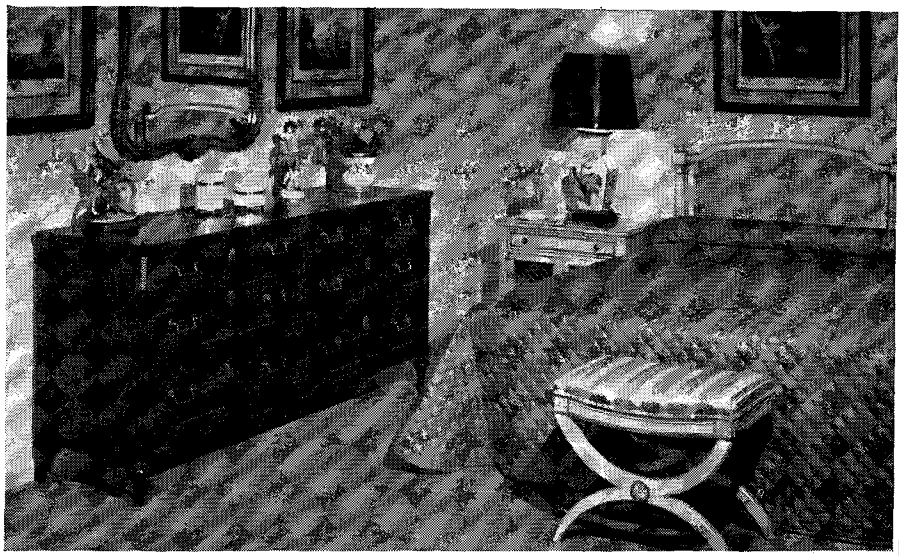
We Portuguese hate to be lonely. And hate to see anybody else lonely. We thought it would be a good idea to have an airline that treats you as beautiful as the country it flies you to. Ours.

Portugal.

See your travel agent or call TAP Portuguese Airways.

TAP Portuguese Airways

The airline that treats you
as beautiful as
the country it flies you to.

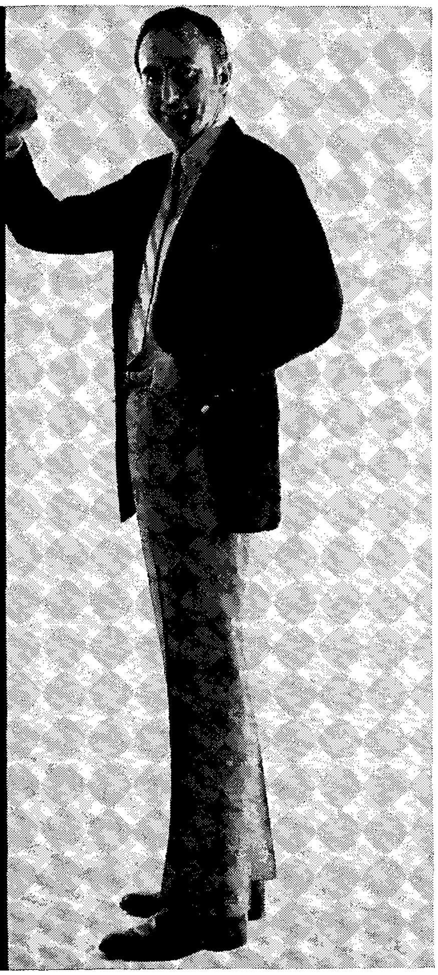


Just one nice thing after another! Knapp & Tubbs has so many wonderful things for you to see. American, English and European craftsmanship at its best. And documented antiques. We'll be delighted to show you around. Your interior designer or furniture dealer will provide the needed introduction.

K&T

Knapp & Tubbs

NEW YORK: 979 Third Ave. (Decoration & Design Bldg.) · CHICAGO: Merchandise Mart · CLEVELAND: 2900 Superior
GRAND RAPIDS: Exhibitors Building · LOS ANGELES: 8778 Beverly Boulevard · SAN FRANCISCO: 737 Sansome Street



"Somebody finally made a trouser for the uncommon man"

The Shaped® Trouser by Asher.

The Ultimate in Trousers
Coventry Square
A Division of The Asher Company

For your nearest store write Asher, Fitchburg, Mass.

as the dominant political party, and so gave the Communists a chance to fill the political vacuum, but the Communists have also failed to absorb these interest groups into a common ideology. Religious, caste, and communal interest groups have their own organizations, and most of them are headed by very strong men, with whom the government must perpetually bargain. Every Keralan continues to think of himself as Nair, Ezhava, Namboodiri, Syro-Malabar Christian, Malabar Latin Christian, or Moplah, with fierce loyalty to his family and his home."

In 1914, Mannatha Padmanabhan, a Nair, founded the Nair Service Society, with the aim of reforming his caste's matriarchal system, and the system, which had concentrated land holdings in the hands of a few families, was, in effect, abolished in 1925. Today, the Nair Service Society, to which most Nairs belong, runs coöperatives, medical centers, colleges, secondary schools, and printing presses of its own, and has a thousand constituent units in the villages of Kerala. Padmanabhan, who served as head of the organization for forty years, lives not far from Trivandrum, in the village of Changanacheri, and this is where the organization has its headquarters and many of its more important institutional centers. The organization's buildings in Changanacheri, I discover when I go to meet Padmanabhan, are new and garish; they stand out like a new village within the village.

"You can find Padmanabhan sitting under a tree in front of the N.S.S. headquarters," a passerby tells me. "He always sits there." Indeed, Padmanabhan is there, sitting in a wicker chair on a patch of lawn. He is a very old man dressed in a white *mundu*, a white *kurta*, and brown leather sandals, with a white shawl folded neatly over his shoulders. He has thin white hair and only a few teeth. His hands are very wrinkled. Slowly, with the aid of a walking stick, he gets to his feet, and then he calls to a man who is sitting at some distance, in another wicker chair, and this man comes over and introduces himself as a Malayalam-English interpreter.

When we are all seated, I ask Padmanabhan, through the interpreter, about the social aims of the Nair Service Society.

"The purpose of the N.S.S. has always been to make all the subcastes of Nairs feel that they belong to one happy Nair family and to work for the social uplift of all Nairs," he says.

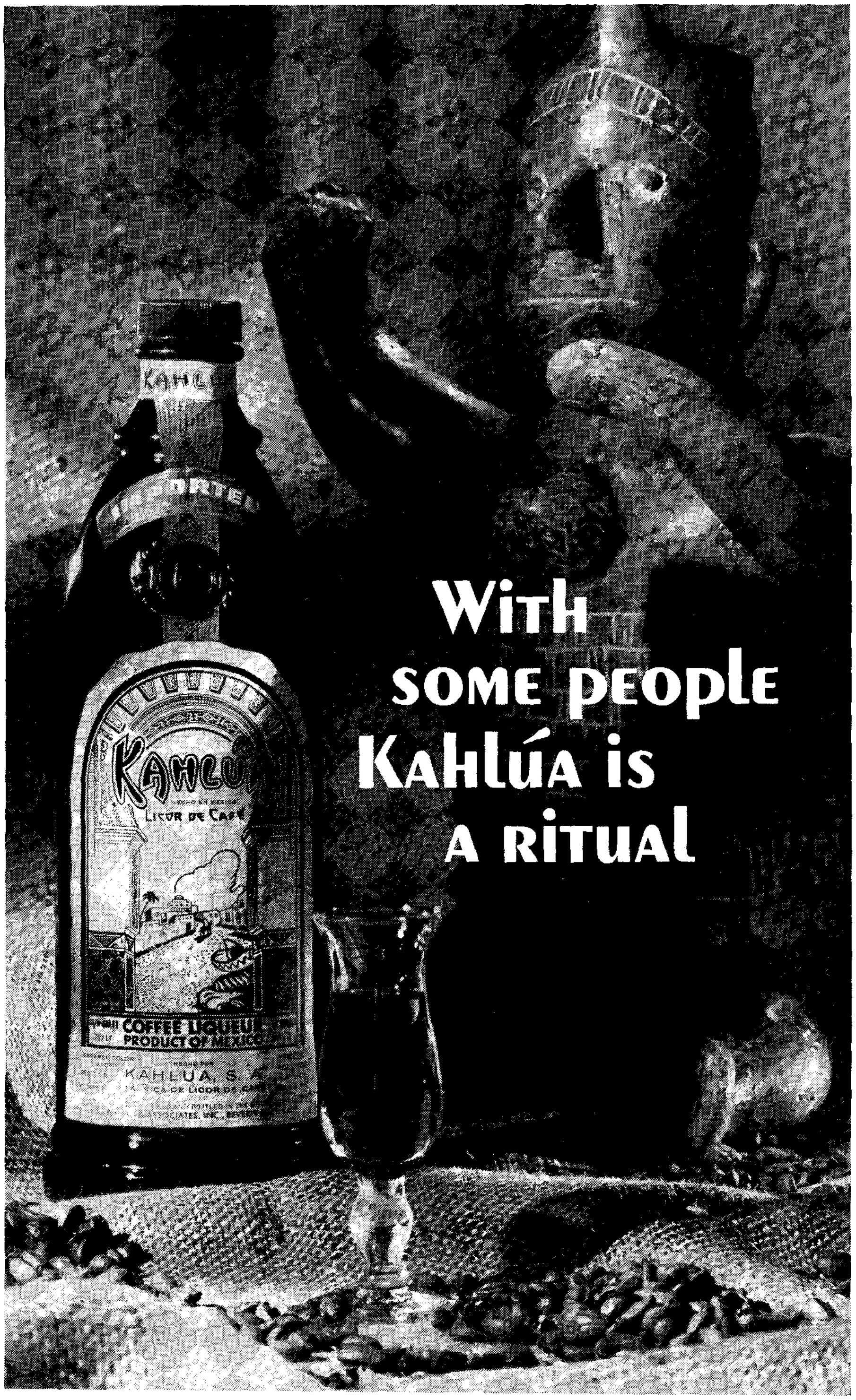
I ask him if it wouldn't be better to work for the social uplift of all the people, whatever their castes.

"We have built all kinds of Nair institutions," he says, haltingly. "If we abolished the N.S.S., to whom could we transfer their ownership? I have been trying to get the N.S.S. to drop 'Nair' from its name, but it's very difficult to get the other Nairs to agree. During my years of work for the Nairs, I have travelled five thousand miles in India, touring and giving speeches, in an effort to eradicate distinctions among the many Nair subcastes and also among other castes and subcastes. Our work has indirectly helped other castes. There are even marriages between Nairs and Ezhavas now. If there had been such a marriage twenty-five years ago, there would have been a murder in the family. We are making strides, and although other castes have worked together for such progress, the N.S.S. deserves special good marks."

I ask him whether he thinks India will ever be able to rid itself of caste barriers.

"The caste system has been here as long as Hindus have, and the Nairs can't end the caste system all by themselves," he says. "It will take a long time to end it. In the meantime, we must work within it. The nature of the world is such that you can't do anything quickly. I believe all mankind is one, but it is not easy to put that belief into practice."

In 1902, an Ezhava who was an ascetic and who came to be known as Shri Narayana Guru founded an Ezhava welfare organization, the Shri Narayana Dharma Paripalana Yogam, or Society for the Protection of the Moral Law of the Venerable Narayana, which is second only to the Nair Service Society as the most powerful caste organization in Kerala and now has *its* own schools, training colleges, and constituent units in the villages. The work of Shri Narayana Guru, who died some years ago, is being carried on by several leading members of the organization, one of whom is M. K. Raghavan. I call on him in Cochin—an old, crowded town on the Arabian Sea, which is, after Bombay, the busiest port on India's west coast—where he lives in a single-story house set in a lush Keralan garden. He receives me in a small sitting room dominated by a picture of Shri Narayana Guru, with pictures of Buddha and Christ on either side. Raghavan, who is dressed in a bush shirt and a *mundu*, is a striking-looking man



Devoted as they are to orthodoxy, they drink it straight; in a cordial glass; after dinner. There's definitely something bewitching about the brew. Many, charmed by the versatility of this captivating coffee liqueur, are compelled to exult in such devilish concoctions as the Black Russian, Brave Bull, Kahlúa Sour. Still others swirl it into dazzling desserts. Consider the sorcery of this magical mixture from Old Mexico. And while you're at it, consider the source, because what the Mexicans don't know about coffee liqueur doesn't amount to a hill of beans.

KAHLÚA

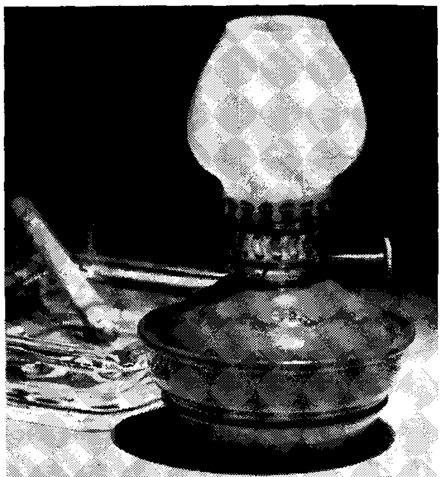
Send for Kahlúa's fascinating formulary of drinks, desserts and savories. Yours for the asking.

Jules Berman & Associates, Inc., 116 N. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, California *53 Proof*

THIS IS
ILLUMS BOLIGHUS

Temple Fielding writes in his Travel Guide:
"Illums Bolighus comes closest to being the dream shop of any American hostess or host that we've found in all Europe. It is loaded with the latest, newest, most stunning things for the house and for party-giving that are possible to imagine..."

ILLUMS BOLIGHUS
PEDESTRIAN STREET • COPENHAGEN



CAN YOU TOPPLE THIS?

Probably not! It's the "Bat" Kelly Lamp, just 5" tall, named for a famous Irish fighter who was never knocked down! Made in England since 1873, with weighted metal base and an opalescent glass chimney that won't get hot. Burns kerosene or garden fuel for 36 hours without refilling. Ideal for patios, boats, vacation homes, gifts — a "must" for power failures. Red, turquoise, light green, lilac, royal, Kelly green, yellow or black. 3.00 each. 3 lamps 8.00, 6-15.00, 12-29.00 includes tax & postage. Exclusive

LA PINE WORLD IMPORTS
2372 South Overlook Road
Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44106

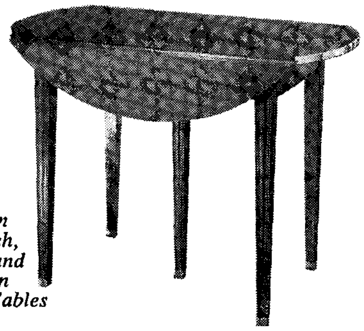
in his middle years. He has a narrow strip of mustache, and eyebrows that stick out over the tops of big glasses.

I ask him about the purpose of the Shri Narayana Dharma Paripalana Yogam.

"Most of us Ezhavas have always had the same occupation—tapping and processing toddy from palm trees, especially coconut palms. There are toddy-tappers all over south India. Elsewhere, our caste is known as Billavas or Nadars. There are a lot of us here in Kerala because there are a lot of coconuts here. From the time the Aryan invaders came to India, three or four thousand years ago, and introduced the caste system and made slaves of our people, we had no rights. We even had to keep sixty-four feet away from any Hindu temple. We had to keep thirty-six feet away from Brahmans and sixteen feet away from Nairs—and untouchables had to keep twelve feet away from Ezhavas. From ancient times, our Ezhava women were forbidden to wear any clothing above the waist in the presence of Brahmans and Nairs. But Shri Narayana Guru taught that there was one universal caste, one religion, one god, and he led a movement against untouchability. He founded the S.N.D.P.Y. because he felt that unless all caste distinctions were abolished, unless there was some kind of equality between man and man, there could be no social justice—we Ezhavas would always be slaves. He inspired the Ezhavas and, through them, all the untouchables, even before Gandhi. Now untouchability has been abolished by law, but in practice it persists. Untouchables are beaten when they refuse to perform their traditional functions in the villages, like serving as scavengers and disposing of dirty leaves after people have eaten from them. We have to continue to fight to abolish untouchability from the souls of high-caste Hindus."

BEFORE leaving Kerala, I pay a courtesy call on its governor, Bhagwan Sahay, in Trivandrum. His residence, the Raj Bhavan, is built on a rise and overlooks the green slopes of the Kerala countryside, which here is dotted with the red roofs of bungalows. The Governor receives me in a garden, where he is having elevenses with Mrs. Sahay and a pretty daughter-in-law, Pamela, who is here on a visit. The three are seated on wicker chairs and are chatting with one another. All about are elegant little high tables painted with pastoral scenes.

BON APPETIT



From Lloyds collection of English, French and American Dining Tables

DIRECTOIRE EXTENSION TABLE
SEATS TEN

Perfect for the Living-Dining Area

This most versatile translation of the French original extends to a huge 87" oval with 4 extra leaves inserted. With drop leaves down it measures only 19" x 38" to fit comfortably into a tiny space. 33" x 38" with leaves up. Simple . . . elegant, entirely finished by hand in French acajou (brown mahogany), or in aged fruitwood color. Both with brass edges — both with the mellow patina of an inherited antique. $269

F.O.B., N.Y.C.
Add $18 crating beyond delivery area.

GET TO KNOW LLOYDS; it's one of the most unusual shops of its kind in New York. You'll find that it's fun to browse to your heart's content through our large collection of Antique and Reproduction furniture, paintings and decorations and objets d'art. Discover Lloyds as soon as you can. You'll be glad that you did.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

THE ROMAN+PUB
The grill
OLD BOURBON STEAK HOUSE

The 3 Great Restaurants of the New York Hilton
A Block and a Bit from Broadway
Avenue of the Americas at 53rd Street
586-7000

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $49.50
Color from $150.

Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

Each table supports a silver tray, a silver teapot, and a silver jug. Uniformed bearers are circling around serving tea and coconut milk, pastries and nuts. The Governor, a tall, broad-shouldered man in his fifties, smiles happily as Pamela, under the stern gaze of her mother-in-law, keeps playfully adjusting the end of her sari to cover her head. (Well-brought-up Indian girls, especially brides, are taught to keep their heads covered in the presence of their elders.)

A man introduced as Colonel Raja, the brother-in-law of the former Maharaja of Travancore and an old friend of the family, arrives to drive Pamela to Kovalam, a beach a few miles away. They invite me to join them, and I accept.

"They ought to build lots of hotels and a drive all along this beach," Pamela says as we are driving down the coast.

"A very well-known American travel agency has just written to me to say that they want to build this place up as a resort for honeymooners from all around the world," Colonel Raja says. "A big American airline is prepared to land a Boeing in Trivandrum once a week. But our airport can't even receive Viscounts. And there are no air-conditioned hotels."

The beach, which is sheltered by palms, extends indefinitely, and there isn't a soul in sight. The sea is calm and blue. At Kovalam, we pull up in front of a bathhouse, which is near the unoccupied palace of the former Maharaja, and go inside to change.

When we come out, Pamela has put on an old sari for bathing. She walks slowly into the water.

Colonel Raja takes a couple of planks and bamboo poles and lashes them together to make a raft, which he paddles out into the sea. Pamela climbs onto the raft and lies down. With one hand, she shades her eyes from the sun. The raft moves farther and farther away from the shore.

POLITICS—"MY FATHER'S HOUSE": Because Delhi, an ancient seat of power on the banks of the Yamuna River, was almost equidistant from the three great Eastern commercial centers of the Imperial era—Calcutta, Bombay, and Karachi—King George V, in 1911, transferred the capital of British India from Calcutta to Delhi. Over the next twenty years, the British built a completely new city, New Delhi, just to the south of the old city. Although many modern office buildings have since gone up in the center of New

Yesterday Rosalba became a Foster Child.

• Tomorrow she will get soap so she can wash her hair. And everyone in her family will have soap, too.
• Within a month she will have a dress that is not torn.
• She and her family will get regular dental and medical attention.
• Soon she and her brothers and sisters will have shoes to wear to school.
• For the first time Rosalba will know what it's like to eat at least one wholesome meal, what it's like to fall asleep without gnawing hunger keeping her awake.

Most of all, she'll understand that someone somewhere cares. Someone thoughtful and loving enough to give $16 a month to Foster Parents Plan. Someone whose sole satisfaction will be to read of his Foster Child's progress in monthly letters. Letters from Rosalba herself and translated by PLAN. Someone who knows how important it is in this world to change a dismal, hopeless yesterday into a tomorrow worth living for.

PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Peru, Indonesia, Korea, the Philippines, and Viet Nam. PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development.

Yes, I want to be a Foster Parent.

A. ☐ I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex ______, age ______, nationality ______. ______ I will contribute $16 a month for one year or more ($192 per year). Payment will be monthly ☐ quarterly ☐ semi-annually ☐ annually ☐. ______ I enclose herewith my first payment $______.

B. ☐ I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $______.

Name______
Address______
City______ State______ Zip______

All contributions are tax deductible.

Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
352 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10010. Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Quebec.
NY-4-70

The
Change of Pace
Place
▼
TRINIDAD AND **TOBAGO**

One friendly country on two islands. **Trinidad.** A rendezvous of cultures. A happy blend of African, Chinese, East Indian, Spanish, French, you name it. Add Hindu temples, Chinese restaurants, Steelband symphonies, cricket, a world bazaar of duty-free shopping, the works. **Tobago,** a hen's kick away. Serene island of Robinson Crusoe fame. Untrammeled beaches, an underwater kaleidescope of fish, exotically fantastic. Trinidad and Tobago have a split personality: best and better.

For Descriptive Literature,
See Your Travel Agent or Contact:

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO
TOURIST BOARD
405 Lexington Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

Activair

the denim knit.

Totally masculine denim knit shirt of cotton-polyester in navy, blue, red, coffee, green. About $11.

At John Douglas, Wellesley, Mass.
Roderick St. Johns, Indianapolis
Lew Ritter, Los Angeles, Calif. and knowledgeable stores everywhere; or write Activair, 102 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 10016

Delhi, and its contours have expanded to take in many growing suburban colonies, the main features of the British city remain intact, so the capital continues to wear an expression of colonial grandeur: wide, tree-lined avenues bordered by stately white colonial residences, which have large, high-ceilinged rooms, colonnaded verandas, spacious gardens, and long red gravel driveways. But the high-ranking politicians and government officers who now live in these houses are all Indians. One such house at present serves as the official residence of Mrs. Indira Priyadarshini Gandhi, who in 1966 became the third Prime Minister of India. The first Prime Minister was her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, who held office from 1947 to 1964, and the second was Lal Bahadur Shastri, who held office from 1964 to 1966. It was generally agreed that her strongest suit in bidding for the office was the fact that she was a Nehru.

The Nehru family name appeared sometime after 1716. In that year, an ancestor named Raj Kaul, who belonged to a small, proud Kashmiri Brahman community in the Vale of Kashmir, moved to Delhi, where he became a petty official at the court of the Mogul Emperor Farrukh Siyar, who thereupon settled on Raj Kaul a small estate in Delhi situated by the side of a *nahar* (Urdu for "canal"). Raj Kaul and his descendants became known as Kaul-Nahars, and in time "Kaul" was dropped and "Nahar" was corrupted to "Nehru." The family was relatively obscure until the time of Motilal Nehru, who was born in 1861, in Allahabad—the town renowned as the site of the Hindu festival Kumbha—where the Nehrus had settled. In due course, Motilal became one of the most successful barristers in Allahabad. His only son, Jawaharlal, was born in 1889 (there were also two daughters), and, as was customary for the sons of rich Indians, was sent to England for his education. Jawaharlal studied at Harrow, at Cambridge, and at the Inner Temple, and then returned to India and settled down in his father's house in Allahabad to practice law. He married a tall, slim Kashmiri Brahman girl, Kamala, and their only child, Indira Priyadarshini, was born in 1917. Soon after the child's birth, it was discovered that her mother had tuberculosis; Kamala died of the disease when Indira was nineteen. Indira, herself a frail child, was brought up in a house that became a center of political activity in the early twenties, when both her father and her grandfather were prominent figures in the movement for independence. Indira's formal education was frequently interrupted—her father was in and out of jail—and she never completed her university education; she attended Oxford for a short period, and there met a childhood friend, the late Feroze Gandhi (no relation to Mohandas K. Gandhi), who at the time was a student at the London School of Economics. They were married in 1942—despite some resistance by her family, because he was neither a Brahman nor a Hindu nor a Kashmiri but a Parsi. She had two sons by Feroze Gandhi—Rajiv, born in 1944, and Sanjay, born in 1946—but after some years she and her husband lived, for the most part, separately. She resided with her father in the Prime Minister's house in New Delhi, where she served as his hostess and confidante, entertaining diplomats and political dignitaries. She also undertook missions abroad, and, for a time, directed the affairs of the Congress Party.

Today, I go to call on Mrs. Gandhi. On the way, I pass the house where she lived with her father, which has been turned into the Nehru Museum. Her present official residence, which is opposite the tennis courts of the Delhi Gymkhana Club, is very much like other New Delhi colonial houses, except that a tent is pitched outside the gate for security guards, and inside the gate, in the garden, there is a red-blue-and-yellow *shamiana* under which are arranged a table and matching chairs. As I am crossing the driveway, Mrs. Gandhi arrives in a chauffeur-driven white Impala, preceded by a guard on a motorcycle and trailed by half a dozen government officers in a large, rather old-looking black sedan. She gets out of the car, followed closely by a courtly, elegant gentleman, and comes over and greets me. She is a tall, handsome woman with a confident, intelligent face, and she is wearing a white homespun cotton sari with cinnamon-colored edging and a necklace of brown wooden beads. She introduces the elegant gentleman as Feliks Topolski, remarking that he is her houseguest and also that he is the artist whose large mural of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II is on view in Buckingham Palace. She leads the way to the veranda and into the house—first into a room that is like a typical middle-class Indian drawing room, except that it contains a television set, and then into her own parlor, which is simple, cool, restful, and, by Indian standards,

Gloomy Tuesday.

Tuesday, April 14, as everybody and his brother knows, is Income Tax Eve.

It is nobody's idea of a good day.

We've done what we could. Having first failed to persuade the I.R.S. that the whole thing is an outmoded relic of the New Deal, we suggested postponing it a few months while we attempted a little lobbying.

No dice.

We can only say we're sorry and propose that you take what solace you can from the fact that it is a Tuesday and, therefore, an official day to savour Teacher's Scotch. Seldom will the cream of Highland whiskies prove more welcome.

Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

BOOTHS
Earthenware of Staffordshire England... Since 1757

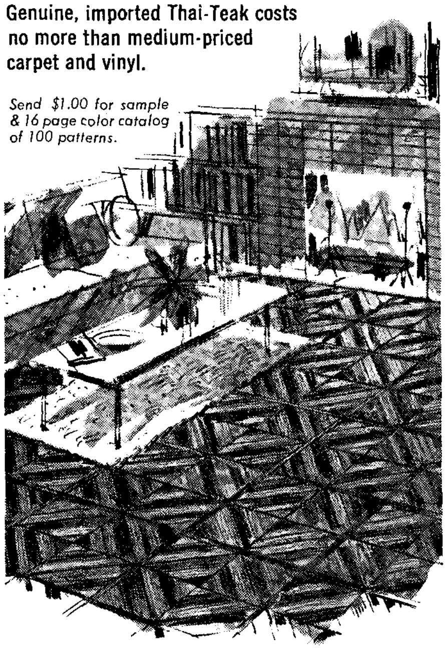
WHITE MAJESTIC—5 pc. place setting, about $4.50
Available at Tiffany & Co.
Send for FREE illustrated Booths brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. B1, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

why other flooring when you can... TEAK

A teak floor with its warmth, grain and lustre is a lifetime thing of beauty. It resists termites, wear and decay... and is beautifully carefree.

Genuine, imported Thai-Teak costs no more than medium-priced carpet and vinyl.

Send $1.00 for sample & 16 page color catalog of 100 patterns.



GENUINE IMPORTED
Thai-Teak TM PARQUETRY FLOORING
BANGKOK INDUSTRIES, Inc.
Dept. 50, 1545 W. Passyunk Ave., Phila., Pa. 19145

modern. The dominant color in the room is blue. There are many books and pictures around, including a portrait of her father.

Mrs. Gandhi sits down on a sofa, holding herself very straight. Topolski picks up a drawing pad and a crayon from a table, takes a chair opposite her, and begins sketching, his crayon scratching rapidly across the drawing pad.

"I am living here only temporarily," Mrs. Gandhi tells me. "The Prime Minister has to do a lot of office work, meet a lot of people, and do a lot of entertaining. There's plenty of space for the office work here, but there just isn't enough space for all the other things I have to do. I'd like to move, but it's such a bother. I suppose one day I may move back into the house where my father lived as Prime Minister. It should have been kept as an official residence for the Prime Minister. It would have been, except for Shastri. Because of his reverence for my father's memory, when he succeeded my father he didn't want to move into my father's house. At the time, he was living in a government house—the house of a Minister Without Portfolio. He solved his space problem by expanding into the government house next door, which happened to be available. This particular house is the one I had as Minister of Information and Broadcasting. When I became Prime Minister, I stayed on here because I didn't know what else to do."

When Mrs. Gandhi became Prime Minister, Nehru's younger sister, Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, touched off a controversy in the press by raising doubts as to whether her niece's health would stand up under the pressure of the office. I ask Mrs. Gandhi about her health now.

"In India, food is a measure of one's wealth and health," she replies. "Here, if you don't look well fed, people think you are ill. A little while ago, I put on some extra weight, and, with great effort, I lost it again. Everyone said, 'Indu, you look ill. What's the matter?' I am very fit. I keep fit by holding to a daily routine. The first thing in the morning, at five o'clock, I do my yoga exercises for fifteen or twenty minutes. Not those contortions of the body that require holding certain positions for a fixed period of time—I don't have the patience for that kind of thing—but my own forty-eight versions of the ancient yoga exercises. I begin with the exercise for the forehead, then the eyes, then the nose—all the way down to the toes. Even so, I don't have

JOSE DE CREEFT
April Exhibition
Fully Illustrated Catalog
$5.00

Dream
22" x 12" x 13½"
Tennessee marble

Kennedy Galleries
FOUNDED 1874 BY H. WUNDERLICH
20 EAST 56TH STREET . NEW YORK 10022

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

17 40 HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

BUTCHER BLOCK

PARSON'S TABLE Our version has Butcher Block legs notched into a 2" Butcher Block top. 29" high. 48" x 24", $138.00; 48" x 30", $147.50; 60" x 30", $159.50. Crating Chg. $12. No COD's. Express Chgs. Col. NYC 6% tax. Or taxes applicable. 48-page catalog, 50¢. J & D BRAUNER (N5) 298 Bowery, N.Y. N.Y. 10012 (212) 477-2830

the patience to do all forty-eight every day."

I ask her about her schedule for the rest of the day.

"After the exercises, I like to do the flowers for the house, though I've been able to do them less and less often since I became Prime Minister," she says. "After that, I look through the newspapers, and then work at the desk in my bedroom for an hour or so, depending on how many urgent telegrams have arrived in the night. Then I do my ablutions and have my breakfast. Around seven, I look at my urgent correspondence, and at seven-thirty or eight I begin receiving callers. I finish with them by nine or nine-thirty and leave the house. I spend the rest of the day in Parliament, if it is in session, or, if it is not in session, I stay in my office in the Parliament building or attend meetings or functions, and then I come home for a late lunch and an afternoon nap."

Topolski now moves to her left and asks her to look in his direction.

"I think I am too deep a person to be sentimental about holding this office," she says, gazing past Topolski's head at a vase of sweet peas and jasmine. "I don't think public office is anything to be sentimental about. For me, the Prime Ministership is just another job. I have always lived in the public eye. Even when I was a student in England, I was treated as if I were somebody, and in India I have been somebody all my life. But I wouldn't want you to think that I come from a courtly tradition, because our family has always been closely bound up with the life of the people, and I have been friends with people from all walks of life since I was a child. Just this morning, I received a group from a polytechnic college and talked agriculture with them. Later on, one of them, a girl of about nineteen, knelt at my feet." She adds, as an afterthought, "Just overcome with respect, I suppose."

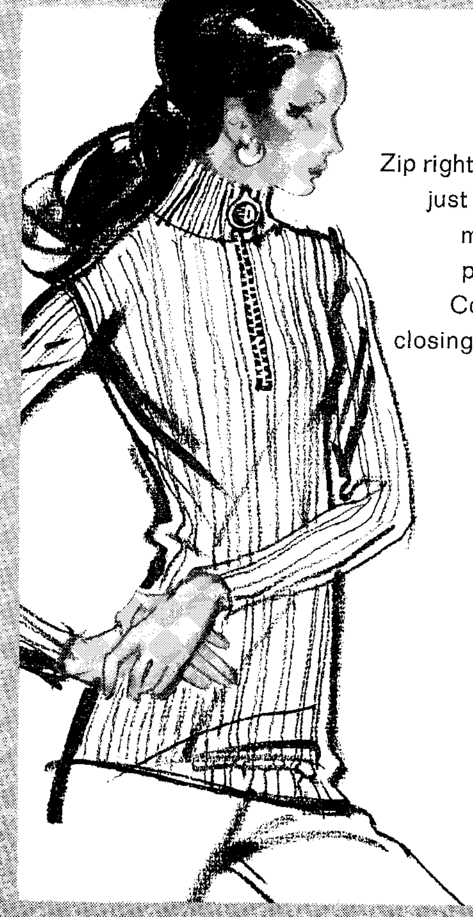
I ask her if press reports were true when they said that Nehru wanted her to succeed him as Prime Minister and that she could easily have done so.

"I was numbed by my father's death, and at the time I didn't want to think about holding any office," she says. "But I thought if I helped Shastri to become Prime Minister, then, when he got the office, he would consult with me, and in that way I would still have some influence on the future of our country. Shastri insisted that he needed to have me in his Cabinet, so I consented to become Minister of Information and Broadcasting. I did many things

$675.00

18 Kt. gold brooch with mother-
of-pearl body enameled in
blue, green and red, mounted
with 9 small brilliants.

Distinctively
GÜBELIN
3 West 57th Street, New York
(212) PL 5-0053
Jewelers to the world since 1854



ZIPPY RIBS
FROM BONWIT'S

Zip right into our status-y ribbed top, just indispensable for your new midi suits, for pants, or as the perfect brief beach cover-up. Cotton knit, with ringed zipper closing front or back. Excellence's design in white, black, navy, red, light blue, or violet in S,M or L sizes, 16.00

BLOUSES
Mail and phone.
Please add .75 for delivery
charge outside regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all stores

BONWIT
TELLER

BARBADOS.
THE HAPPY
ISLAND.
WHERE EVERY
7TH NIGHT IS
FREE.

Visit Barbados on Bonanza*—visit your travel agent first

*Barbados Bonanza—April 16 to Dec. 15

6 nights get you 7, May 1 to Nov. 1

Your choice of two special activities free

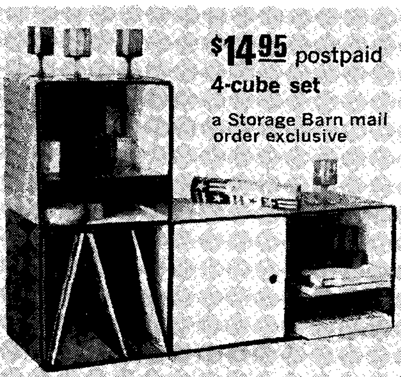
Taxi transportation from and to Seawell Airport, free

Modified American Plan, your choice of 28 hotels from as little as $67.00 (double p.p.)

European Plan, your choice of 12 apartments from as little as $78.00 for two.

Just 21 miles long. And a smile wide.

Call or write Barbados Tourist Board,
801 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. (212) 686-5941.



$14.95 postpaid
4-cube set
a Storage Barn mail order exclusive

Even "Squares" Love Cubes!

Decorative, versatile, practical! New idea for space-saving storage of personal and household items, antiques, collections, books, bar supplies, toys, stereo equipment, records, clothes, sewing supplies, you name it. Modular design perfect for den, children's and teenager's rooms, dorm, living room, home, office or whereever you need decorative storage.

Choice of 2 sets: 1. **Cabinet Cubes** as shown with 4 shelves, 2 doors. 2. **Record Cubes** with 8 shelves. Each set includes four 13" solid fiberboard cubes, soap-washable plastic coated in red, white, blue or black. All interiors white with black plastic trim. Each set packed separately in flat carrying case with tuck-away handle. Simply unfold into cubes. 1 set $14.95 postpaid. For various multi-colored arrangements, gift-giving, combining sets, order 2 sets $28, 3 sets $42, 4 sets $56, complete, postpaid. Specify set #1 or #2, color and quantity. Satisfaction guaranteed. Exclusive mail order from

STORAGE BARN
19220 Van Aken Blvd.
Cleveland, Ohio 44122

for Shastri, but once he got himself established as Prime Minister he didn't consult me on any of the major issues."

I ask her opinion of Shastri as Prime Minister.

"Basically, he just didn't have a modern mind," she says. "He was an orthodox Hindu and full of superstitions. You can't lead the country out of poverty with superstition. You need a modern, scientific outlook for that. The orthodox say that we Indians are rich in our cultural heritage. Nowadays that just won't do—you must have a modern mind. But Shastri's dead, and it serves no purpose to dwell on our differences."

I ask her about one of the criticisms commonly made of her leadership—that there is not much difference between her policies and those of Shastri, since, for one thing, most of the politicians who served in Shastri's government are now serving in hers.

"As much as you might want to, you can't change Ministers, because they represent strong power blocs," she says, with a sigh. "But I try to be my own mistress as much as I can. I rely on several advisers outside the government, though I try to play no favorites. Each of these advisers can brief me on a particular angle of a problem. I have to see all the angles."

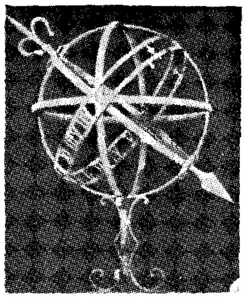
According to press reports, the Congress Party chose Mrs. Gandhi as Prime Minister over other contenders for the office because she had received the support of the three most powerful party bosses—Atulya Ghosh, S. K. Patil, and Sanjiva Reddy. I ask her whether she had had to battle for the support of the triumvirate.

"Quite honestly, I was the only natural choice for the job," she says. "I got elected because of my public standing. Even while my father was alive, I was the only Indian who could draw crowds as large as his, both in the north and in the south."

Topolski hovers around her, studying her nose.

I ask her about some of her recent pronouncements in which certain politicians saw a rejection of the Socialist principles of her father.

"Sometimes I get carried away when I'm giving speeches," she says. "But, quite honestly, could anyone know my father's principles and policies better than I do? I first started going with him to sessions of the Congress Party when I was two, and throughout his years as Prime Minister I was his closest associate. The reason many of these politicians take exception to my statements is that some of them speak from



ASTROLABE, Wrought Iron
20" Diameter.
$200 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

PIPER OF THE GARDEN, Fountain complete with recirculating pump. Lead statue, heavy cast aluminum pool. 47" high — 47" diameter pool. Pompeian green or other finish. $950.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

Send 50¢ — stamps — coin for 40 page catalogue illustrating many fountains and garden ornaments.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

Overlooking Boston's
famous Public Garden...
minutes from theaters and
shops; a hotel in the
European tradition.

THE RITZ CARLTON
BOSTON

Is there a Solid Copper Egg White Bowl in Your Kitchen?

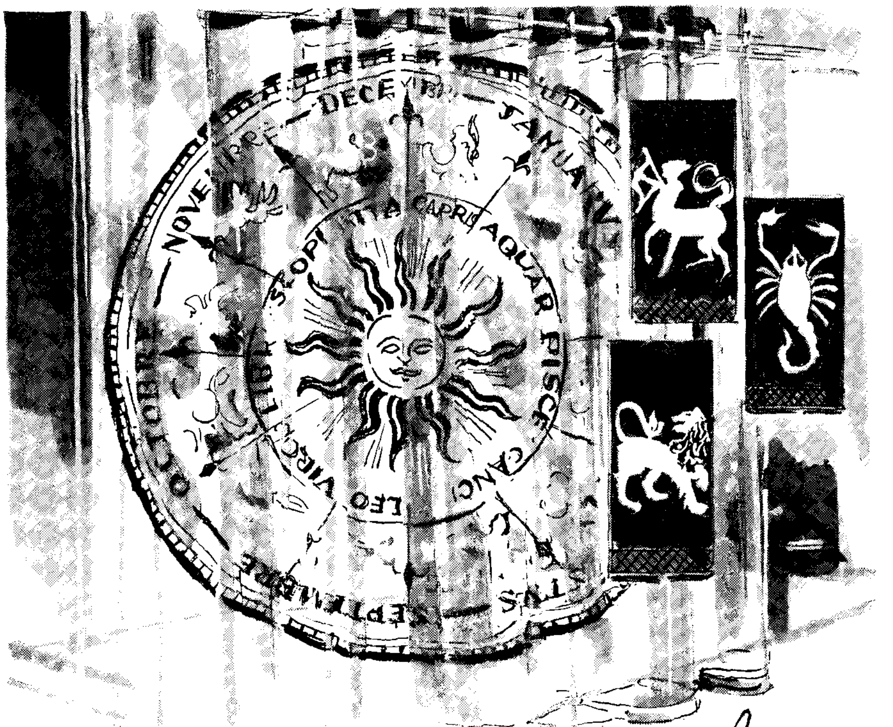
*Why are the souffles of French restaurants so much higher and lighter? Why are their omelets so much more delicate? The secret? If you beat the eggs in a **pure** copper bowl, they fluff up higher and retain their delicacy. Our bowl is 100% solid copper, 10" in diameter, beautifully made, will last a lifetime.* $16.95. Add 75¢ postage. Perfect for Mother's Day gift giving.

New Hampton General Store
417 Main St., Hampton, N.J. 08827

the left and some from the right. Take defense. When there is a threat to the integrity of the territory of your country, you can't just sit still. In fact, there is a relationship between political influence and military power. Yet if I accept military aid or other forms of economic aid from America, I am attacked by the left for leaning to the right. If I accept aid from the Soviet Union, I am attacked by the right for leaning to the left. It is true that the minute you are indebted to someone he will try to put pressure on you. But there is no doubt that if we had not accepted wheat and other foodstuffs from America since Independence there would have been real famine. Isn't it silly to worry about entanglements and pressures when you are faced with such fundamental things?"

Topolski moves and sketches her from a three-quarters angle.

"Sometimes I feel there are no solutions to the huge problems our country faces," she goes on. "A solution to a problem only seems to create more problems. I am not afraid to say that the Congress Party has become moribund. It has scarcely a single leader with a modern mind. When I was president of the Congress Party—in 1959—I introduced a scheme for revitalizing it. My idea was to train a cadre of workers who would then function as a political élite and direct the affairs of the Party at the state and national levels. These Party workers were to be trained in the particular problems of their regions and to brush up on their knowledge of our goals and policies. The Party had to be rebuilt from the grass roots up, and I felt that training a new élite was the way to do it. The scheme was launched in the south, and by the time I left the presidency we had trained a cadre of a hundred. But the Party president who followed me thought it was a waste of time, and killed the whole scheme with a mere stroke of the pen. So our Party workers remain as backward and ignorant as ever. They don't know how the voters in their districts feel on even one issue. How often have I been told by a Party worker in a district, 'Don't discuss this, don't discuss that—it's too controversial. The people here won't like it.' When I go ahead and say what I like anyway, I often discover that people will change their minds if I give them the right information. The trouble is that Congress has never succeeded in evolving into a modern political party. Sometimes I feel that even our parliamentary system is moribund. Everything is debated and debated and noth-



What's your sign?
See-through Zodiac shower curtain, black on clear plastic, 7.00
Fingertip cotton terry towels, black with individual sign embroidered in white, 5.00 pair. The Bath Shop, Ninth Floor, Lord & Taylor

Lord & Taylor

Ask the kids where they want to stay.
Disneyland Hotel
A Subsidiary of Wrather Corporation

Write for free brochure. Disneyland Hotel, Anaheim, Calif. 92802

Enjoy New York at
a Prestige Hotel Address
at Moderate Rates...
overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

...renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

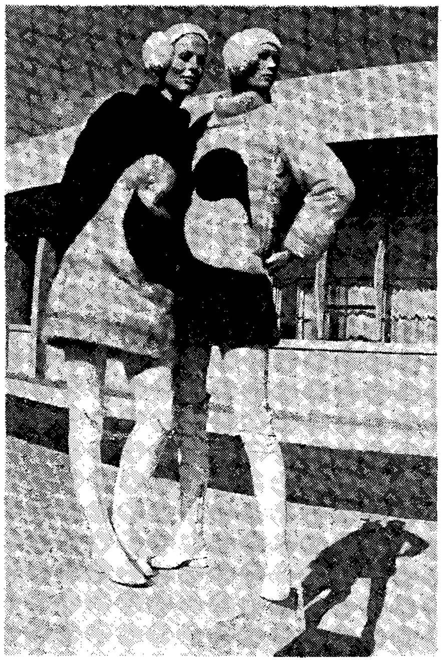
RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES

Choice Singles.....$19.00 to $26.00
Choice Doubles ...$26.00 to $34.00
Tower Studio Suites $34.00 to $40.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $24.00.
Doubles from $32.00.

WRITE FOR
FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"

TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099



In the passageways under Kronborg Castle sits the statue of a Danish warrior. They say if Denmark is ever threatened he'll stand and fight. And the first thing he'll defend is our fine fur collection!

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

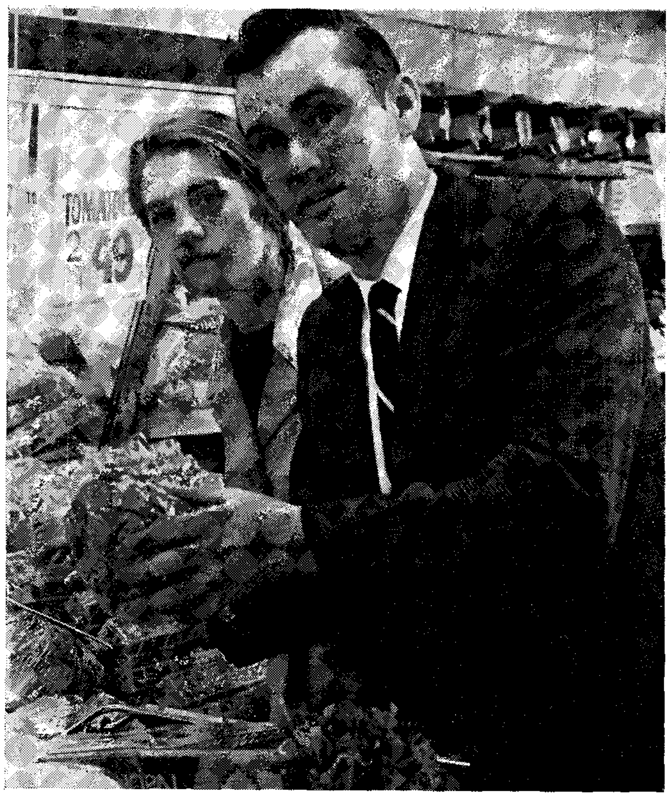
By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court

ing gets done. Everything that can be exploited for political purposes is exploited. On top of all this, the inertia of our civil service is incredible. In the civil service, everyone gets promoted according to seniority, so you may get a very good young man but he has to wait twenty or thirty years to acquire the influence to do anything significant, and by that time he's probably so worn down by the bureaucracy, and his ideas are probably so out of date, that he's dead wood—we have a system of dead wood replacing dead wood. You can't change this system of promotion, because everything in a civil servant's life is based on it—the size of his salary, the size of his office, the size of the accommodations provided by the government, the quality of his children's education. It's difficult to take such things away once someone has got used to having them. Sometimes I wish we had had a real revolution—like France or Russia—at the time of Independence.”

VILLAGE—“REVOLUTION IN THE HEART AND REVOLUTION IN THE WORLD”: Gandhi often discussed with his disciples his dream of a new social order, which he hoped the Indian government would adopt once India was free, and which he believed would eventually supplant other social orders—capitalism, Socialism, Communism—throughout the world. The new social order was to be based entirely on the principles of love, brotherhood, and nonviolence, and was to be free of the evils of exploitation, coercive government, and a centralized economy. The new order would liberate the five hundred thousand Indian villages from the oppressions of poverty, ignorance, and the caste system, and provide a moral alternative to revolutionary violence. He called this new order *sarvodaya* (Hindi for “uplift of all”). Under *sarvodaya*, each village was to govern itself and to have its own self-sufficient, non-industrial economy, its families either buying necessities from coöperatives or manufacturing them at home. Gandhi's celebrated spinning wheel, or *charkha*, on which a family could spin its own yarn for cloth, became a popular symbol of *sarvodaya*.

In 1951, four years after India's independence and three years after Gandhi's death, Acharya Vinoba Bhave (“*acharya*,” an honorific title, is another word for “*guru*”), a Maharashtrian Brahman, then fifty-six, who was one of Gandhi's earliest disciples, discovered what he thought was a way of attaining *sarvodaya*. In that year, he travelled from Wardha, a small town in Maharashtra, where he was living in Sevagram (an *ashram*, or hermitage, founded by Gandhi), to a district in south India called Telengana, to preach the message of nonviolence to villagers there who were helping Indian Communists wage guerrilla warfare. One evening, Vinoba, as he is generally known, was conducting a meeting in the village of Pochempelli, in Telengana. According to one of many now legendary versions of what happened there, while he was sitting on a dais with a few landowners, and the many landless poor, most of them untouchables, were sitting on the floor below, an old man stood up and asked how impoverished untouchables like him could ever hope to get land if not by violence. Vinoba asked the old man how much land he thought the untouchables of Pochempelli needed. After consulting the other untouchables, the old man said eighty acres. Vinoba turned to the landowners, each of whom owned hundreds of acres of land, and asked, “Do you think all that land is yours? Is it not God's creation? Have not the children of God an equal share in it?” (Gandhi's term for untouchables was “Harijans,” or “children of God.”) To his surprise, one landowner stood up and announced that he would donate a hundred acres to the poor people of the village. Vinoba believed that this spontaneous act of charity had revealed to him the way to attain *sarvodaya*—through voluntary land reform. For the next thirteen years, Vinoba journeyed throughout the country, walking eight or ten miles a day, from village to village, and urging landowners to share their land with the poor. Each morning, while it was still dark, he would set out, with a storm lantern in hand, followed by a crowd of men, women, and children. Some of them were *sarvodaya* volunteers who had pledged their lives to the movement, and others were villagers who had dropped whatever they were doing to walk for a time—from a few hours to a few weeks—with Vinoba. The *sarvodaya* workers marched with all their worldly possessions, which usually amounted to just a bundle of clothes and a spinning wheel, and they rested and took food and shelter in the villages along the way. Some of the villagers brought their entire families, young and old, and carried their provisions with them. Villagers and *sarvodaya* volunteers would sing hymns

Honest, Jim and Maureen Cunningham, now you can afford to go to Britain.



The Cunninghams have relatives in Britain, so they were delighted to find out how little it would cost them to travel on BOAC this year. They'll really appreciate BOAC's unbelievably low fares—Jimmy's salary ($8,000) as a Junior Engineer at one of the major TV networks has to support a household of five!

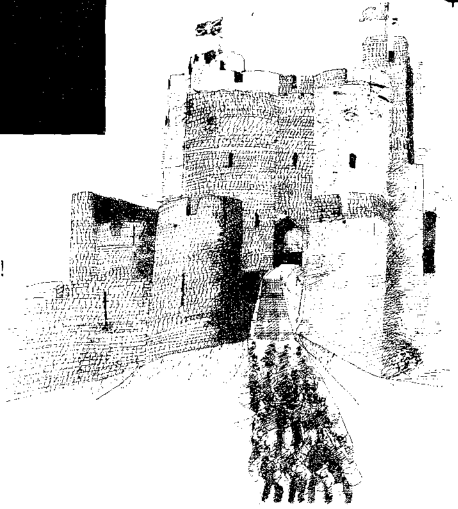
If you're bound for Britain, what's the best way to go? "Definitely BOAC," says Maureen. Why? "Fares are so low this year."

$265
BOAC's New round-trip fare.

$265* is all it costs to fly BOAC Economy Class round trip New York/London. Or to Manchester or to Glasgow, on our 29/45-day Excursion fare. You'll find you'll be able to stay in hotels for $5 or $6 a day. And enjoy pub lunches of cold cuts and beer for 80 cents. And when you step aboard a BOAC jet your vacation in Britain has already begun. With the fine, elegant service we British have been famous for—for years.

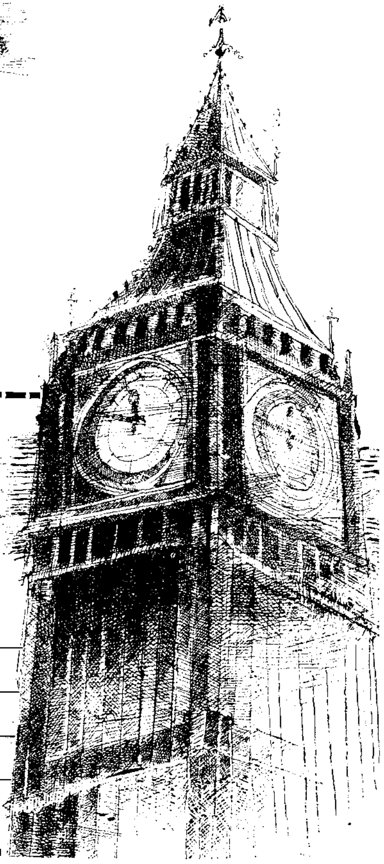
$325
BOAC's Combination Holidays in Britain.

Pick from a variety of holidays in London and the countryside by car, train or motorcoach. Included are round-trip fare New York/London, hotels, transportation and breakfasts. From $325***



$295
BOAC's Bonanza car or rail tour.

You get your round-trip New York/London air fare, one night in a London airport hotel with private bath and 12 nights in a country guest house, all for $295.** Plus a car for two weeks with unlimited mileage or a two-week rail pass for unlimited train travel. Or for $344** you get 19 nights in a guest house plus the car for 3 weeks with unlimited mileage. Or the rail pass for three weeks.



BOAC's Britain.
Isn't it nice to know it costs so little?

British Overseas Airways Corporation,
Box VC 10, Dept. 153-467, New York, New York 10011 Tel. 687-1600

Yes, I am interested in your low cost holidays in Britain and Europe this year. Send me details.

Mr., Mrs., Miss ______

Address ______ City ______

State ______ Zip ______

My Travel Agent is ______

*Fares vary between $265 and $295 according to season. **Includes Economy Group BIT Fare from New York. ***Includes Economy Group GIT Fare from New York. Double occupancy in hotels. Car tours priced for each of two travelling together. All tour prices subject to peak season supplements.

The Japanese Steak Ceremony.

At Benihana we turn a steak into an experience you'll never forget. And we do it before your very eyes.

We put into this experience centuries of tradition, the skill of a Japanese chef born and trained in Japan, and the finest steak you can get.

So come. Experience a steak with us.

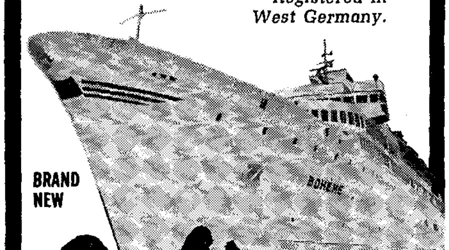
BENIHANA of TOKYO
YOUR TABLE IS OUR KITCHEN.
120 E. 56th St. New York LT 1-0930
Open 7 days a week. Sat. and Sun. dinner only.
61 W. 56th St. New York LT 1-0931
Open 7 days a week. Sunday dinner only.
Chicago • Honolulu • Las Vegas • San Francisco

3 ISLAND 7 DAY CRUISES

Sails every Saturday at 3:30 P.M. from New Port of Miami to **FREEPORT, ST. THOMAS** and **SAN JUAN.** Luxury ship with first class staterooms, two lower beds, fully air conditioned. Duty-free shopping, pool, sauna, gym, superb cuisine, star entertainment, plus the glamorous Caribbean. See your Travel Agent or call **COMMODORE CRUISE LINES:** (305) 373-5502.

Fare from $195 per person.

Registered in West Germany.



BRAND NEW

Bohème

COMMISSIONED NOV. 1968 • 11,000 GROSS TONS

while marching, and then, as they entered the town or village where they expected to put up, they would chant such slogans as:

> "In our village, without land
> No one shall be, no one shall be.
> In our village, poor and needy
> No one shall be, no one shall be.
> Victory to India! Victory to Gandhi!
> Victory to Vinoba!"

Along the way, Vinoba would stop and address meetings, soliciting gifts of land.

Although by *bhudan* ("gift of earth;" *bhu* is Hindi for "earth" and *dan* is Hindi for "gift"), as the campaign was called, Vinoba won four million acres for *sarvodaya*, it was found that much of this land was barren or rocky or in such odd parcels that it could not be cultivated. In any case, in 1965 he abandoned *bhudan*, and turned his full energies toward another Gandhian movement already under way, called *gramadan* ("gift of a village"—to the villagers). Under *gramadan*—in intention a legalistic contrivance but in practice another visionary scheme—landowners in each village were asked to transfer the title to all their holdings to a village assembly, which was to represent all the families in the village and was to manage the affairs of the village in the interests of all. One-twentieth of this land was to be distributed by the village assembly among the landless poor. The rest of the land was actually to remain in the possession of the landowners in perpetuity, for their private use, but the landowners were to contribute at least one-fortieth of the produce from this land to the village, and they were not allowed to sell or mortgage their land without the consent of the village assembly. The landless villagers—the cultivators, the traders, and the workers—were, for their part, to contribute at least one-thirtieth of their earnings in labor, cash, or kind to the village. The theory behind *gramadan* was that land reform was to be brought about by voluntary action, for it was hoped that once the principle of sharing was accepted, the landowners would see the wisdom of collective ownership and would distribute all their land equally among the villagers through the village assembly. As the campaign got under way, the principle of sharing land was extended to include sharing skills and services, and the ideological vocabulary of *gramadan* was enlarged to include terms like *jivandan* ("gift of life service"), *sadhandan* ("gift of tools"), *sampattidan* ("gift of wealth"), *buddhidan* ("gift of intelligence"), *shram-*

First Exhibition in America
FELIX VALLOTTON
(1865-1925)
A retrospective showing of paintings drawings and lithographs

ROMAN ROAD
Oil on canvas 28¾x23⅝ in.
Signed (LR): F. VALLOTTON. 20

April 7 through April 25

Hirschl & Adler
Galleries inc.
21 East 67th Street New York N. Y. 10021
Telephone (212) 535-8810 Cable: Hiramart

Find your frames where the world's great museums do

THE HOUSE OF HEYDENRYK

now at
417 E.76St.N.Y.C. 10021 • 249-4903
Frames from $10.95 to $2800.00

Café Carlyle

BOBBY SHORT

Complete Dinner $7.50
served to 9:30 p.m.
Entertainment from
9:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.
Cover $3 p.p.
Minimum $3 p.p.
after 9:30.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. at 76th ST.
TEL. 744-1600

dan ("gift of social service"), and *premdan* ("gift of love"), and the movement became associated with or gave rise to several institutions, like Shanti Sena (the Peace Army), Sarva Seva Sangh (the Service of All Society), and the Gandhi Ashram, the largest homespun-cloth and village-industries organization. Vinoba chose the extremely poor, caste-ridden, overpopulated, backward state of Bihar as the first battlefield for his revolution and issued a pronouncement to the nation calling for Gramadan-Toofan ("*toofan*" is Hindi for "storm"):

> Gramadan-Toofan is a movement for the liberation of the village. In this we have no conflict with anybody nor do we have to wait for government legislation. Just one day, as soon as possible, all the village people—masters, wealthy persons, labourers—together decide and change the management of their village. The village land should provide food for every villager; *charkha* would provide cloth for everyone. The elders would resolve conflicts and the youth would defend the village. Neither police nor courts, neither coercion nor force. Everything to be done with brotherliness. This is possible, and what other way have we?

The followers of Gandhi and Vinoba began dreaming of a day when there would be enough *gramadan* village-assembly representatives in a state legislature to take control of it and so bring about *pradeshdan* ("gift of state") and in due course enough *pradeshdan* state representatives in Parliament to take control of it and so bring about *deshdan* ("gift of country").

Vinoba, who is in his seventies, has now mostly discontinued his walks and his public appearances. The major part of his work has been taken up by Jayaprakash Narayan, one of Vinoba's earliest adherents. The ideas of Vinoba and Narayan have often been derided by political commentators, politicians, and government officers as "impractical," "unrealistic," and "utopian." Narayan's reply has always been "There are only two ways—Vinoba's and Mao Tse-tung's."

JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN has his home in Baburbani, a constituent hamlet of the village of Kodar-ha Naubarar, in the Ballia district, which lies between the Ganga and the Gogra Rivers in Uttar Pradesh. The villagers in this region are cultivators who live completely apart from the modern age, ignorant of even the most basic benefits of an industrial society; although they may be served by a railway line, their commonest means of transport is a bullock cart or an elephant. At present, Baburbani has five hundred inhabitants,

THE REVERSIBLE PLAY DRESS... of long-playing Dacron® and cotton; the floral side has ruching pockets, the reverse, ruching plastron. In green or blue and white. By Gregg Draddy. In 8-16. 38.00

MONTALDO'S

Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Columbus, Ohio
East Orange, Short Hills, N.J. Doop's

Almost Nothing!

Our endeavor to eliminate practically everything from our NEW DIGITAL CLOCK has succeeded beyond expectations. There are no dials, and no hands of course, but (astonishingly) there is no wind-up, no electricity, and no dangling cords either. The secret? Two tiny batteries which power our clock for one year at split-minute (sorry, no seconds) accuracy. What else is left? There is push-button illumination, a full array of colors, high style, a precision German transistorized clockwork, instant read-out of exact time, but otherwise not really very much else. And if anybody should question why you paid a little more for the NEW DIGITAL CLOCK just tell him that it is the only cordless digital light-up clock in the whole wide world, a thing of beauty and a work of art.

☐ Please rush me the NEW DIGITAL CLOCK. My color preference (list first and second) is: (1)_________, (2)_________, (Black, red, blue, ivory, and gray case). My check for $35.95 ($34.95 plus $1 for postage and insurance) is enclosed. Calif. res. add 5% sales tax. One year guarantee; two week return privilege.

Name____________________

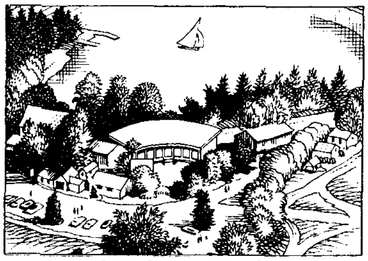
Address____________________

____________________ Zip ________

584 Washington St., San Francisco, CA 94111

haverhill's

Your haven from a harried world.



Opening June 14th.

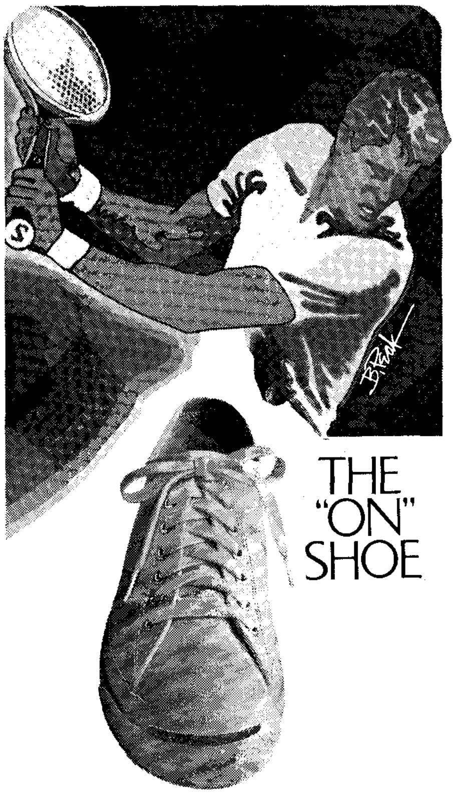
Basin Harbor is 700 acres of beautiful tranquility on the shores of Lake Champlain. Golf on our uncrowded 18-hole course. Fish, sail and relax on this lovely lake. Swim in our 75-foot pool. Play tennis in the clear Vermont air. Enjoy delicious food and great guest rooms. We also have special children's programs, so bring the whole family. Come this summer or fall. We're open until October 15th.

For information and reservations, New York Reservation Office: 30 Rockefeller Plaza West. Tel: (212) LT 1-6595 or write Robert H. Beach, Manager, Box 8A.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB

Tel (802) 475-2311

VERGENNES, VERMONT 05491



Made for competition. Tireless Posture Foundation support. Non-skid soles for game-forcing traction.

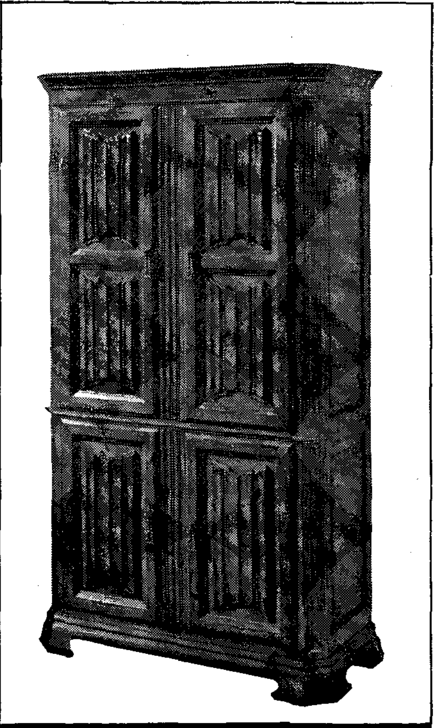
Jack Purcell®

B.F.Goodrich

or fifty-five families, who live in forty mud huts, who together own twenty-six spinning wheels, and who have three small *pukka* public buildings—a temple, a veterinary station, and a meeting place called Gandhi Bhavan (Gandhi House). Baburbani has about a hundred acres of arable land, all of which was originally owned in equal shares by the only two living members of Narayan's family—Jayaprakash and his brother, Rajeshwar Prasad. In 1954, Rajeshwar Prasad, who was settled in a business in Bombay, sold his share to other landowners, and Jayaprakash Narayan gave more than half of his share to landless village cultivators at a *sarvodaya mela*, or festival, which he had organized for the purpose of *bhudan.* (Almost all the rest of the land is still in his possession and is farmed by hired cultivators.) Since then, Baburbani has held a *sarvodaya mela* every year to rededicate itself to the principles of the movement. This year's *sarvodaya mela* has special significance: Baburbani has decided to adopt *gramadan.*

Narayan and his wife, Prabhavati, are going to the village to attend the *mela*, and the day before the *mela* I fly with them, in the early afternoon, from Delhi, where he has been lecturing on *sarvodaya*, to Patna, the capital of Bihar, on the first leg of the complicated journey to Baburbani, for which careful arrangements have been made. J. P., as Narayan is affectionately called, is about six feet tall, with a strong, square face, thoughtful gray eyes, and a shy smile. He is sixty-four, and in appearance he has aged considerably since I first met him, eight or nine years ago. His gestures have become slow and deliberate, his speech quiet and unassertive, and he has the simple manner of an ascetic. He is dressed in a spotless homespun *dhoti* and *kurta*, and, in the plane, sits passively under the watchful maternal eye of Prabhavati Bahen. (*Sarvodaya* workers often drop their surnames and instead address one another as "*bhai*" and "*bahen*," or "brother" and "sister.") Prabhavati Bahen wears a plain white homespun sari, the free end of which she uses occasionally to blot her forehead. She is silent and looks serious. Once or twice, J. P. tries to doze, his long legs stretched out before him, his long hands resting on his knees, but the flight is very bumpy and he is jolted awake.

At Patna, a jeep and a driver are waiting for us, and we drive due west on a dusty road for about forty miles to Arrah, a small rural town with a



Courtenay...
another heirloom collection
in solid wood... by Davis.

DAVIS
CABINET COMPANY
Craftsmen of Fine SOLID WOOD Furniture
NASHVILLE TENNESSEE

A mug of ale, a mutton chop, and a churchwarden pipe. No, you're not in London...you're at

Keen's
English Chop House.

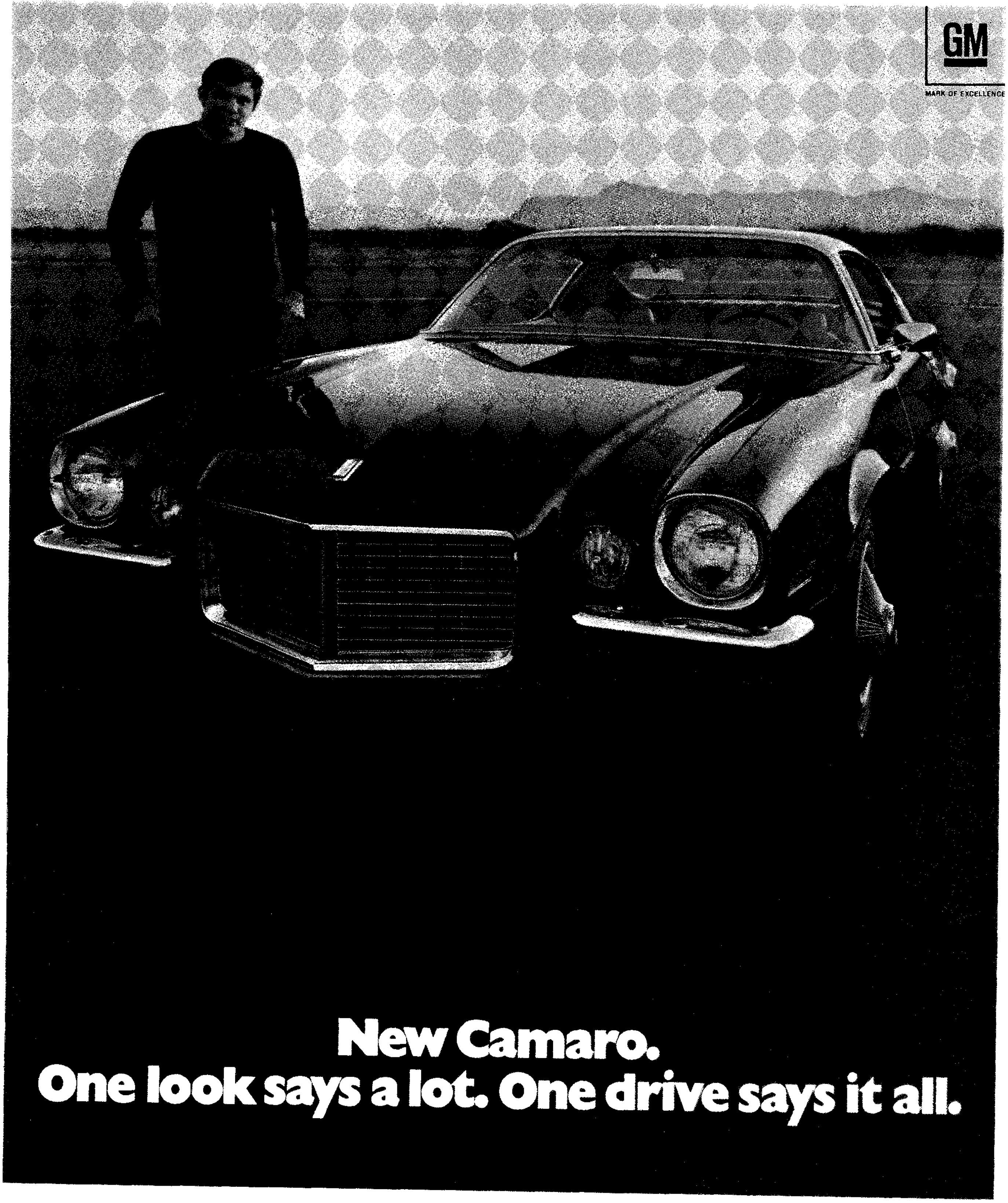
72 W.36,N.Y.—WI7-3636
Free Dinner Parking

Your own private Eden on one of the world's great beaches . . . a secluded resort and Watersports Center on colorful, sunny St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands.

Color brochure and Watersports folder on request
See your travel agent or call
HETLAND & STEVENS INC
211 East 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10017
Telephone (212) 867-1450

Sapphire Bay
St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801

Camaro Sport Coupe with Rally Sport equipment.



Just sitting there, the new Camaro has a lot to say for itself.

You get the impression that it's a driver's car from the ground up.

Because it's done away with simulated put-ons. And instead, the new Camaro comes on big with a low, broad-shouldered stance. Two buckets up front, two bucket-styled cushions in back. And a wraparound instrument panel that puts all the essentials right in front of you.

Take it out on the road and impressions become realities.

There's a new front and rear suspension that's turned the Hugger into the Super Hugger. There are six engines. Four transmissions. Standard disc brakes up front. And a steel guard beam inside each door.

But don't just take our word for it. Drop in at your Chevy dealer's Sports Department and take a good long look.

Then, a good long drive.

CHEVROLET

Putting you first, keeps us first.

HOW LONG WILL YOU BE SINKING INTO IT ...AND LOVING IT?

GENUINE KHALABAR

KHALABAR India Hand-Made Carpet

This is the stuff of which great investments and glowing heirlooms are made: hand-woven, long-staple new woolen yarns (no waste cotton here!) fabled colors and designs to live with. All enduringly crafted for the years to come, and then some!

All wearing the gold-and-black hallmark that guarantees a genuine...and permanent...Khalabar*.

Whet your appetite at a fine store near you. Feast your eyes on Khalabar (Bengali* and Chindia* too). And write for our full-color, illustrated book. It's yours for 50c to **Pande, Cameron and Company of NewYork, 295 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10016.**

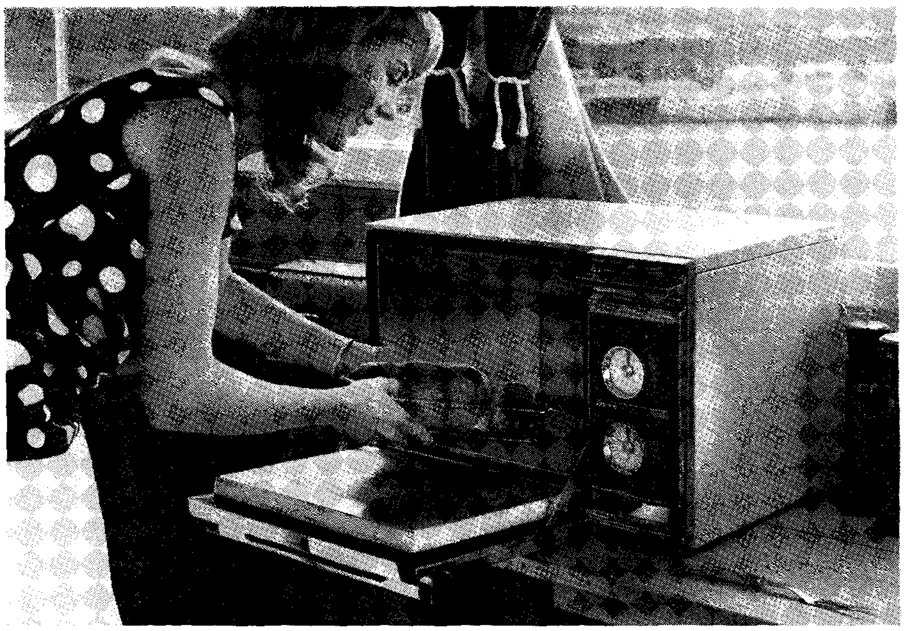
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marketplace and a few grain shops. We get out of the jeep, stop at a tea stall and are served strong tea in earthenware cups, and proceed on foot along an oozy mud track to the bank of the Ganga, where a boat and a boatman are waiting for us. We get into the boat and move into the current. It is twilight now, and a gentle breeze is rising from the river. There can be heard only the sound of the oars dipping in the water and the loud throb of crickets on the banks. It takes us about a quarter of an hour to cross the Ganga, and we reach the opposite bank in the dark. Here a bullock cart and a couple of villagers are waiting. We climb into the bullock cart and start out across dark unplowed fields, an old man walking ahead of us with a staff in one hand and a lighted lantern in the other, to show the bullocks the way. The wheels of the bullock cart are loose on the axles, and the bullocks constantly stumble, so the cart sways and rocks with a sickening slowness. It takes us an hour and a half to cover the three miles to Baburbani. After passing a row of lightless huts, we reach a small, square, thatch-roofed mud house, which shows up reddish-yellow in the glow of hurricane lamps that are hanging on the outer walls over a terrace; it is J. P.'s house, which he occasionally uses as a retreat when he is not travelling through the country for the cause of *sarvodaya*. A number of people are waiting outside the house to greet J. P. and Prabhavati Bahen. In addition to a caretaker, they include a party of men who have arrived in advance to make arrangements for the *mela:* a couple of servants; a stenographer; Dhirendra Majumdar, chairman of the Sarva Seva Sangh; Kapil Bhai, a leader of the Gandhi Ashram; and several other *sarvodaya* leaders.

We all go inside. The house is built around an open packed-earth courtyard lined by a veranda, off which are simple whitewashed cubicles with packed-earth floors. The cubicles contain plain, benchlike cots, kerosene lamps, and earthenware pitchers. We all sit down on straw mats spread out on the veranda floor near the kitchen, and Prabhavati Bahen and the servants pass us brass plates heaped with lentils, green vegetables, potatoes, chapatties dripping with *ghi*, and guavas.

IT is the day of the *sarvodaya mela.* "The village is full of sparrows," J. P. says, washing his hands and face and drying them with a towel from an old-fashioned washstand, which is next to a drum of water at one end of

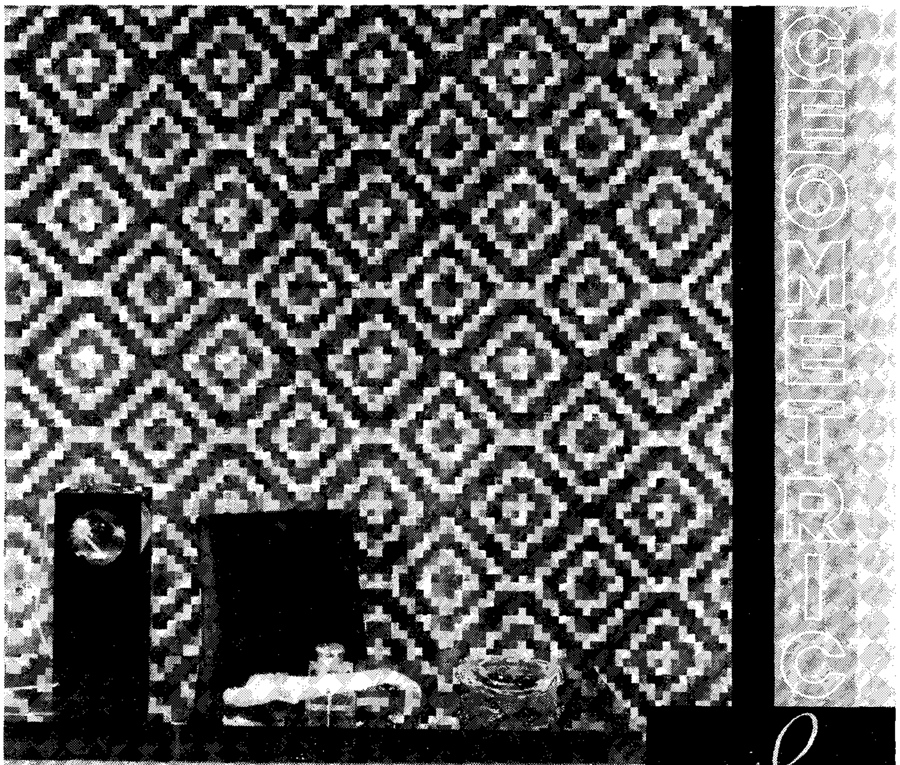


Cool, clean way to roast

Cook a five-pound roast medium-rare in only 37½ minutes in this microwave electronic counter-top oven. Baked potatoes take only four minutes. Stainless steel oven lining increases efficiency of radar-type waves, reduces cleanup to a mere wipe with a damp cloth. Oven stays cool to the touch inside and out. Ideal for home, boat, cottage. Just plug it into any 110-volt, AC outlet.

Republic steel

(Only the ENDURO® stainless steel is produced by Republic Steel. The microwave oven manufacturer's name and address will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Dept. NY-9130, 1441 Republic Building, P.O. Box 6778, Cleveland, Ohio 44101.)



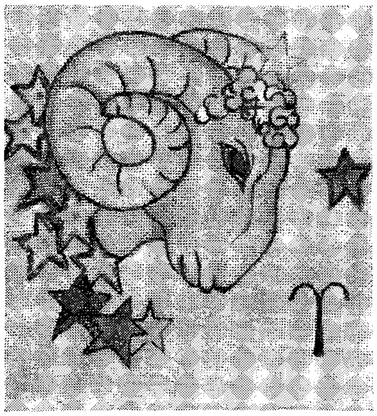
STRIKING BACKGROUND with the TOMORROW LOOK

This unique arrangement of multicolored squares creates a fascinating, 3-dimensional effect which is particularly interesting for the sophisticated interior. Ask to see it at your interior designer or wallpaper dealer.

Send 50¢ for actual samples of "Geometric" in its four smart colorways . . . or $1 for samples plus Decorators Idea Kit to:
4000-GC CHEVY CHASE DR., LOS ANGELES 90039

Albert Van Luit & Co.
WALLCOVERINGS
FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ROOM IN YOUR HOME

A Sign of Your Talent



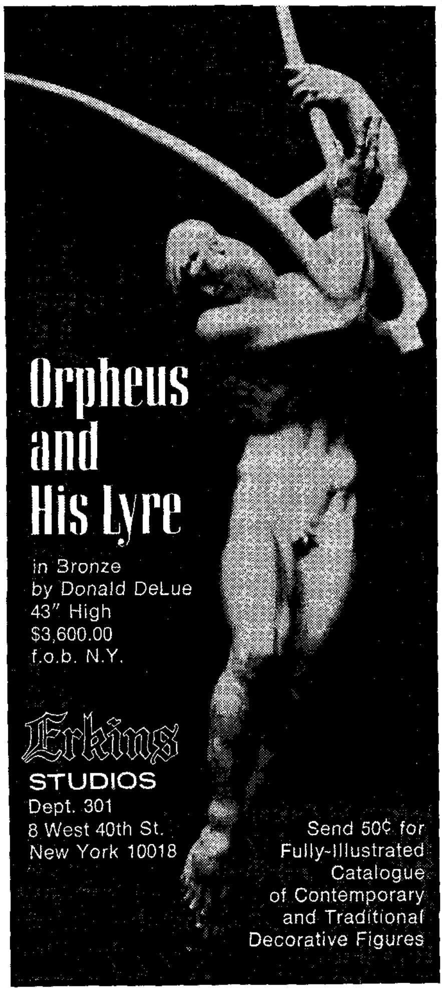
ARIES MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Aries the Ram. The sign of creative geniuses like Michelangelo. Of writers like Tennessee Williams and actors like Brando. Your sign. Ready to be needlepointed on a 15" hand-painted canvas with rich Persian wools in shades of blue, soft grey, red and yellow. Complete with needles and instructions for $50. Try several, they'll make a fantastic rug. Or pillows. Send $1.50 for our color catalog of original Mazaltov creations.

New York ■ San Francisco ■ Palm Beach

MAZALTOV'S

Dept. 4Y, 758 Madison Ave. (65 St.) NY 10021



Orpheus and His Lyre

in Bronze
by Donald DeLue
43" High
$3,600.00
f.o.b. N.Y.

Erkins STUDIOS
Dept. 301
8 West 40th St.
New York 10018

Send 50¢ for Fully-Illustrated Catalogue of Contemporary and Traditional Decorative Figures

the veranda. "They've been coming and pecking at their reflections in that mirror for years," he goes on, looking at a very dirty mirror on the washstand. "They've got so used to pecking there that even when I put some newspaper over the mirror, they go right on pecking at the same place."

Outside J. P.'s house, a crowd of villagers from Baburbani and neighboring hamlets and villages has gathered. J. P. goes out, and they immediately surround him, pleading for food, medicine, jobs. J. P. tries to talk to each one individually.

"I have nothing to eat," one of the villagers says. "My family has nothing to eat. I can't find work."

"Do you have any relatives who can help you?" J. P. asks him over the hubbub.

"No, none," he says.

"Where are you from?" J. P. asks.

"Sitabdiara," he says.

"What is your name?" J. P. asks.

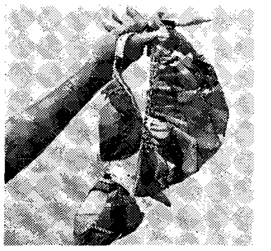
"Ram Lal," he says.

"If I hear of anything, I'll be thinking of you," J. P. says.

J. P. starts walking away from the house. The villagers follow him, still pleading. "Wherever you go in India, there is always a crowd of suppliants," J. P. says to me.

We are walking along a mud lane. On one side are the mud huts of Baburbani; on the other side are an orchard of apple, guava, and mango trees, and a small chicken coop with a flock of white leghorns. Ahead is the temple—a brick-and-cement structure, bare except for a lingam and a statue of Shiva—and then a large bamboo shed in which rows of straw pallets have been put down for the *sarvodaya* volunteers. Across from this is Gandhi Bhavan, its door open and a *shamiana* set up across its front for the *mela*. Inside Gandhi Bhavan, which consists of one large hall and four small rooms, about twenty *sarvodaya* volunteers, dressed in homespun *dhotis* and *kurtas*, are seated on a mat on the floor. We enter, and the villagers following J. P. sit down wherever they can find a place—inside the hall or under the *shamiana*. There is no furniture of any kind, but pasted all over the walls are quotations in Hindi, from, among others, J. P., Dhirendra Majumdar, Vinoba, Gandhi, Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, Mohammed, Marx, Shaw, and Norman Thomas, extolling, variously, self-reliance, work, village industry, and the spinning wheel, and invoking God, the Ganga, and the President of India. ("'If rich people are unwilling

At Tower Isle, you can get by on next to nothing.

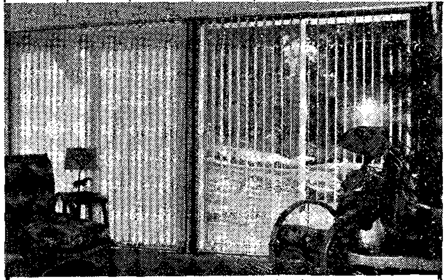


A beautiful, self-contained beach resort nestled in a cove by the sea is no place to stand on ceremony. It's a place for a morning's stroll on a magnificent white beach. An afternoon of tennis on Jamaica's finest courts, or a swim in our fresh water pool. An evening dancing the Reggae and sipping a potion called Sink or Swim. It's a place for letting your hair down and your spirits up.

Jamaica's Tower Isle
Like no place else on earth.

Tower Isle, P.O. Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W.I.
An Issa Hotel—Nick Brimo
Vice President & General Manager.
See your travel agent or our international representatives, Leonard Hicks.

THRU-VU



FABRIC VERTICAL BLINDS
The louvers turn to control the light, pull to the side like a drapery
Unique design holds Thru-Vu fast in a breeze with no bottom track.
Custom made to fit your windows.
Available in many beautiful colors and materials.
WRITE OR PHONE FOR YOUR NEAREST DEALER, Dept. M
THRU-VU VERTICAL BLIND CORP.
Mamaroneck, N.Y. 10543
(914) 698-0352

EUROPE by CAR

Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue, Savings on Car Rental and Purchase

VOLKSWAGEN VOLVO
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT, SAAB, MG, ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR, INC.
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. 581-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 272-0424
CAR (S)________
Name________
Address________
City________ State____ NE-11

to give us voluntarily their wealth and the power arising out of that wealth so that we may use it in everybody's interests in coöperation, it is definite that our country will have bloody and violent revolution.'—Mahatma Gandhi.")

J. P. takes a seat among the other leaders at the far end of the hall, facing the gathering. Each *sarvodaya* volunteer rises in turn, gives his name and his village, and talks about the progress he has made in enlisting villages in *gramadan*.

"I and two of my companion *sarvodaya* volunteers arrived in a village," a large, round man is saying, in Hindi. "At the first hut where we stopped, the cultivator who lived there asked us what we wanted. We tried to explain the meaning of *sarvodaya* to him. He asked, 'What can I do about it?' I said, 'We would like to stay with you and talk further.' He said, 'This is my time to eat.' I said, 'We know it is time to eat, because we, too, are hungry.' He said, 'My rice is getting cold.' I repeated, 'We are hungry, too.' He said, 'Do you want to eat up my rice?' I said, 'I wouldn't have put it that way.' He said, 'I am going to eat. There is no rice for strangers here. There is not enough rice even for my children.' I explained to him our *sarvodaya* practice of the touring party dividing up and quartering singly, one to a hut—"

"Get on to what happened about *gramadan!*" Majumdar calls out.

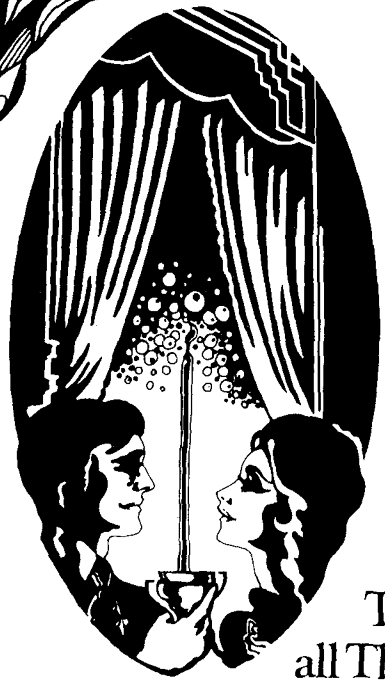
"Did you ever get any food?" J. P. asks.

"I said to the cultivator, 'At least help us find some other villagers who will take us in.' He said, 'Why should I do that?' I said, 'Why not?' After a few hours of talking and searching about the village, we got fed, but no sooner had we finished our meal than the villagers turned us out."

The reports from the *sarvodaya* volunteers continue for some time. People in the audience keep shuffling and coughing, and now and again someone starts to snore.

A man with an uncomprehending but reverent expression gets to his feet and makes his way to Acharya Ramamurti, a *sarvodaya* leader who is sitting next to J. P. and is presiding over the meeting. He gives Ramamurti a stack of papers and returns to his place on the floor.

Ramamurti, having informed the assemblage that these are formal documents offering Baburbani to the *gramadan* movement and that one of them changes the name of the village



Edwardian Room

Rediscover romance in The Edwardian Room.

Fine food, candlelight, violin by Sandu Marcu, and a great view of Central Park. Every day for lunch and dinner until 10:30 pm. Reservations, call Mr. Jan, Plaza 9-3000. Just one of eight great restaurants at The Plaza.

These days you need all The Plaza you can get.

The Edwardian Room. Oak Room & Bar. Oyster Bar. The Palm Court. The Palm Court After 8. Trader Vic's. The Persian Room. Plaza 9-.

A SONESTA HOTEL

Distilled and Bottled in Scotland under British Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD

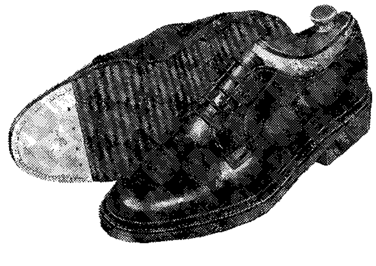
Cutty people know.

America's No. 1 Scotch.

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF

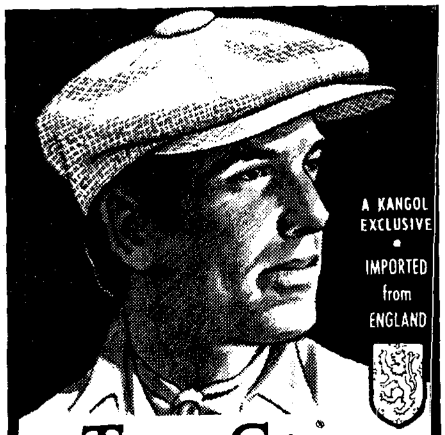
Alden
OF
NEW ENGLAND

Custom Bootmakers
Since 1884



Our famous plain toe model in imported grain. Genuine plantation crepe sole with reinforced leather tip. Available at finest shops or please write.

C. H. Alden Shoe Co.
Middleborough, Mass. 02346



A KANGOL EXCLUSIVE
•
IMPORTED from ENGLAND

TropiCap®
Super "Big-Apple"
Its NEW . . . King-Size version of the TropiCap . . . breeze-thru lightweight weave, shape-retaining, washable. Perfect for all outdoor occasions.

White, Linen, Gold, Ice Blue, D'k Brown, Parrot Green, Black.
Sizes 6¾ to 7⅝
about $6.50

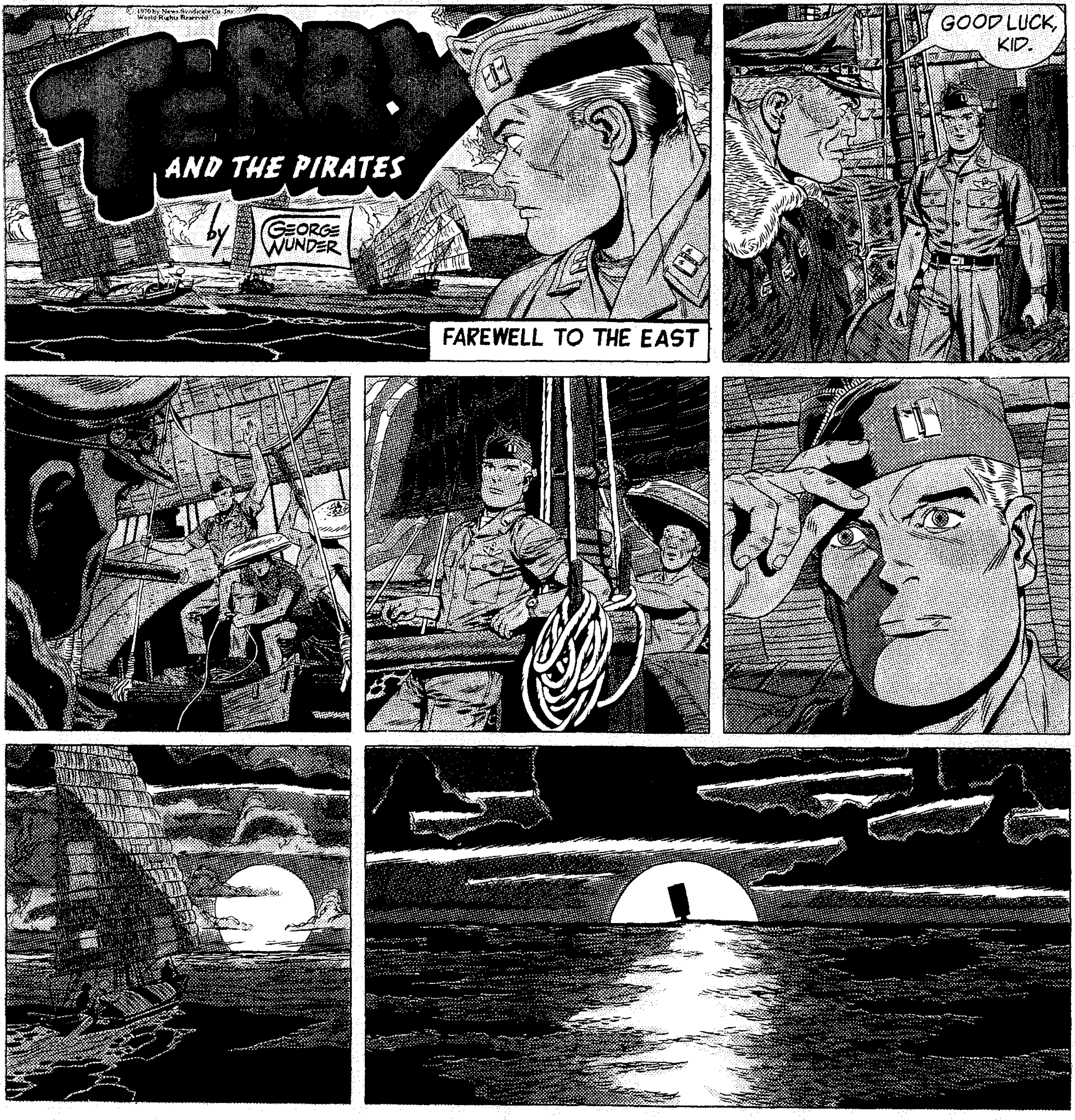
TropiCap Super "Big Apple"— her choice, too!

Dept. N at your favorite store, or write
E. STERN & CO. 1333 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

from Baburbani to Jayaprakash Nagar ("*nagar*" means "town"), launches into a harangue. "What is written on these papers? What for these signatures? What is this *gramadan*?" he asks. "It is liberation of the heart. Gandhiji said that the change in the life of the poorest and weakest man in the village is the measure of the economic development of the country. But if we measure our present development schemes with that yardstick, we have to admit that the poorest, weakest man is falling farther and farther behind and the richest, strongest man is pulling farther and farther ahead." Ramamurti tells about visiting a village in which the government, as part of a development scheme, had recently built a motorable road. There he met a villager who wanted to dig up the road. The villager explained that since the construction of the road government officers had been bringing a stream of dignitaries to the village to see the road, and the villagers had been burdened with the problem of providing food for these visitors. "The villager's logic was no road, no officers, no extra mouths to feed," Ramamurti continues. "Since ancestral times, the villagers had walked in the mud, amid thorns. They preferred it. What was the use of development? If they didn't want development, why should you think they would want *sarvodaya*? One of the simplest demands of *sarvodaya* is that the people wear cloth made from yarn they spin themselves, yet many villagers would rather buy mill-made cloth than spin their own yarn. Today, in all the huts of Baburbani, is there one person who thinks about the village? We merely reside in the village. Our heart does not accept that this village is ours, that our sufferings are common." He discusses this theme at length and concludes, "Though it is a pity, the bigwigs in the country are busy with small, petty things. Therefore, brothers and sisters, busy yourselves with the big task in your small village."

Now it is J. P.'s turn to talk. Like the speakers who have preceded him, he has no prepared text, no notes, and no sense of time; his speech is in the tradition of Indian leaders who know that the people in their audiences have come not to study their words but to have a *darshana*. He talks on for a couple of hours, touching at random on many subjects, including population and war. "Although I am a supporter of family planning, Vinobaji and I think that the problem of the population explosion may have been exaggerated," he says at one point. "Vinobaji says, 'God has designed us so we can take care of ourselves. Every new baby means a new mouth and a new stomach to feed, but it also means two new hands and two new feet.' But everywhere there is inflation and scarcity. We spend all our money on defense while our people are hungry and go naked. If Pakistan and China want to invade us, we should try to fight them not with tanks and mortars and airplanes and bombs but with Gandhiji's methods of complete nonviolence and noncoöperation. We should be prepared to suffer the consequences of our enemies' violence until we shame them with their own evil-doing and they pull back."

He finally turns to *gramadan*. "My picture of the Indian village is that it remained more or less the same for hundreds of years, in spite of India's succession of conquerors," he says. "But when the British came, they established an all-powerful bureaucracy. Its influence reached into every village. Everything was done for us by the government. The British taught us to think of the government as mother and father, which was a form of slavery. Our masters have departed, but we continue to have the outlook of dependence. What we still have in India is a form of statism, with everything imposed from above, rather than true democratic Socialism or grass-roots democracy, with everything done by the people themselves. Ours is a rural country, and most of our people live in villages. Yet the country continues to be run from a few big cities. Vinobaji and I feel that if our country is ever to be great again, every village must be encouraged to participate in the government. Our villagers must stop thinking like children or slaves. They must assume adult responsibilities. This is the point of *gramadan*." He goes on to clarify some details of the *gramadan* system. "Once your village constitutes itself into the village assembly, composed of an adult representative from each of your families, the village assembly will manage all the affairs of the village. But no village can be accepted into the *gramadan* movement unless at least seventy-five per cent of its people agree to these conditions. We started the *gramadan* movement in Bihar. So far, several thousand villages in the state have joined the movement, but some of these are only constituent hamlets of villages, and in any case there are, all together, seventy-two thousand


© 1970 by News Syndicate Co. Inc. World Rights Reserved
TERRY AND THE PIRATES
by GEORGE WUNDER
FAREWELL TO THE EAST
GOOD LUCK, KID.

COME BACK, TERRY, AND TOUR THE ORIENT OUR WAY.

When Terry was there, he hid behind temple Buddhas, raced up and down steep streets, slept in rocking sampans. These remain, roughing it doesn't.

With TWA, you sleep in Hiltons or hotels like them. You'll eat a Mongolian barbecue in a garden villa, stay at a Japanese country inn. Your motorcoaches have shock absorbers that work, and your tour escort can speak the local languages.

For $898 from the West Coast, TWA's 16-day adventure stops first at Okinawa. You'll visit Tokyo, Kyoto and Expo '70, five other Japanese cities, Taipei, and Hong Kong with a side trip to Macao.

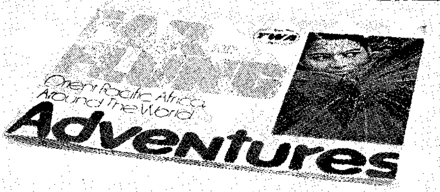
You even have time to swim in the East China Sea, whoop it up in Tokyo's night life and learn why Japanese girls make such good wives by visiting a training school for brides.

Far Flung Adventures is a play-by-play outline of the $898 tour and eleven others that are even more far flung.

Send for it.

And see what Terry missed.

TWA, Department 529
P.O. Box 25, Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017
Please send me Far Flung Adventures.
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________


Far Flung
TWA
Orient Pacific Africa Around The World
Adventures

SOMEHOW, YOU FEEL MORE IMPORTANT ON TWA.

Dacron®
The clubhouse suit.

HICKEY-FREEMAN puts together a parlay that's sure to become a favorite. And incidentally ends the guesswork game of matching slacks to sport coat. It's a perfect coordination, impeccably tailored. Multi-checked sport coat with solid-shade slacks. Both in a rich, resilient blend of Dacron* polyester, wool and mohair. Which means, of course, that you'll always look like a winner. Ask for a Hickey-Freeman sport-coat coordinate with "Dacron". You'll like the way you look.

*Du Pont registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT OFF

Better things for better living
...through chemistry

villages in Bihar. Yet we don't have even a hundred full-time *sarvodaya* volunteers in Bihar, and many of them won't stay with the work. Critics of *gramadan* say that we're doing nothing more than collecting a lot of empty pledges. But we say our revolution is not merely a matter of changing the legal relationship of the village to its land—it's a matter of changing men's hearts so that they begin to wonder why they have always done things in a certain way and how things can be done better. Change must take place in the heart and mind and radiate outward. This is what Gandhiji meant by the double revolution—revolution in the heart and revolution in the world. The aims of *gramadan* could be accomplished by legislation and force. If we didn't care about the cost in human terms, perhaps that might be the best way to do it. But we do care about the cost in human terms. The critics of *gramadan* say we're impractical and utopian, and it is true that there are five or six hundred thousand villages in our country and it may take many, many years to enlist them all in *gramadan*." J. P. finishes by saying, "But in the history of the world many years is not a long period."

At the end of the meeting, everyone joins in singing a hymn celebrating *gramadan*.

JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN was born in 1902 in Sitabdiara, in the Chapra district of Bihar, near Baburbani. His father was a junior officer in the Irrigation Department. Jayaprakash went to school in his village and then, when he was seventeen, to the British government college in Patna, on a government scholarship, to study science. In his second year, he took part in a student noncoöperation movement and left college. Soon after that, he married Prabhavati Prasad, the daughter of a distinguished lawyer who was one of the leaders of the Congress movement in Bihar. In 1922, his father-in-law made arrangements for Prabhavati to live with Gandhi and his wife, Kasturba, in Gandhi's *ashram* while Narayan, with financial help from his father and his father-in-law, went to the United States to continue his education. For seven years, he studied, off and on, at the state universities of California, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Ohio, supporting himself in whatever way he could—by waiting on table or picking fruit. While he was in the United States, he came under the influence of some fervent Communist students and became a Communist himself, and

PRODUCT OF
MEXICO
80 PROOF
IMPORTED
TEQUILA
Mariachi

Tequila civilized.

For 200 years, tequila has been a bit wild in the saddle.

Tequila Mariachi is different. We make it especially for north-of-the-border tastes.

Latin spirit with a calm disposition.

Trust us. Now you can enjoy a delicious margarita, tequila sour, tequila collins, tequila anything.

Mariachi. The tequila for gringos.

Imported Tequila. 80 Proof. Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.

MALDON
PURE CRYSTAL
table
sea salt

WOOD SALT MILL

Our little French import, 3½" tall, releases the full savor of every salt crystal to draw out the flavor in meats, seafood, vegetables. All wood, no metal parts to corrode. $2.75 ppd.

MALDON SALT CRYSTALS "Panned" from the sea off Suffolk, England, since Roman times, this rare salt is particularly acclaimed by food authorities. 1 lb. box $1.98 ea. ppd. *Mail orders filled promptly. Satisfaction Guaranteed.*

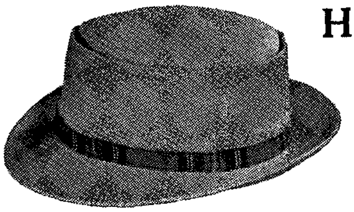
COLONIAL GARDEN Country Kitchen

Dept. NY4-11, 270 W. Merrick Road,
Valley Stream, N.Y. 11582

Try this Island

Paradise Island, Nassau in the Bahamas...and the newest resort hotel, the 250 room Flagler Inn. Luxurious accommodations. Gourmet dining. Music. Dancing. Entertainment. Cocktails. Swim and tan in Sip 'n' Dip pool or nearby Paradise Beach. Shop Bay Street. Golf. Try the Casino. All the action or relaxation you want. See your Travel Agent, our representative Leonard Hicks or write: Reservation Office, Box 910, Palm Beach, Fla. 33480.

Flagler Inn
PARADISE ISLAND, NASSAU



Bean's Pork Pie Hat

Fine pre-shrunk Dacron® and cotton gabardine with lined crown to prevent stain, and stitched flexible brim. Water repellent. For fishing, camping or everyday wear. Light Tan with Red Tartan band. Sizes 6¾ to 7¾.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship_____Pork Pie Hats @ $4.65 post paid

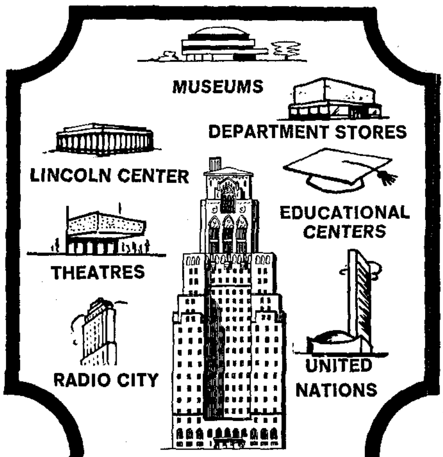
Size__________

Name__________

Address__________

Zip__________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
349 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Fishing, Camping and Hunting Specialties



The Barbizon

THE BARBIZON—NEW YORK'S BEST FOR YOUNG WOMEN

In the Barbizon itself there is every convenience—shops, beauty parlor, restaurants, recital rooms, swimming pool, a lobby of sparkling decor. Step outside and world-famous sources of education, fashion, culture, and entertainment are within range of your footsteps. What girl wouldn't love this marvelous location to work and study for her future? Ambitious, discriminating young women have for years preferred the Barbizon. Many of the world's most successful women were Barbizon girls and credit the uniqueness of the Barbizon as a solid factor in their careers. New York's leading residential hotel for young women offers perfect security and privacy. Rates from $10.25 daily. Weekly on application. Send for free brochure.

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 63RD ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

PAISLEY POW

Gayle Kirkpatrick treats a trim little polo shirtdress to loads of those romantic, dramatic whirls and swirls—then stops it short with a geometric border. Nifty in red and black polyester/cotton knit for sizes 4 to 14. $50.

Mail and phone orders carefully filled.

NAN DUSKIN
1729 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

after receiving an M.A. in sociology from Ohio State University he returned to India. He did not, however, join the Communist Party of India, because on instructions from the Comintern it was keeping aloof from the movement for independence and he thought of himself as a nationalist. Instead, he joined the Congress Party, becoming a close ally of Nehru and serving as the leader of its Socialist wing. In the thirties, partly in reaction against the Stalinist purges, he abandoned Communism for what he called Democratic Socialism, and began advocating a combination of Marxist ideology and Western democracy. Like the other Congress leaders, he was frequently imprisoned. One of the main episodes in his political life occurred in 1942, when he escaped from a jail by climbing down the prison wall on a rope made of *dhotis*. Subsequently, he organized a band of saboteurs who derailed trains and cut telephone wires, and in time he acquired the reputation of a romantic revolutionary hero. After Independence, Narayan and some other Socialists left the Congress Party to found a separate Socialist party, but it was routed in elections and was eventually supplanted by several other Socialist parties. In 1952, in the course of a twenty-one-day fast that Narayan undertook for purposes of introspection and self-purification, he realized, according to a pamphlet he wrote entitled "From Socialism to Sarvodaya," that "materialism as a philosophical outlook could not provide any basis for ethical conduct." Elaborating on this thought, he wrote in an essay entitled "Social and Human Reconstruction" (his thoughts are diffused and repeated through a medley of speeches, pamphlets, and essays):

> The individual asks . . . why he should be good. There is no God, no soul, no morality, no life hereafter. . . . He is merely an organization of matter . . . destined soon to dissolve into the infinite ocean of matter. He sees all around him evil succeed—corruption, profiteering, lying, deception, cruelty, power politics, violence. He asks, naturally, why he should be virtuous. Our social norms of today and the materialist philosophy which rules the affairs of men answer back: He need not. The cleverer he is, the more gifted, the more courageously he practices the new amorality.

Narayan now felt that the only hope of creating a new moral order, in which men would work for one another's good, in which there would be no corruption or exploitation, and in which the well-being of all would take precedence over the self-interest of indi-

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the
great European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—
never a convention.

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Telephone (202) 483-6400
or see your travel agent
Marshall B. Coyne, President

Pilot House, Nassau, Bahamas. Where you're close to everything. In a world of your own.

Pilot House, Nassau, Bahamas
See your travel agent or our rep. Robert Reid Associates, Inc.

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

Karsh

viduals, was to follow the path Gandhi had shown. In 1954, therefore, he renounced party politics and Socialism, and plunged into the new politics of what he called "the *bhudan* Ganga." To quote "From Socialism to Sarvodaya" again, "*Sarvodaya* also has its politics. But it is politics of a different kind: politics of the people, as I have called it, as distinct from the politics of party and power. . . . Rather, its aim will be to see that all centres of power are abolished. The more this new politics grows, the more the old politics shrinks. A real withering away of the state!"

ONE evening, as Narayan and I sit talking on the veranda of his house, I ask him to elaborate on his early life.

"My memory is not as good as it used to be," he says. "I am getting on in years. Anyway, I have always lived in the present and have never taken much interest in the past. I once picked up a Hindi biography of me that someone had written, and read the first few pages. They told about how I was born between two sacred rivers, how holy I was—things like that. I said to myself, 'This is not a biography, it's a hymn,' and I put it down and never looked at it again."

I bring up some criticisms that have been made of the *sarvodaya* movement, particularly the point that the moral ideals of *sarvodaya* only cloud the real economic issue of land reform.

"There will always be criticism of anyone who tries to do any good in the world or tries to teach human beings to be good and to work for one another's good," J. P. says. He goes on, "For many years, the government was investing mainly in big, showy industrial projects, like steel plants, but I think the money would have been better spent in teaching our people to solve some of their own most basic, ancient problems. One of the basic problems in our country is that of the disposal of waste—rubbish and human excrement. Go to any of our railway stations and you'll find them befouled—the public latrines, the platforms, the tracks, sometimes even the train compartments. Drive along any road when it's dark, and the headlights will pick out the forms of crouching people. Go into any village: the only people who have private latrines are the landowners; the other villagers dump all their waste outside their doors, so the lanes are filthy. The villagers will keep their own huts and yards clean, but they have no concern about taking care

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $10.00

☐ Two Years (104 issues) $17.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00; Other Foreign $3.00 per year

Your Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City __________ State __________ Zip __________

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name

☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ____________________

Street ____________________

City __________ State __________ Zip __________

Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____________________

Street ____________________

City __________ State __________ Zip __________

Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____________________

Street ____________________

City __________ State __________ Zip __________

Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

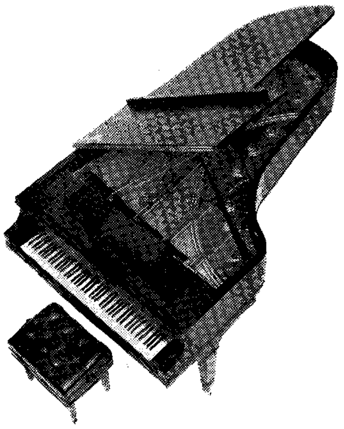
25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

of the public places. Our people have no community sense."

He observes that among the Hindus all work considered unclean was traditionally performed by the untouchables. But now some of the untouchables, as a result of Gandhi's crusade, were able to find other kinds of employment, and even Hindus who paid lip service to Gandhi's ideals continued to regard work like the disposal of waste matter as unclean. Standards of sanitation, therefore, were even lower than they had been in Gandhi's lifetime. Gandhi taught that each man should dispose of his own waste, and he practiced this himself. He recommended that each villager should, for instance, bury his own excrement; he said it would require, at most, the use of a spade. But Gandhi's teaching had little or no effect. In recent years, the government had begun small-scale experiments in the villages with a series of methods of waste disposal, such as boring deep holes in the fields for the villagers to use. This method required only that each villager throw a little dirt into a hole after using it. But the villagers either failed to use the holes or, if they did use them, did not take the trouble to throw in the dirt. Then the government tried a slightly more expensive method—septic tanks, which had the advantage of requiring no more attention on the part of the villagers than being cleaned every few years. But the villagers did not train themselves to use the septic tanks, any more than they had trained themselves to use the holes.

"The irony is that human waste could be an important natural resource," J. P. says. "It could be used not only as an organic fertilizer but also as fuel. I myself have a well-known device that turns waste into fuel—I have it right outside this house. Waste is deposited in it and the device is then sealed; the waste ferments and builds up a gas that can be burned in the device for cooking. All the food served at my house is cooked by my wife with that gas."

Later, in the calm of the evening, when the only sounds in the village are the sputtering of hurricane lamps and the occasional lowing of cows as they are being tethered for the night, I reflect that perhaps the time has come for me to leave India and to start another journey, in order to discover, in study and in writing, my experience in India. I recall that in the many months I have spent in India I have travelled from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, from the Bay of Bengal to the Arabian Sea,



George Shearing's
Accompanist

BALDWIN

Sergio Franchi
SINGS OF LIFE, LOVE AND THE PURSUIT AT THE ROYAL BOX

Nightly at 9 & 12:15 (except Sunday).
Dinner & Supper. Dancing.
LEE EVANS & HIS ORCHESTRA.
Plus the music of Arturo Arturos.
Reservations: Peter / 581-1000
americana
OF NEW YORK

CONNIE FRANCIS & SAMMY SHORE—APRIL 28

How fast should you expect a $5,000 to $50,000 portfolio to grow under investment management?

Whether you are investing in common stocks for retirement income, children's education or freedom from financial worry, you want your money to grow as rapidly as possible. Yet, perhaps for reasons beyond your control, you may find your capital is not building up as fast as you expect it to.

To help solve this very problem, investors in more than 55 countries use The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan. The professional supervision it offers can, we believe, work to balance the risks of common stock investments and help you better achieve your capital growth goals.

Find out how you may begin benefiting from this tested plan with as little as $5,000 in cash or securities. For a free copy of our 42-page descriptive booklet, including a complete 10-year "performance record," simply write Dept. L-50.

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management . *Incorporated 1936*

Lake Morey Inn
and Club
FAIRLEE, VERMONT
Beautiful lake-side estate. Heated Pool, riding, tennis, water-skiing. Home of the Vermont Open, 18 Holes. Cocktail Lounge. William Marino, Chef. Open through October 12.
WRITE FOR FOLDER
WARD FAMILY MANAGEMENT
Phone 802-333-4311 for Reservations.

Chandler
SCHOOL FOR WOMEN IN BOSTON

Interesting living and learning experience that gives meaning to your future. All the culture and charm of Boston at your doorstep. Practical training prepares you for a purposeful career as legal, executive, medical or science-research secretary. Accredited two year school of business. One year programs. Distinguished Back Bay residences. Placement. Loans. Catalog: 448 P Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02115.

IS YOUR ALLIGATOR TIRED?
Dull, Worn And Soiled Alligator & Leather Handbags Cleaned, Redyed, Reglazed . . . Like New Again! Petit Point & Beaded Bags Also Repaired & Relined. Free Estimates!
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, Inc.
54 West 56th Street, N.Y.C. • JUdson 6-3737

A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department Y, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

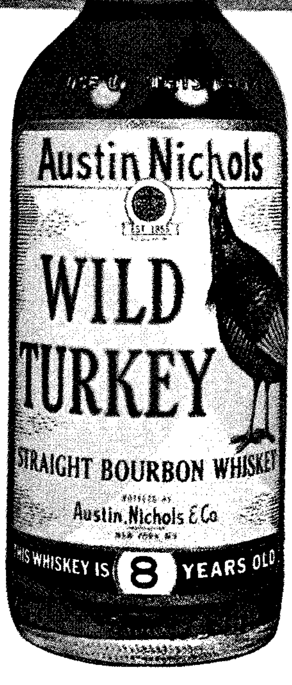
The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.

101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York


Austin Nichols
EST. 1855
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Austin, Nichols & Co
THIS WHISKEY IS 8 YEARS OLD

Bank with a Japanese Accent

Go to any country in the free world and you'll find Irving Trust speaks the language.

Take Japan. The Irving enjoys close correspondent relationships with Japan's major banks. They are staffed with Japanese, men with practical marketing information, local contacts and the banking expertise to assure the development and growth of your business.

To further strengthen communication between the American businessman and the Japanese business and financial community, Irving Trust maintains a Representative Office in Tokyo.

With more and more companies going overseas, the need for a highly competent international bank is vital.

At Irving Trust Company we back you up with more than money.

IRVING TRUST COMPANY
One Wall Street, N. Y.
A Charter New York Bank
London Branch Office
Representative Offices: Beirut, Caracas, Hong Kong, Paris, Taipei, Tokyo

going by airplane and helicopter, by steamship, scow, and gondola, by train, lorry, car, jeep, and bicycle, by bullock cart and sled, by elephant, horse, mule, and yak, and on foot; that I have followed the peninsular coastline, traced the courses of rivers, traversed the mountains and plains, and penetrated into the interior; that I have visited old kingdoms and old villages, new districts and new townships, talking with tourists, guides, musicians, dancers, actors, painters, writers, poets, students, critics, filmmakers, philosophers, prophets, saints, priests, missionaries, mendicants, farmers, laborers, tribesmen, headhunters, maharajas, courtiers, soldiers, doctors, pioneers, engineers, machinists, economists, planners, administrators, politicians—inhabitants of a country where today one-sixth of the world's people and one-half of the world's democratic people live. I think of the thousands and thousands of miles I have travelled, the thousands and thousands of pages of notes I have taken, and the hundreds and hundreds of books, papers, and pamphlets I have gathered to read, and then my thoughts go back to the first day of my Indian journey. *Arrival. Immediate sense of vividness and space. Everything seems vast. Sky very open and high. On the streets, people's faces full of expressions, reactions. And, however ragged the clothes, there is an extraordinary feeling for color. But poverty everywhere, and soon a sense of vividness gives way to a morbid excitement, a sort of hysteria. Too much to take in—exhaustion. Everything begins to seem the same—indifference. But a continuing disturbance in the subconscious, an apocalyptic state of mind. India unlike other parts of the world in that poverty is constant, inescapable, assails one at every turn. The poverty here is harder to live with than the poverty of the West, where the poor at least have some recognizable clothing to wear and some recognizable shelter to protect them, and live out of sight, perhaps out of mind, in slums. But the poor here are in rags or almost naked. No protection from sun, wind, or rain, no place to rest. Bodies thin as lines. Children have the faces of the old; the old the faces of children. How do the more fortunate manage to live amid such unending scenes of wretchedness? They live in fear of poverty themselves, regarding it as a personal threat. If not, why this defensiveness? Also, why the curious fatalism that creeps into their words whenever they discuss the subject? They teach themselves to see only what they want to see, yet the*

The bold Hungarian

cca. 0,7 lt
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN HUNGARY
ALCOHOL 12,7 % BY VOLUME
EGRI BIKAVÉR
BULLS BLOOD OF EGER
HUNGARIAN RED WINE
MAGYAR ÁLLAMI EXPORT PINCEGAZDASÁG
BUDAFOK
EXPORT MONIMPEX BUDAPEST HUNGARY

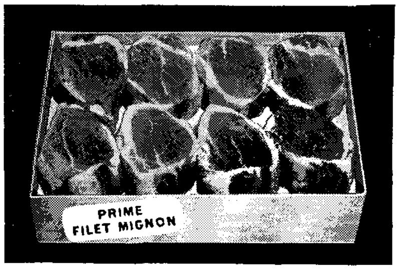
Egri Bikaver Wine—"Bull's Blood"—deep red, robust. Excellent with steak, roast, venison. And goulash. Imported by International Vintage Wines, San Francisco, Sole Agents, U. S. A.

Le Restaurant
Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8 0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

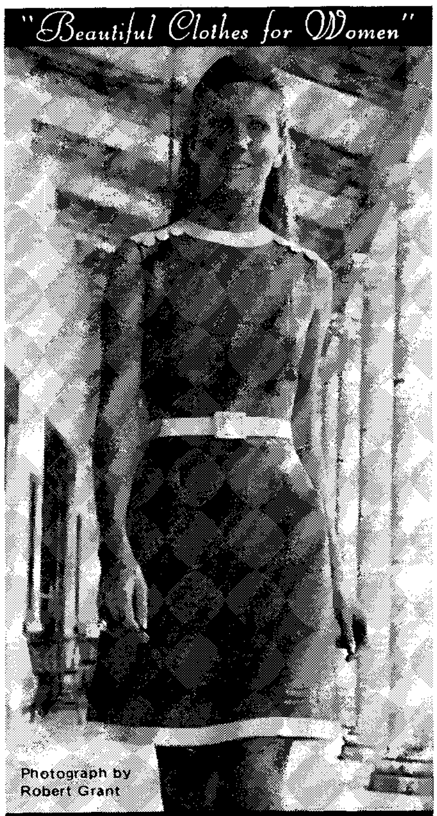
the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon
cocktails
dinner
PAVILION
JU 6-5950

DINER A LA FRANCAISE
Nightly exc MON.
6:00 to 11:00 P.M.
SUNDAY from 5:30
LUNCHEON 12/3
A BIT OF BRITTANY IN NEW YORK
L'Armorique
2ND AVE. corner of 54TH ST. · PL 3-3787



not for sale
(in any market, that is)
These primest of filet mignon are not sold in any market. Yet, you've probably enjoyed them in luxury restaurants. They're Prime Pfaelzer steaks—tender, flavorful, aged. Enjoy them at home, or have them sent as gifts with personalized card. Quick-frozen, packed in dry ice for guaranteed perfect arrival.
Box of 16—
6 oz. each, 1¼" thick. #30405 $37
Now Available in Canada
Shipped Prepaid
Write for free catalog listing more than 200 gift items
pfaelzer (pronounced FELZER) BROTHERS
Dept. YD-O · Chicago, Ill. 60632 · YARDS 7-7100
© P.B. 1968

"Beautiful Clothes for Women"


Photograph by
Robert Grant

This will be your favorite dress...

Elegant Moygashel Linen. . . .
Kelly Green, Delph Blue, Sherbert
and Navy, all trimmed in White.
6 to 18 sizes 55.00
(mail orders add 95¢ shipping)

Harold Grant
333 WORTH AVE.
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA 33480

NAPLES BOCA RATON PETOSKEY

Alaska
13 Day Cruise
Seattle to Seward

The only cruise to go beyond the Inside Passage into glacier-lined Gulf of Alaska, with land never out of sight. See Vancouver, B.C., Ketchikan, Juneau, Tracy Arm Fjord, Valdez, Columbia Glacier, Seward (with optional side trip to Anchorage), Cordova, Glacier Bay National Monument, Sitka, Prince Rupert. Round trip from $395. See your travel agent.
SAFETY INFORMATION: The D.E.S. Polar Star registered in Canada, and the M.V. West Star registered in Liberia meet the International Safety Standards for new ships, developed in 1960, and the 1966 fire safety requirements.

West Line, Division of:
WESTOURS, INC.
900-88 IBM Bldg., Seattle, Wa. 98101
MEMBER AMERICAN SOCIETY OF TRAVEL AGENTS ASTA
Send folder on 13 day cruise.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________ Zip______

scenes must stay in the subconscious, suppressed but not forgotten, to emerge in half-remembered dreams. Poverty is another form of death. It diminishes every aspect of life: the way people think, talk, dress, work, deal with one another, grow old—it is all childlike. This is the Indian childhood. It also diminishes the way they die. A dead woman in a gutter. Vultures flying overhead. Death is in the air. "Any man's death diminishes me."

IT is the dawn of the day of my departure from Baburbani and the beginning of the end of my stay in India. A mahout comes with an elephant to take me to the bank of the Ganga. The mahout sits on the elephant's head, with one leg draped over the elephant's ear, and he carries a long stick with a hook at one end. The elephant has no howdah, but stretched across its back, on either side of a sort of rail made out of a couple of logs tied together, are layers of mud-brown burlap sacks. The mahout guides the animal to where I am standing, on a rise of a few feet next to the house. He touches the elephant's back with the hook, and the elephant kneels down. I mount the elephant's back and sit sidewise on the burlap sacks, holding on to the rail. The mahout pulls one of the elephant's ears and says, in Hindi, "Go!" Slowly the elephant rises and lurches forward.

"Active, Active," the mahout says, addressing the animal, "anyone would think you were the Queen of India. You need a manservant just to wash and massage you, another just to bring you branches to eat, another just to exercise you. But I have to wait on you all by myself. Active, Active, where are the weddings and *melas* to earn your livelihood?" He continues, talking almost to himself, "When they are wild they run, but when they are tame they won't move. If you don't handle an elephant the right way, it will kill you."

There is no protection from the branches of trees overhead, and the animal's gait is a dizzying roll and jolt. She seems to take forever to lift her feet. We spend two hours making the three-mile journey back to the river.

—VED MEHTA

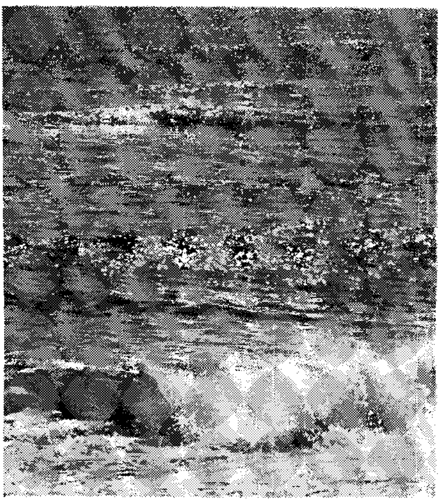
(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

At mid-January, the Corpus Christi labor force continued its normal winter contraction with a drop in employment partially offset by a minor increase in unemployment.—*Manpower Trends, publication of the Texas Employment Commission.*

Thank God the news isn't *all* bad!

Your world, as you would wish it.


Jamaica Inn

No conventions, no children, no organized play. Peace there is. And privacy. Magnificent food and wines. All in an unbelievably romantic setting of palms and lawn and private beach. Fifty exquisite rooms. In Ocho Rios, Jamaica. It's best to reserve early. Write Ray Morrow, 51 East 42nd Street, NYC. OX 7-2340.

Peter's BACKYARD
OPEN 7 DAYS
64 W. 10th ST.
Charcoal Broiled
STEAKS • CHOPS
LOBSTER
Now open for lunch, Mon. - Fri.
Res. suggested: GR 3-2400

PROUD OF HIS SCHOOL? THEN GIVE HIM

BLAZER BUTTONS
WITH YOUR SCHOOL CREST
HARVARD
18 KARAT GOLD PLATE

The gift for the college man or woman and yourself. Blazer buttons with your college crest. Authentic in design and color. 18 Kt. gold plate. Over 500 schools available. $9.50 at fine men's & dept. stores, or write:
BEN SILVER inc., 175 5th Ave., N.Y. 10010

THE CURRENT CINEMA

"Woodstock," or Synchronize Heartbeats

THE queues surge around the Trans-Lux, East and West. Beamish boys, some of them a furtive thirty-five under beards, stick daisies in their buttonholes and lope into the cinema four abreast, towing the right number of the current expressionless girls in the current squaw blankets and leather fringing. They step over their chums who are sitting in the aisles and they hand out popcorn to children. The place is awash in bonhomie. The film of the Woodstock festival begins. Racket. Bliss. Happiness is a warmed-over event, happiness is half a million friends in a sandbox with no fighting, happiness is "Woodstock," and "Woodstock" isn't peanuts, for the movie is going to make a mint because of the balm it hands out at a bad time. I must say that I found seeing it a bit like going to a Busby Berkeley film in the Depression and then whistling the tunes while sheltering from a hail of falling suicides. Look how together we all are, says the film. Look how unvenal capitalism can be, it says, all through its three hours (though Warner Brothers is blandly reserving the right to cut that length so as to cram in more shows and more tickets a day), for see how the promoters of this most capitalist festival started to let the kids in for nothing when they saw there was going to be calamitous violence if they didn't (and when the movie rights were already sold, with the festival's share of the producers' net settled). Look what nice manners half a million rock lovers can have in the face of fatigue, rain, thirst, and hunger, and in spite of taking dope—which is all true, but not enough of the whole truth, and is hammered home in a way that seems obsequious to the law-and-order paternalists. Forget the nasty turn that another gathering of high kids took last December when the Rolling Stones were playing Altamont, with a man murdered and every kind of lesser murder committed. Look how rock doesn't necessarily mean anything as menacing as radicalism. Look how America is going to be *all right*.

Directed by Michael Wadleigh, who has a sporting style with split screens and 3-D sound, "Woodstock" is a completely affable film. Though it looks documentary, it makes an invisible choice that ropes everybody together yodelling on the cliff face. We're all here. Nobody's going to fall. It shows us none of the tawdriness that was suffered, none of the business opportunism, no freak-outs, no ill humor. It doesn't include anything about the political activists who set up something called Movement City from a festival tent. In spite of the enormous footage shot, it doesn't show the moment when Pete Townshend bashed his guitar over Abbie Hoffman's head. The skinny-dipping scenes are sylvan, and not at all like the Coney Island mayhem that reporters and friends can describe; since the film doesn't cling to chronological veracity, it seems conceivable that these scenes were shot out of sequence, and that they really occurred not in the middle of the marathon, where they serve to demonstrate an amazing grip on the lyrical in squalor, but before the festival got started. It is an interesting romanticism, this hope vested in going back to the bucolic. The same fervor is there in the film of "Women in Love." People really seem to think that true man is man without his clothes on, although that can surely also be "Tarzan." For a festival put together for pretty worldly reasons, the mood of Woodstock was oddly primitivist, and the film reflects it. Everything in the picture tells you that the Lord is thy shepherd and that the loaves and the fishes will be multiplied. ("It's Biblical, it's epical, it's unbelievable," says a rather glazed hippie, looking at the multitude of the faithful.) Mankind naked and unashamed is shown behaving spectacularly well in the face of the natural elements, as if the natural elements included the perfectly foreseeable and sophisticated difficulty of looking after a colossal number of freewheeling kids who had been expertly solicited by a very large advertising campaign. The bad weather, which made the thousands crouch under sheets of transparent plastic like a vast field of tired food wrapped up in a fridge, comes out as if it were something in "Moby Dick." "Look out for the towers!" compères on the stage keep shouting, about the towers holding arc lights and equipment—as though the towers were schooner masts made in a pre-technological time, as though they shouldn't have been specifically constructed against the possibility of crushing to death x hundred people in a high wind. But the festival was well starred. Nothing terrible happened; in near-crisis conditions, no one, fortunately, had the rancor, sarcasm, or gallows wit to develop crisis psychology. And the movie mirrors perfectly this sense of luck that colored the event and that will make its memento on film so immensely profitable. "Mirror" is the abiding idea. The audience, applauding the filmed compliments from oldies and straights about the politeness of these true-spirited hippies, is watching itself up there on the screen, and what it sees has a pacifying suggestion that pastoral docility is all there is to it. Oh, this media hype; this invitation to build hopes on the mob scene we got away with; this thanksgiving at four or five bucks a seat for a demonstration of the harmlessness of a little mock Socialism; this vast, beguiling, canny enterprise to show us ourselves at our best. It is rather like taking a motel room with a picture window onto a freeway to watch a traffic jam, and coming away charmed.

But charmed one is, and sometimes struck. By Jimi Hendrix, for instance, pitching into the national anthem. It takes some talent to turn "The Star-Spangled Banner" into an air raid, but he does it. "What is it that musicians have that they communicate so well with the kids?" some interviewer asks Michael Lang, one of the young entrepreneurs of the festival. "Music," he says crisply. The film has a sense of humor, mostly. When it sounds inane, it is because it is bred from the inane. A handsome boy with a girl whom he isn't "going with," whom he just "enjoys, loves" (looking didactic here), says earnestly that he doesn't want to be President. He isn't into that. You know. Into power. "The Hamlet trip. To be or not to be." (This is the new small talk. Very grandiose. Very small.) Maybe it's bilious of me to find anything self-congratulatory in the announcement made by the promoters when the fences had been trampled down and the remaining ticketless thousands might have been killed in a stampede if they hadn't been allowed in free: "The people who put up the money for the festival are going to take a big bath. . . . But your welfare is a hell of a lot more important, and the music is, than a dollar." It is part of the film's sunny nature that it presents this as a nice thing to say. But if it has rather a lot of moments that hit the same golden-girl note, then I suppose it is only reflecting the beatified mood of the festival. The mood was induced by the

Present-day Peasantry.

Shirt'n skirt, $14.

Ship'n Shore®

© 1970 Ship'n Shore, Inc.

Furniture for Gracious Living

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.

UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Steaks renowned 'round the world ... the choice of discerning gourmets

Bruno's Pen and Pencil

Restaurant

John C. Bruno

205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

sense of something random working out wonderfully, which is private enterprise's exegetic ideal. "What we have in mind is breakfast in bed for four hundred and fifty thousand people. We must be in Heaven," says a bemused man at a mike to a field of good-hearted people after a wet and hungry night of rock, love, and dope. It is a very American moment of communion, just as not wanting to be President is a very American wish not to have, and just as the story of the setting up of the festival and the film is a very American struggle.

The festival began with the young Mike Lang, who was then thinking first of a Woodstock recording studio; a festival was to be the way of kicking that off. A young millionaire named John Roberts, heir to a toothpaste and toothbrush fortune, became chairman of Woodstock Ventures. With two other partners, they went into business. The idea of the recording studio lapsed, and the festival swelled in commercial promise. It was hugely promoted. A worried country community belatedly opted out of a promise to house it. Another piece of grazing was finally found, at Bethel. In the meantime, being also busy with film rights to peddle, the harried company presumably pushed to the back of its mind the obvious worries about food, water, lavatories, doctors, riots. The Maysles Brothers, who wanted to film the festival, were being asked three hundred to four hundred thousand dollars by Woodstock Ventures' attorney for the rights—sometimes for the film rights alone, sometimes for the film and television rights together. But meanwhile, by an oversight, Woodstock Ventures hadn't actually included any clause to cover film or TV in the artists' contracts, and so the Maysles Brothers started tying those up independently, and went on trying to raise financing in Hollywood, which classically dragged its feet, although it wouldn't admit that now in a million years. "What happens if it rains?" said the major companies. "What happens if the kids start killing each other? What happens then to our entertainment film?" As the festival got closer, with no deal signed—although there was one for the Maysles lying on Warner Brothers' desk—Woodstock Ventures' price for the rights dropped to fifty thousand and then to twenty-five thousand. The Maysles Brothers suggested a budget of four hundred and fifty thousand to Warner Brothers. Still no deal. In the end, Michael Wadleigh—one of the Maysles Brothers' professional friends, who had informal-

$1,500 to $6,000

Personal Loans to Executives

*

Strictly Confidential

*

A nation-wide Executive Loan Service designed for responsible executives as a convenient supplementary source of personal credit. No collateral, no endorsement, no embarrassing investigation. All details handled by mail from the privacy of your office. If you pre-pay we refund all unearned interest.

References:
First National Bank of St. Paul
Northwestern National Bank of St. Paul
First National Bank of Minneapolis
Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis

For full particulars write
Mr. A. J. Bruder, Vice President

Industrial Credit Plan, Inc.
653 Hamm Building
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining...and just a stroll to your theatre. After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

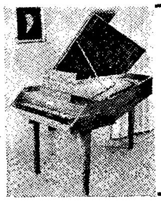
HOTEL **Algonquin**
59 WEST 44th ST. NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

Bonnie Oaks Resort
FAIRLEE, VERMONT

Beautiful Lodge and Cottages
On Lake Morey's Shores
Your Hosts, The Avery Family

Write Box 14 for Folder



HARPSICHORD

... the instrument that opens to you a whole new world of fascinating music and sound. The choice of universities, artists, teachers and music lovers. Write for free catalog:

SABATHIL & SON
Dept. 15, 1084 Homer,
Vancouver, B. C., Canada

Life at sea is like nothing on earth.

There's just one thing wrong with P&O: It just might spoil you for anything else.

Little things that make you feel like a millionaire. Like having your coffee served in bed. By a steward who makes you feel as though you're traveling with your own British butler.

Or a waiter who remembers that you like fresh pineapple and finds the choicest slice for you.

Or Barmen who are happy to make your drink *your* way. And Entertainment Officers who'll go out of their way to get you in on the fun. Or leave you alone, if that's what you'd like.

May we spoil you, too? We'll take you to Europe or the Caribbean. To the South Pacific or the Orient. Around the Pacific. Or around the World.

We'll give you a world of sea and sun and service. P&O's world. It's like nothing on earth!

FREE! "Alaskan Summer Cruise Book" – 14-day cruises from California to Canada, and through the spectacular Inside Passage to Alaska. Land of diamond-blue glaciers, majestic fjords, and crisp, clean summer greenery.

Name____________________

Address____________________

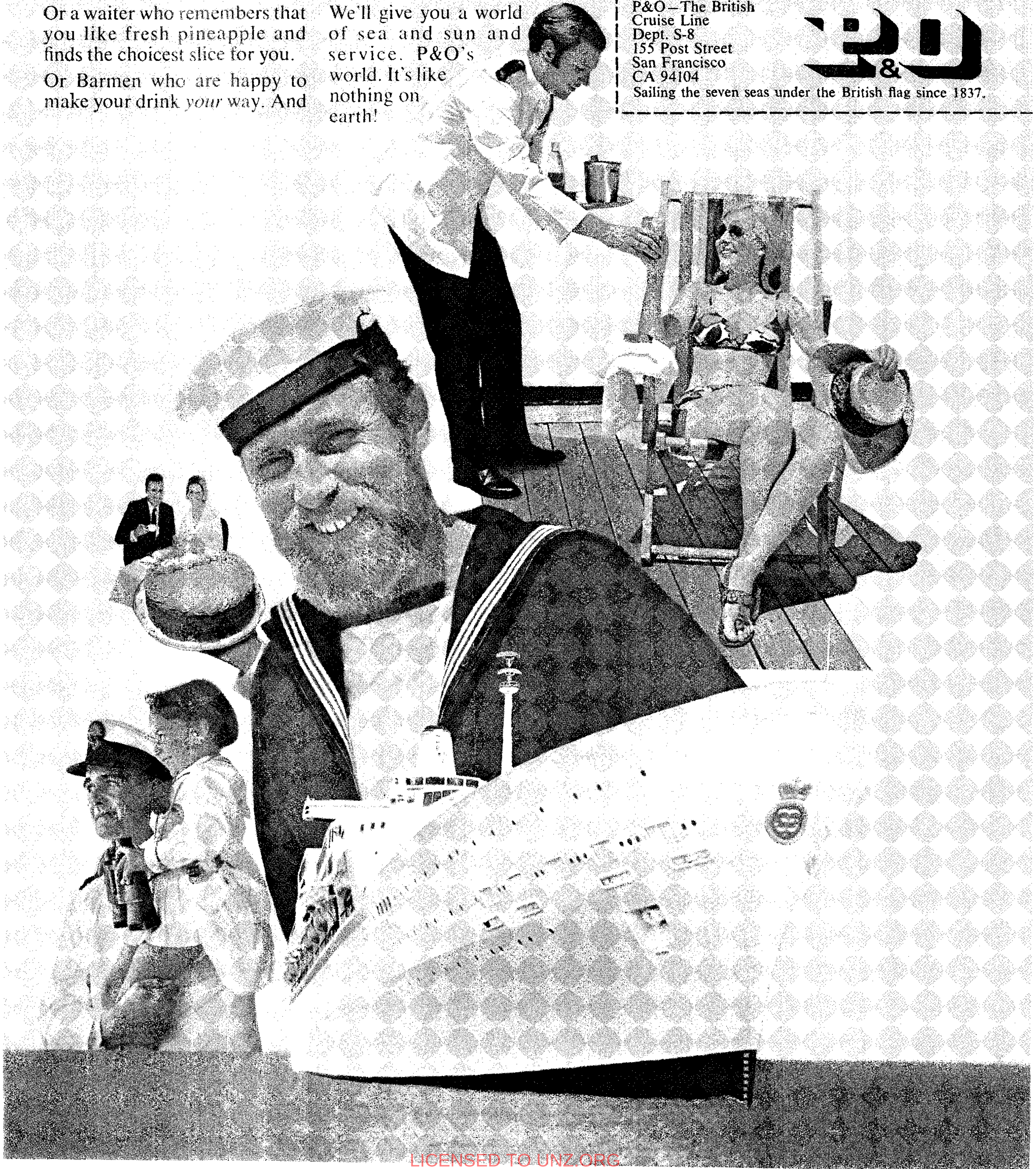
City/State/Zip____________________

My travel agent is____________________

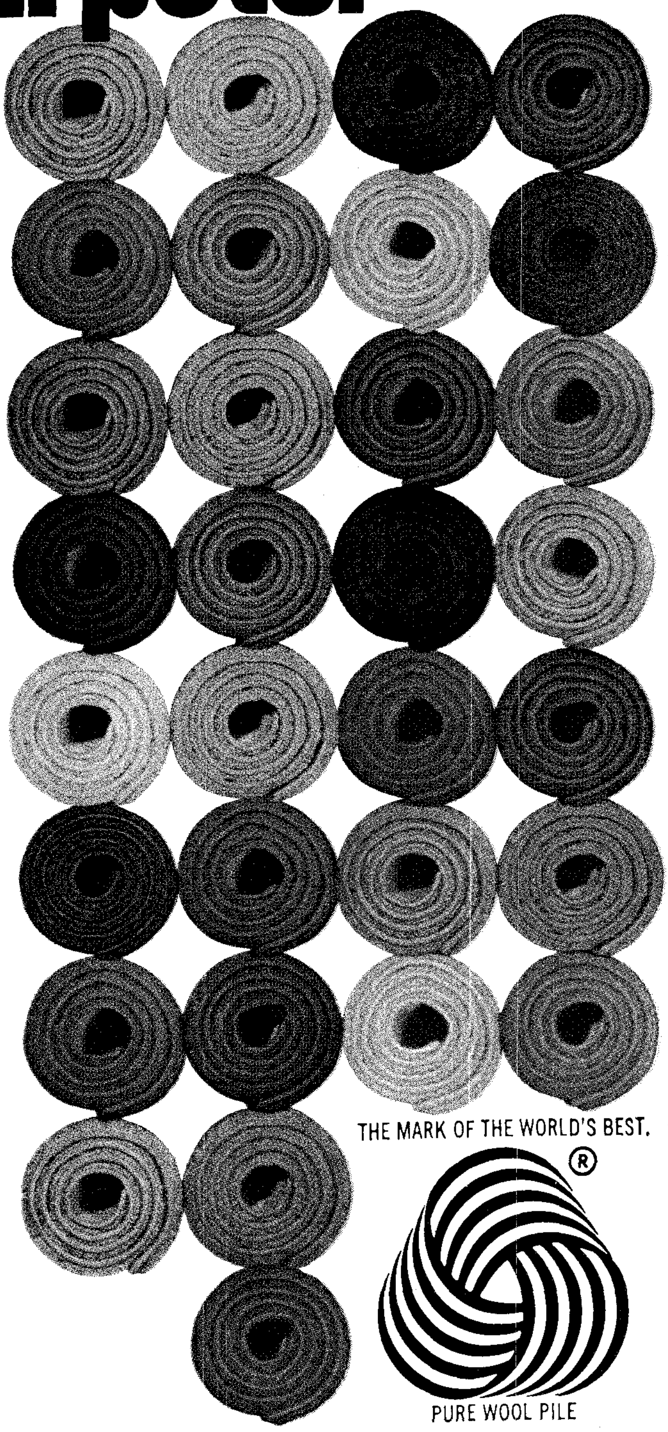
P&O – The British
Cruise Line
Dept. S-8
155 Post Street
San Francisco
CA 94104

P&O

Sailing the seven seas under the British flag since 1837.



For one marvelous month we've slashed the prices on all Aldon wool carpets.



Because April is tax time.

And we wanted to do something nice to cheer you up.

Actually, a lot of people firmly believe that real happiness is a wool carpet.

For everywhere.

For him at the office. (It's so unbelievably wearable.)

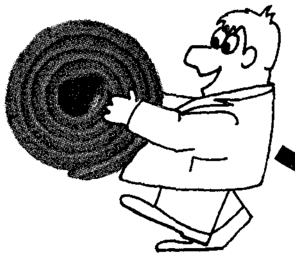
For her at home. (It's so lavishly liveable.)

And now, for you. (At these prices Aldon is irresistible.)

But remember, one month only. Big savings on all Aldon wool carpets.

All in the smashing colors and dashing styles and patterns that make Aldon wool carpets the most luxurious anywhere.

Or as we mentioned earlier, everywhere.



Aldon
THE INNOVATORS

THE MARK OF THE WORLD'S BEST. ®
PURE WOOL PILE

**April...
the marvelous
month of savings
on all Aldon
wool carpets.**

V. & J. SLOANE
os Angeles, Calif.
ACY'S
ll Stores—Calif.
IECHT CO.
ll Stores—Washington, D.C.
IOORES WHOLESALE, INC.
iami, Florida
OHN M. SMYTH
hicago, Illinois
EDIAN RUG CO.
orton Grove, Illinois
IUTZLER BROTHERS CO.
ll Stores—Baltimore, Md.
ORDAN-MARSH CO.
ll Stores—Boston, Mass.
ROWLEY'S
etroit, Michigan
AYTON'S
inneapolis, Minn.
ONES STORE
ansas City, Mo.
AMOUS-BARR
t. Louis, Mo.
ACY'S
ew York, N.Y.
. B. CLOSSON JR. CO.
incinnati, Ohio
HE HIGBEE COMPANY
ll Stores—Cleveland, Ohio
IMBEL BROTHERS, INC.
ittsburgh, Pa.
IMBELS
ll Stores—Philadelphia, Pa.
ITCHE-GOETTINGER
allas, Texas
OLEY'S
ll Stores—Houston, Texas
**ITCHER BROS. & SONS
IOUSE OF CARPETS**
eattle, Wash.
IMBELS
ilwaukee, Wisc.

ly agreed to be part of their operation—severed himself, with their permission, and took a chance on his own, quietly egged on by Warner Brothers, who liked his hundred-thousand-dollar opening budget. The cost of the film that Wadleigh actually made seems now to have been about six hundred and fifty thousand. But the public is flocking to see itself happy, so that's all right; and Woodstock Ventures' emergency debts for food and doctors will be covered, so that's all right; and Warner Brothers is blowing its mind because this is where it's at, man, and this is what's happening, so that's all right; and the Maysles Brothers are making a much darker sort of film about the Rolling Stones at Altamont. So.

HENRI VERNEUIL'S "The Sicilian Clan" is rather evil-minded, but it is hypnotically skillful. Alain Delon, using his difficult-child presence to model his way through the part of a killer punk, hacks an escape route through the floor of a moving prison van with the technical help of a Mafia-family squirearchy that is genially presided over by a bastard played by Jean Gabin. A Simenon-ish inspector who is trying to give up smoking (Lino Ventura) is outwitted by the escape. He keeps an unlighted cigarette in his mouth as a placebo. The gang and Delon eventually find a crime worthy of them. It is a jewelry raid of immense class, entailing insouciant visits to an exhibition in Rome, a passport-forging sequence with the tormented inspector hot on the trail, and a witty piece of hijacking in which a jet makes a landing on a piece of New York highway under construction. The control-tower people at Kennedy are aghast. The world as Verneuil understands it having no societal rules but only a semi-humorous sanction for private vengeance, the crime has no social consequences, and the victory for rectitude is the moment when Gabin kills Delon for his own reasons—because Delon once made a pass at a member of the old chief's family, and at the only member of it who isn't Sicilian, which gives Gabin a license to murder her, too. Private enterprise is king again. There are parts of the plot that don't stand up, but Verneuil can deliver twinges with vile efficiency. For instance, he has a running theme about the mortal danger that people can be put in by the unknowingly overheard or overseen love of their intimates. Worthy of Hitchcock, worthy of the century of wiretaps.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

**Jan van der Zee is the world's best tobacco blender.
We give him the world's best tobaccos to blend.**

**DOUWE EGBERTS
HOUSE BLEND**

We've been producing the world's great tobacco mixtures since 1753. Now we have a new blend. A masterful blend of truly superb tobaccos. Because it is the best in the house, we call it our D.E.* HOUSE BLEND. You may enjoy the D.E. HOUSE BLEND in two versions—Regular and Aromatic. Both are in handsome tins. If you have been seeking an outstanding pipe tobacco, we suggest you try our HOUSE BLEND. It is sensibly priced at 70¢ a tin.

For the name of the store nearest you that purveys our HOUSE BLEND, write to Douwe Egberts, Inc., P.O. Box 472, Chatsworth, California 91311.

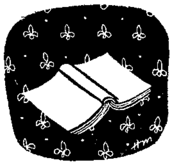
*Our full name is Douwe Egberts Tabaksmaatschappij. Quite a mouthful to pronounce, isn't it? That's all right. You may call us D.E. Most of our friends do.

DOUWE
EGBERTS
HOUSE BLEND
Aromatic
Smoking Mixture
HOUSE BLEND

Hand Blended in Holland

BOOKS

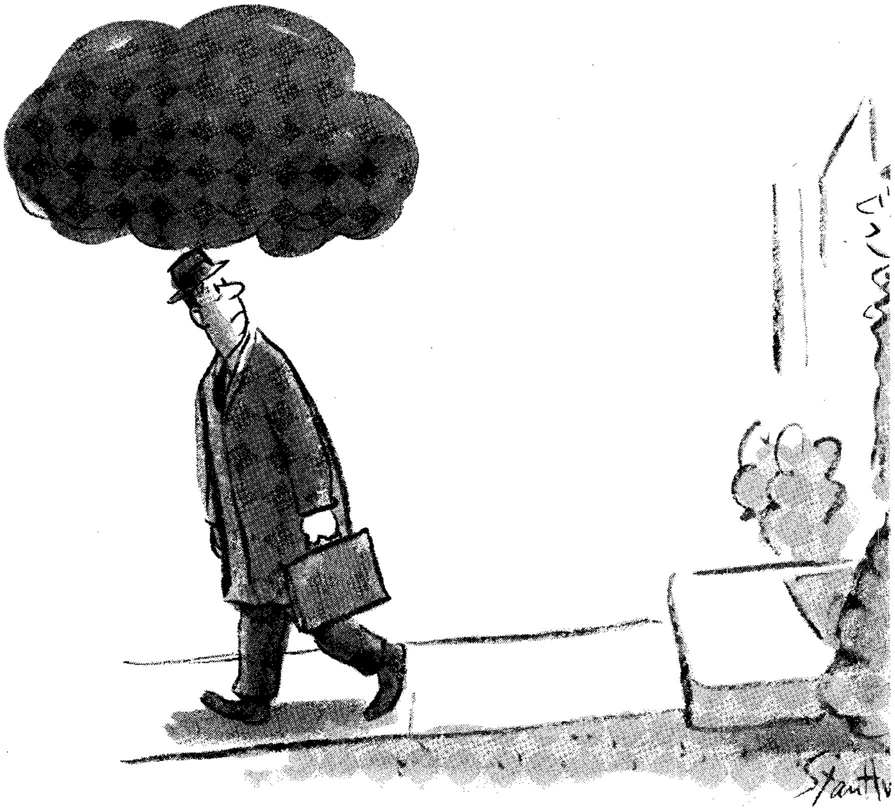
Child's Play



CHILDREN learn more and more every year of their lives, it is reasonable to assume. Yet many successful and well-to-do American parents don't make this assumption. Instead, they seek a pediatrician's assurance that their child is thoroughly healthy and normal, only to discover from their adviser that they are at the mere beginning of a long series of hurdles—for the child and even more for the parents, who want so very much for their child. So books keep on appearing, to encourage, fortify, and comfort parents, to remind them that a child's good health and relaxed disposition are by no means all one must hope for—not with school coming up, and reading and writing, and grades, and the admissions committees of colleges. Consequently, just about when infants have had a chance to catch a good hold on life and begin to say a few words, they start being classified and moved along in accordance with what is called their "latent ability." Even before he is two, a child may have been evaluated by his parents, who know that he is "slow" or "average" or "fast," depending upon the month, or even the week, of his life when he commences to crawl or walk or start using distinct words. By the end of his second year, if these books are to be believed, the child is ready to learn his letters and numbers, to "socialize" not casually but in earnest, and to become "productive." A psychologist has a reassuring meeting with the child and then places the child in a certain "category" or "quotient." Or a pre-nursery "group" is put together by the child's mother and her friends, who have all read in some book that almost any time is not too soon to start—but to start what? The answer is not hard to guess: start teaching the child so that he knows how to do things, make things, "express" himself, work "harmoniously" with others, and so that when nursery school commences the business of learning to learn and learning to get on with people will be much farther along. All of which means that when the children enter kindergarten or the first grade they have already had quite a time of it. Now, presumably, they are ready to keep on bounding up the educational ladder—ahead of others, it is hoped by their parents, but not so far ahead that words like "genius" and the more sinister "eccentric" begin to be used, which suggest that a child's "relationship" with his "peers" may suffer a setback.

It is not easy to understand why intelligent and prosperous parents, especially in this country, worry so about when their children learn what. Nor is it easy to understand why many of us push our children incessantly, try to hurry them along educationally. The usual explanation may well be merely glib, and also unfair: that the educated American middle class is anxious, frightened, insecure for a variety of social and economic reasons—a state of affairs that supposedly affects "child-rearing practices," as they are called these days by parents as well as the social scientists, who have always been given to pretentious and awkward phrases. We live in a competitive society, and the strains it generates reach into every nursery, nursery school, and elementary school, private or public; parents want their children to start beating out other children almost from the day they are born, because the parents themselves are fighting it out with others. But such an analysis, full of implied outrage at America's business world and all it produces that is superficial and unnerving and even harmful, does not quite do justice to the worries and fears that bother the parents who read books about the "growth and development" of children, the parents who should read and get satisfaction out of Evelyn Sharp's "Thinking Is Child's Play" (Dutton).

There have always been visions of a society in which combativeness, and with it greed and envy, would disappear; there have always been groups of people who share a certain social or educational philosophy and are determined to live it out. And there have been nations claiming that in the next generation, or the one after that, they will produce a breed of children freed at last from the evils of this world. Meanwhile, anthropologists tell us that in this jungle or on that island or in that desert live a people who are to a man, woman, and child unfamiliarly placid and generous—but one wonders. Do these idyllic accounts come from observers who would miss the unspoken tensions and animosities around them even if they spent years watching? In any event, American parents of the bulging middle class must pass the one life they have to live not in one of those remote places but in our suburban communities where the pressures of society and the stock market are heavy and where men and women struggle with other concerns: I go to church, but what do I believe? Or, why *don't* I go



"*Oh, Martin, must you take your despair with you?*"

THE UNIVERSITY SHOP
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
Seersucker's cooler and crisper than ever in our pullover shirt with flapped pockets and a wide new collar. Of Kodel® polyester-and-cotton, in blue, yellow, red or charcoal stripings, for small to extra-large, $10. University Shop. Mail and phone orders filled.

arrie Ltd.®
occasin

AA to EEE
6 to 14

le from soft Scotch-grained calf • Fully leather-lined •
uine hand-sewn vamp • Hand antiqued and polished •
ble leather sole and heel • In Golden Tan Grain ☐
oth Black Calf ☐ or Smooth Brown Calf ☐ $19.95
paid. *Order by Mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD.*
. N–NEW HAVEN.

OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
60 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
14 15th STREET NW, WASHINGTON, D.C.

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
HOTEL
sophisticated bit of JAMAICA
at swings . . . blue mountains, crystal
aters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach.
lly air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff
300—no conventions—adults only.
rivately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence
. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
ONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

KNIFE
& FORK
NN...
TLANTIC CITY'S
NEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

when my children constantly put religious or philosophical questions to me? Or, I myself want to know what it is all about, and why I do what I do, and when things will change and who can change them. To these parents, children can become almost a religious preoccupation. A father says that what he believes in is his children. A mother says that the world is full of troubles now, but there is always the next generation. A politician declares that we must make sure that our children live in a better world and become better human beings. A successful doctor insists that his child is not going to go through what he went through, so that his child will get more out of living than he himself ever manages to get. These banal and dreary but earnest pronouncements all reflect misgivings about one's children that cannot be blandly attributed to something abstractly called a "cause"—even one described prepossessingly as "socio-economic" or "socio-cultural" or "psycho-social." These misgivings are real enough. Yet archivists have suggested—Philippe Ariès has done so, for one, in "Centuries of Childhood"—that in various periods of history young children have been considered to be reasonably competent, intelligent, responsible, able to manage their own affairs, and that the very definition, both legal and conventional, of what constitutes childhood has changed in various periods of history, that it varies from region to region, that it is affected by all sorts of forces and influences. Religious beliefs, philosophical ideas, legal traditions, wars, the convictions of leaders, the needs of industries—all these "factors" and many more influence the way we look at and treat children.

These unending complexities do not seem to preoccupy Evelyn Sharp, who a few years ago wrote "A Parent's Guide to the New Mathematics" and now offers, in "Thinking Is Child's Play," "the latest information on the way pre-school children acquire the ability to reason, and forty mind-sharpening games parents can play with their youngsters to speed the process." To be sure, it is troubling that we are once again urged to speed our children along, though we are not told why, and it is puzzling, too, especially because we *are* told that most children (certainly those whose parents buy such a book) will as a matter of course learn the things—the perceptions, the style of observation—that Miss Sharp's games promise to bequeath them a little earlier, a little faster. Nevertheless, it is on the whole true that she merely wants to

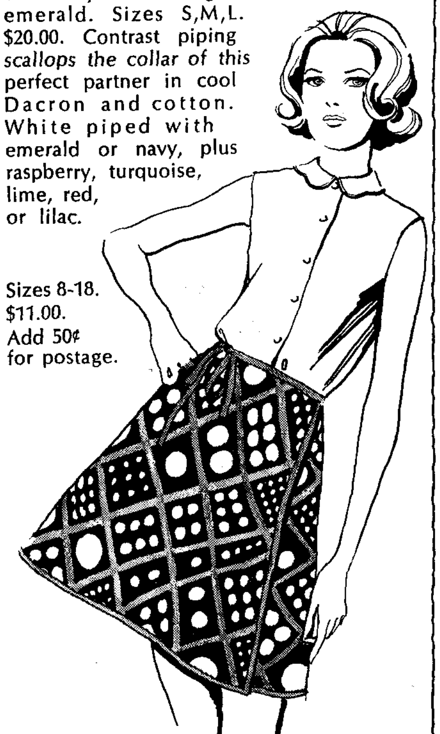
MURDER
Even the Inspector is suspect
"The rape-murder of a promiscuous lass is only the first in a sequence of crimes that are not quite what they seem."
—N.Y. Times Book Review $4.75
A COCK-PIT OF ROSES
James Fraser

SUSPENSE
Great-grandmother was a swinger
Her poetry has become the rage of the love generation. If her lost grave in the Peruvian jungles can be found, it will bear a fortune in unpublished poems. For three men and a girl, the search leads to murder. $5.95
GRAVE JOURNEY
Mark Hebden

BLACKMAIL
Very evil, very funny white-slavery
Dirty rich old men; beautiful young girls; and a bizarre trio of aristocratic detectives figure in this mod, marvelous tale of skulduggery aboard a yacht. "A sophisticated crime story with a distinct reek of evil."—*Times Literary Supplement* $5.95
THE MAN WITH THE TINY HEAD
Ivor Drummond

ESPIONAGE
A sordid game of spy-and-seek
The target: an ex-Nazi willing to trade high-level secrets for a safe passage out of East Berlin. The teams: an untried British agent and two veteran assistants versus a trio of Israeli war criminal hunters. The rules: betrayal, brutality and death. $5.95
THE BURNING FUSE
Jay Bernard

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD



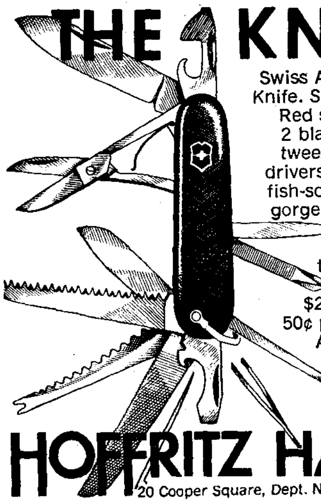
The Talbots

Dominos decorate our bright cotton duck wrap skirt, gaily tied in braid and reversing to solid. Emerald and white on navy reversing to emerald. Sizes S,M,L. $20.00. Contrast piping *scallops the collar of this* perfect partner in cool Dacron and cotton. White piped with emerald or navy, plus raspberry, turquoise, lime, red, or lilac.

Sizes 8-18.
$11.00.
Add 50¢
for postage.

Send for free catalog.
THE TALBOTS • DEPT. EE, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

HOTEL DU CAP D'ANTIBES
Pavillion Eden Roc
Now open March 20th thru November
Air Conditioned
ANTIBES, FRANCE
For information:
Dept. R, New Yorker
25 W. 43rd St., New York 10036



THE KNIFE
Swiss Army Officer's Knife. Stainless steel. Red scales. 3½" L. 2 blades, scissors, tweezers, 3 screwdrivers, awl, 2 saws, fish-scaler/hook disgorger, can opener, cap lifter/ wire stripper, toothpick, nail file, shackle. $21. At Hoffritz. 50¢ pstg. & hndlg. Area sales tax. Credit cards.
HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Square, Dept. N-21, N.Y.C. 10003

help liven the minds of children (and their parents) rather than offer up the beginnings of an educational nirvana. It is also true that she writes lucidly, with humor, and with no great interest in polemics—all of which may bring relief to a few parents. In fact, she seems simply to wish her readers to understand how small children who play her games will slowly come to terms with notions of size and shape. She offers no rewards and advantages. She even mentions a disadvantage: mothers are warned that their visiting bridge clubs might not take to the presence in the house of a certain Sharp game—a *bulletin board covered with outlines of* shoes of various sizes, some of them belonging to visitors—however much it will help a child to arrange those lengths in ascending or descending order. Miss Sharp's over-all point is that a child can have fun learning to classify colors, shapes, and sizes, learning to reproduce patterns and figures, learning the feel of things without seeing them and then recognizing something by touch (a triangle, a circle, a square), learning to arrange objects in various ways, learning that apparent differences are not necessarily actual ones: that a given number of marbles, say, remains the same number whether they are piled high in a glass or spread flat on a plate. In the pursuit of that kind of learning, the mother and father can have fun, too, so the warning about bridge clubs is not without significance; both in and out of school, there is a constant strain between influences that are conventional, and often grimly restrictive, and influences that encourage the relaxed expression of individual ideas and feelings.

From the very first years of our lives, we begin a struggle between our private vision of things and what the world considers accepted wisdom. As Miss Sharp points out, drawing heavily on the work of the Swiss philosopher and psychologist Jean Piaget, a child uses play, uses the games his parents provide, not just to amuse himself but to get at things, become informed about the world, correct himself, disabuse himself of certain notions, open his eyes to all sorts of possibilities and probabilities. Both literally and figuratively, the child, like the rest of us, grapples with the shifting, confusing, frustrating nature of what we call "reality," with appearances that misrepresent, with forms that are elusive, with "truth" itself—so deceptively apparent but actually so inscrutable.

Meanwhile, we seek at least a plausible kind of order. Miss Sharp

We're restored
Are you?
Our new owners and management are spending half-a-million dollars to modernize and recreate the glory of our Edwardian days. They've brought in:
- **ROD LAVER** to direct our 8 new championship tennis courts
- **DAVE MARR** as pro for our rebuilt Donald Ross championship 18-hole golf course

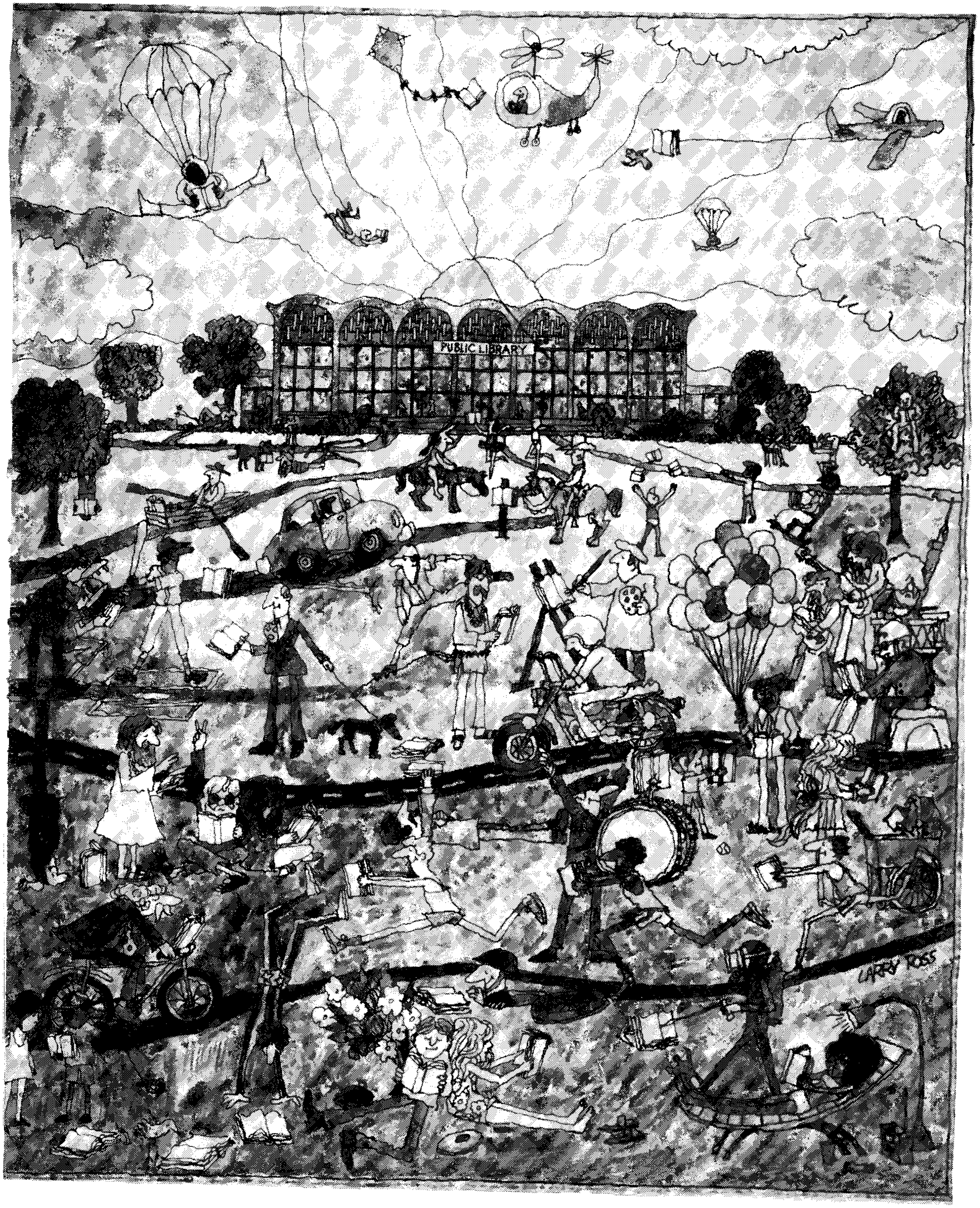
Riding • Hiking • Indoor-Outdoor Pools • Daytime-Nighttime Nannies • Gourmet Dining • Dancing • Entertainment
The new Mount Washington is . . .
the Liveliest Legend Anywhe
The Mount Washington
BRETTON WOODS, NEW HAMPSHIRE
"Send for Free Brochure"
For instant information
CALL TOLL FREE (800) 225-8889
In Canada: (514) 844-4421

JULES PODELL PRESENTS
TOM JONES
JOHNNY SPENCE, MUSICAL DIRECTOR
BOBBY SHIELDS
COPACABAN
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SAT. 8, 11 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

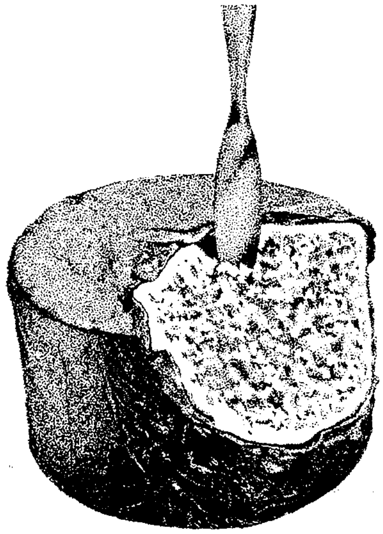
SHERATON I
NASSAU
Sherat
British Colonial Hot
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS · A WORLDWIDE SERVICE
Call it free—Anytime from anywh
in the Continental United Sta
800-325-35

AN APOLOGY
Only 348 people in the United States wi be able to buy a bottle of 1949 Chatea Bouscaut Wine (Grand Cru Classé Graves Other vintages, however, are available i slightly larger quantities. Internation Vintage Wines, San Francisco, Sole Agent

READING IS FOR EVERYBODY


PUBLIC LIBRARY
LARRY ROSS

National Library Week 1970



Blue Heaven

That's what people call the out-of-this-world flavor of authentic Danish Blue cheese teamed with salad, burgers, fruit. Unadorned, it's simply scrumptious. It's good for your soul to enjoy cheese as heavenly as Danish Blue, so pray you'll find some soon. Costs only pennies more, but it's worth every blessed cent.

IMPORTED
Danish Blue Cheese
ONE OF THE WONDERFUL CHEESES FROM THE FAIRYLAND DAIRYLAND OF DENMARK.

A proof coin, like a fine painting... an heirloom of the future

Fortunate indeed are those who have learned the values of a fine painting or a rare coin. History has proven these to be outstanding investments. Discover how to acquire rare proof coins of the world at the official government issue prices. Many of these are limited to less than 5,000 owners world-wide. Enjoy the benefit of the increased values commanded in future years. Send $1 for 1970 catalog (refundable).

PARAMOUNT Dept. 15-E
Paramount Building, Englewood, Ohio 45322
Official world-wide agent for many foreign governments

The finest ice in the Grenadines

The perfect hideaway resort hotel, a 113-acre private island, south of St. Vincent, north of Grenada. Charter cruise yachtsmen make a beeline here for . . . the finest ice in the Grenadines.

For reservations, see your Travel Agent, or call our New York office: (212) 986-4373. Petit St.Vincent Resort

seems to know this as she sets forth her games for four-, five-, or six-year-old children—games that suggest mystery and invite discovery. It is a pleasure to read a brief, unpretentious book that emphasizes what children want to do, come naturally to do as their birthright. For, after all, we have heard so much about the wrongs and difficulties children fall heir to, the "pathology" that begins while they are young, and the urgent need for them to learn, learn, before they reach some age called important, crucial, decisive.

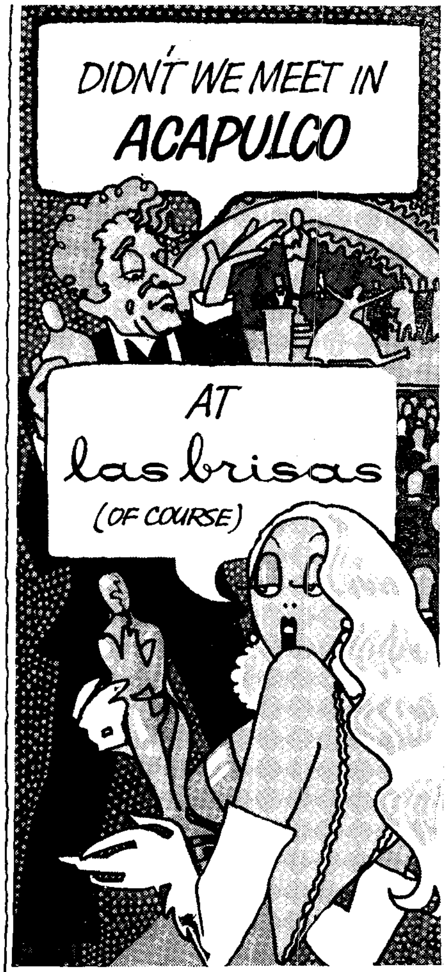
In his quiet, unassuming, but enormously influential way, Jean Piaget has spent his life doing the research that enables Miss Sharp to organize and present her games, and he has also done his best to tone down the messianic arrogance and self-righteousness of some "experts." The point, he says, is to understand and appreciate: "It is not for psychologists to decide what knowledge is lower or higher but rather to explain how the transition is made from one to the other." Yet psychologists, and many others, are quite sure of their unequivocal right to make judgments that affect the entire lives of both children and grownups. Hundreds of examples come to mind, some of them awful and world-shaking; one that might interest both Miss Sharp and Jean Piaget was reported recently by the American Psychiatric Association: "Potential kindergarten enrollees are being tested for suitability by means of psychological testing in a California school district. . . . The tests, which include projective tests and interviews with a staff psychologist, are given to determine whether the child is psychologically ready for the kindergarten experience, the school says." There it is: tests, "suitability," "psychologically ready," and "the kindergarten experience." God help us, is there to be nothing that we simply can accept as natural, given, *there*, to be worked with and enjoyed rather than hovered over and sorted out and glared at? Miss Sharp, who teaches mathematics in Tulsa, might want to answer that question with more hope than others of us, who know all too well the tiresomeness and absurdity of some things that go under the name of "progress."

—ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE, by Winston M. Estes (Lippincott). A simple, direct, intimate story of



DIDN'T WE MEET IN ACAPULCO
AT las brisas (OF COURSE)

is the answer a different school?

Knowing the differences in schools and in children has been our special concern for more than 25 years. Ask us to send you our free booklet "To Find A School To Fit the Child". Write or telephone.

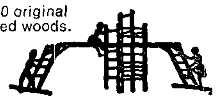
Bunting and Lyon, Inc.
Telephone (203) 269-3333
Wallingford, Connecticut 06492

Schooner For All Seasons!

Summer/Winter/Spring/Fall — Mystic Whaler sails them all! 3 fabled playgrounds — New England, Upper Chesapeake, Virgin Islands. Choose **your** cruise, **your** season, **your** budget. New 100-ton, 44-passenger schooner. From $59. **Free Folder, MYSTIC WHALER,** Mystic, Conn. 06355

Outdoor-Indoor Play Equipment
Swings • Jungle Gyms • Space Trolley • Play Houses

Free catalog shows over 50 original designs in durable, selected woods. Made to last, made to be enjoyed throughout the growing years of your active family.



Child Life Play Specialties, Inc.
1648 Washington St., Holliston, Mass. 01746

family life in a small Texas town, Wordsworth, during the Depression years. The narrator, Larry Morrison, is ten years old, the younger son of the town druggist. Larry dawdles through his story, but he has so much to tell, and what he says reflects so much of American life during those years, that the reading is always interesting. The characterizations are extremely simplified, some of them having a primitive outline and some, not so carefully done, turning almost to caricature, but the stream of life runs true from the beginning of the book to its end, and the final effect is both dreamlike and concrete—somebody else's memories have been made real to us.

GENERAL

A CHOICE OF MASKS, by Oscar Pinkus (Prentice-Hall). These memoirs open in the late summer of 1944, when the then teen-age author, his older sister, and his parents—Polish Jews who had survived the German occupation by hiding in the woods for years—saw a column of Russian troops heading west along the highway. The book closes in 1947, when the author reluctantly agrees to leave Italy and go to the United States with his sister. The years between were devoted to false starts in a broken Europe: the family's attempt to settle down again in Poland, which proved impossible, since the anti-Communist Polish underground was anti-Semitic; the author's cross-Europe flight toward Palestine, which got no farther than Italy; his romances, which all ended in separation, including his love affair with Italy; his writing (in Polish, a language he had to abandon); and his studies in Poland and Italy (he at last got his degree in America). All this ought to be sad, and it is. But Mr. Pinkus is remarkably precise at description, and—given his subject matter—astonishingly funny. Not grotesque, or laughing to keep from crying, but something rarer—the ability to feel deeply and also to laugh at his passions. His prose has the vivacity of an exceptionally good storyteller.

THE PORTUGUESE SEABORNE EMPIRE: 1415-1825, by Charles R. Boxer (Knopf). This excellent history of Portugal's amazing acquisition of a worldwide empire—and her subsequent loss of most of it—takes a practical view of a romantic story, and thereby gives the reader a clear idea of the sense and non-

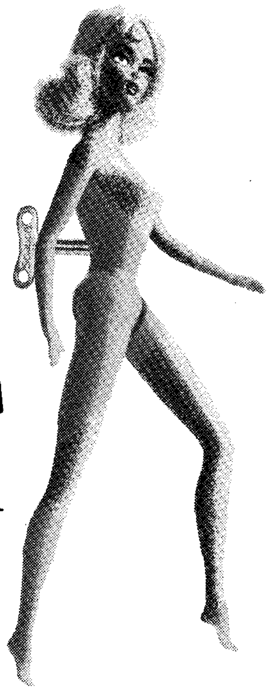
Live with outstanding Chinese and Malaysian decor, just a short walk from the heart of Singapore.

Only at the Singapore Hilton.

From the roof pool terrace of the Singapore Hilton you can see this entire cosmopolitan island city. Even in your air-conditioned room the exquisite Chinese and Malaysian decor complements the magnificent views of Singapore and its famous harbor. Have dinner and dance in the Roof Restaurant amidst reflecting pools, tropical plants and birds; or, in the Harbour Grill's Victorian grandeur. Businessmen will appreciate our convenient location, the Hilton Appointments Secretary, Telex, and our fully equipped meeting rooms. Everyone appreciates the free port luxuries in our boutiques. The greatest luxury is staying at the Singapore Hilton, itself.

For reservations, call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

Singapore Hilton



"The virtues of his novels are the virtues of a poet writing a novel—verbal exactness, wit, color, memorability . . . we follow the story with painful delight."—ANTHONY BURGESS, *Saturday Review*

Nunquam
by Lawrence Durrell
author of *Tunc* and *The Alexandria Quartet*
$7.95

dutton

The RAMPARTS INN HOTEL
A clifftop oasis of the good life... French cuisine that's a byword in the West Indies. Swim in our pool... relax in our pub.
See your Travel Agent or call our New York office (212) 986-4373.
Montego Bay Jamaica
The trend is to the small hotel

ADVENTURE in CREATIVITY
Art • Music
Writing
Theatre
Dance • Film
Summer residential program. Coed Ages 14-19 June 28-Aug. 9
H. J. Motley, Jr., CRANBROOK SCHOOL, Box Y
520 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, Mich. 48013

"One of the most beautiful novels I have ever read."
—Mark Schorer

THE BAY OF NOON
by the author of
The Evening of the Holiday
SHIRLEY HAZZARD

$5.95
Atlantic
–Little, Brown

Jerry Bauer

JAMAICA MEANS MORE AT

Half Moon

HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY
Heinz E. W. Simonitsch
Managing Director

Glamorous Montego Bay's **only** complete resort. Our own 18-hole Robert Trent Jones golf course. One of the world's most beautiful beaches. 4 tennis courts, sailing. Luxury accommodations, all beachfront, include 17 cottages with 15 private swimming pools.

See your travel agent.

Represented by
Hetland & Stevens Inc.,
211 E. 43rd St.,
New York, TN 7-1450;
Boston, Chicago, Dallas,
Miami, Toronto.

George R. Smith Co.:
Beverly Hills, Seattle,
San Francisco, Sydney.

One thing every visitor to **NEW YORK MUST** see:
ROSELAND
DANCE CITY • 52ND ST. W. OF BROADWAY
NIGHTLY exc. MONDAY • MAT. SATURDAY 1:45
THUR. continuous from 2 P.M. • SUN. continuous from 2:30
Reasonably Priced Restaurant and Cocktail Service

CAPE COD VACATIONING
CHATHAM BARS INN
and Non-Housekeeping Cottages
A fine American Plan hotel of distinction on a 65-acre estate overlooking the ocean. Private beach, tennis, own golf course, cocktail lounge. Summer theatre, shops, fishing nearby.
May 22 to October 13
E. R. McMullen, Jr., Res. Mgr. Dept. 3, Tel 617-945-0096
Chatham, Mass. 02633

sense that impelled the effort. African gold plus a chance to save souls were the starting impulses; presently the search for Prester John and the lure of Asian spices drew the Portuguese around the Cape of Good Hope and all the way to Japan. Portugal lost her head start as a colonial power to rivals like the Dutch and the English principally because Portugal's kings put the nation's brainpower at the mercy of the Inquisition, whereupon Portugal fell behind in every skill, from accounting to tactics. The Enlightenment affected Portugal too late to save much of her overseas real estate, though it did begin to mitigate the racial discrimination that had hampered the conduct of the Empire's affairs. Mr. Boxer's respect for Portuguese doggedness, along with his appreciation of Portugal's achievements, some of them lasting, gives his appraisals the attractive quality of accurate description.

HISTORIANS' FALLACIES: TOWARD A LOGIC OF HISTORICAL THOUGHT, by David Hackett Fischer (Harper & Row). The author is a young American historian who—possibly because all his required reading is still fresh in his mind—has undertaken a scrutiny of ways in which historians go wrong. In the diverting result, the sharpness of his criticism is matched by the keenness of his mind, and his prose is simple and brisk. Ten dollars.

NOTE: "Defoliation," Thomas Whiteside's report on the indiscriminate use of herbicides, both here and in Vietnam, has been published by Ballantine. A considerable number of documentary appendices have been added to the main text, which originally appeared in this magazine, and Professor George Wald, of Harvard, has contributed an introduction. . . . Doubleday has published "The Eye-Beaters, Blood, Victory, Madness, Buckhead and Mercy," a collection of poems by James Dickey, some of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Macmillan has published "Notebooks of a Dilettante," Leopold Tyrmand's observations on the contemporary scene, especially in the United States. Most of the book was first printed here.

•

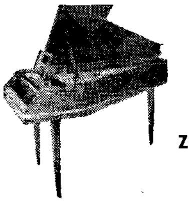
About 41 per cent of women who have never been married were first married before their 20th birthday, the Census Bureau reports.—*Greenwich* (*Conn.*) *Time*.

Can't fool the old Bureau!

◆◆
CHANDLER'S
240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNY

Now there are two prime steak house
Choose between Chandler's East and t
exciting, new Chandler's West in the he
of the theatre district . . . both serve t
same superlative steaks, chops, ro
beef, luscious live trout and lobsters .
seven days a week at the convention
hours and after-theatre, too. Reservation
CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St 581-47
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St 751-19
◆◆

THE MILLS BROTHERS
A family affair.
April 8 to April 28
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
Reservations: PLaza 9-3000
PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
A SONESTA HOTEL



HARPSICHORD
Same as owned by Philadelp
Orchestra and RCA Victor.
kit form for home workshop
sembly $150. Clavichord
$100. Free brochure. Write:
ZUCKERMANN HARPSICH
Dept. N, 115 Christopher St.
New York, N. Y. 10014

Fine Foods Cocktails
CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.
The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962

12
SCOTLAND
PRINCE OF WALES
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY
CHIVAS BROTHERS

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Come now.

You knew this would happen to your Chivas the moment you put it out.

Walk on the bottom of a transparent ocean.
Surrey ride through gardens of flaming hibiscus.
Shop for French perfume and a Bahama straw ha
Or close a place down and go wake the sun up.
Of all the things you can do in the world, you can do more of them in th
BAHAMA
Nassau · Freeport · 700 Out Isla
Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131